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A MAGAZINE OF HUMAN INTEREST, MODERN FICTION, AND IMPARTIAL INTERPRETATION

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A list of authors and their contributions for

FEBRUARY, 1934

A. A. Berle, Jr.—Private Business and Public Opinion 81

F. Scott Fitzgerald—Tender Is the Night—A Romance. II 88

Eugene G. Grace—Industry and the Recovery Act 96

Thomas Wolfe—The Four Lost Men—A Story 101

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley—Alfred E. Smith 109

Victor Berge and Helen Ludlam—Pearl Divers Must Eat 117

John Strachey—The Education of a Communist 123

Straws in the Wind:

Dudley Cammett Lunt—Has the Law a Remedy for Stock Market Abuses? 127

Suzanne La Follette—The Government Recognizes Art 131

Kenneth Allan Robinson—Luke Tanner's Daughter—A Poem 130

Life in the United States:

Mary Morison—When We Get Rich Again 133

William Lyon Phelps—As I Like It 136

Lawrence Lee—In Residence, Fifteenth Street—A Poem 160

Books for Your Library *Book Reviews* 2

Behind the Scenes *Biographical Notes* 10

COVER DESIGN AND DECORATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

In the

March Scribner's

THE NOVEL OF THE MONTH

Tender Is the Night
by F. Scott Fitzgerald

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE MONTH

Lenin—the Individual
by William C. White

THE FEATURE ARTICLES OF THE MONTH

The Future of Property
by Stuart Chase

Madness in Middle Europe
by Robert Briffault

OTHER FEATURES IN MARCH SCRIBNER'S OR LATER

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by Thomas Craven

New Economic Morality
by Bernard Iddings Bell

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By Seán O'Faoláin $2.50

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By George Beaton $2.50

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EVERYWOMAN, BY GILBERT FRANKAU. *Dutton.* $2.50.—The typical Frankau hot one. This time about a woman who tells all.

L'AFFAIRE JONES, BY HILLEL BERNSTEIN. *Stokes.* $2.50.—In view of the present Switz case in France, of some timeliness, but as a hilarious satire on the French proclivity for intrigue, it does not seem to us as funny as it has to other great minds.

YESTERDAY'S BURDENS, BY ROBERT M. COATES. *Macaulay.* $2.—Not easy reading because it is done in the Dadaistic style but worth-while as a kaleidoscopic picture of our present kaleidoscopic life. Fine humor and written with distinction.

CHRONICLE OF AN INFAMOUS WOMAN, BY DAVID LIEBOVITZ. *Macaulay.* $2.—A vigorous woman is married to a sick man. Out of these complications, Mr. Liebovitz fashions a novel which comes close to being important.

SLANGS TODAY AND YESTERDAY, BY ERIC PARTRIDGE. *Macmillan.* $5.—The horrors that occur when an Englishman tries to explain American slang. Should be read as a curiosity. Some of the definitions constitute the high point of comedy of the year . . . any year.

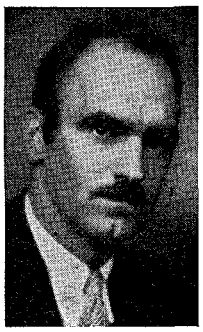
DE VRIENDT GOES HOME, BY ARNOLD ZWEIG. *Viking.* $2.50.—The poignant tale of the Jews in Palestine, set against the exciting Arab uprising of 1929. A distinguished work.

TATTOO, BY ALBERT PARRY. *Simon and Schuster.* $3.—What, at first thought, might seem to be a disagreeable book turns out to be a fascinating one. The first, so far as we know, history of a profession which has left its mark on the world.

CANNIBAL QUEST, BY GORDON SINCLAIR. *Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.—Mr. Sinclair pursues his jocular way through Borneo and Mandalay, Bali and Baluchistan, visiting head hunters, dancing girls, and natives generally. You never know quite whether to believe it but it is good reading.

END PAPERS, BY A. EDWARD NEWTON. *Little, Brown.* $3.—Random papers, bookish and urbane, about Charles Lamb, Mary Webb, Lord Nelson, Agnes Repplier, Dickens, and others. Rather slight but charming.

MR. DARLINGTON'S DANGEROUS AGE, BY ISA GLENN. *Doubleday, Doran.* $2.50.—Mr. Darlington fortyish and "safe" went to Manila to save his younger brother from a lovely temptress. But the East "got" Mr. Darlington. Feverish.



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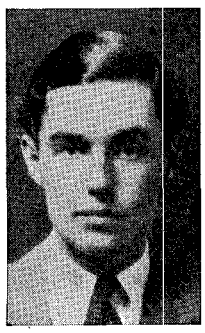

PETER FLEMING

JUNGLE COMEDY

Brazilian Adventure. By Peter Fleming. Scribners. $2.75.

The profession ruined and reduced to execrable silliness by Richard Halliburton, that of providing vicarious adventure for civilization's slaveys, is here taken up by a young London literary editor on a vacation. But Peter Fleming does it with a difference. He does it with genuine delight for his reader. Written about an expedition to clear up the perennial mystery of what happened to Colonel Fawcett, the book achieves a double quality of being at once enthralling and highly amusing. The facts hold you like a mystery novel, or an adventure story, having, indeed, elements of both, and Peter Fleming's droll reporting of them provides the fun.

Some funny things happened on this expedition into the Brazilian jungle. The expeditioners are as comical as a crew of William Faulkner characters trying to get a corpse buried. There was in official charge a Major Pingle, a Kentuckian, who couldn't take the project seriously. Neither could Peter Fleming. The latter, however, as English as ever wore a sun helmet, even if possessor of a sense of humor, aimed to do everything possible toward the set end, to make the effort for the sake of the effort. The party split, some members adhering to the major, some to the author. Each made up his mind to get out of the jungle first, to give to the world his own version of the difficulties, and the ensuing month-long canoe race is as good in humor

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The January Selection of
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BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE

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—*The Atlantic Monthly. Two volumes, boxed,* $6.00

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and dramatic action as anything to be found anywhere.

The expedition accomplished nothing, so far as its purpose was concerned, except, perhaps, the narrowing down to a few the many theories of what became of Colonel Fawcett. They just could not get things done. They were not explorers in the first place. The whole thing turned out, as admittedly expected, a comedy. It is treated as such, with a merry sense of comical man on what is depicted as a wonderfully beautiful place on the earth.

Although he debunks exploring, and the writing of books about exploration, Mr. Fleming writes an excellent one, one that can be hugely enjoyed by even an adult intelligence. It is a Book-of-the-Month Club choice.

EMMETT GOWEN.

THREE AND ONE

Reba Durham. By Albert Truman Boyd. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Executed with a strength of purpose, a sincerity, and a mastery of detail that are rarely found in a first published novel, Mr. Boyd's first book deserves more than casual attention. It has its flaws—some of them obviously not of the author's working, some resultant from the very integrity of his attitude.

The story is told of the Tierneys—father John and his three sons, Reuben, Lansing, and David. Half-orphaned at the death of their mother, their father had undertaken to assume her place. Into them he instilled his own love of the New Hampshire farm he had laboriously developed from meager beginnings; his love and wishes for his home-place became their own, and these plans would have worked through their lives utterly unmarred by extraneous incident, had not an element as fundamental as the urge for home-making sidetracked them. This element is Reba Durham, orphaned daughter of a family with a bad history, who with the nice inevitability of life itself enters the lives of the three brothers, is needed by each in turn, pretty nearly wrecks them and their plans. When the story has ended the father is dead, the eldest son is crushed, the middle one is bitter and disillusioned and the youngest has succumbed to despair.

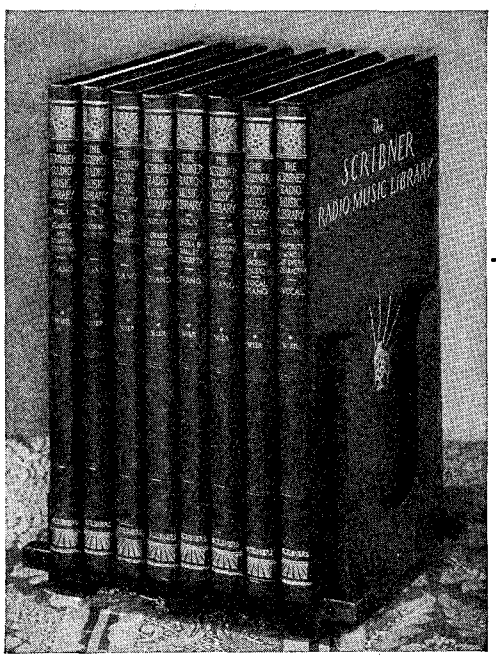
This plot might easily have resolved to melodrama of the most blatant sort had it not been handled with the wealth of understanding Mr. Boyd has brought to his task. It is to be regretted that the novel has, due perhaps to the exigencies of publishing "policy," been obviously slashed—so well-rounded are the major characters and situations that Reba's association with her old cousin—a relationship that means much to the development of incident and mood—seems lopsided beside them. On the debit side so far as the author himself is concerned, stands an almost total absence of humor—not "comic-relief" to be sure, but the natural humor that arises in almost every situation in life, no matter how "grim" it may superficially appear. This lack the author will supply in future work; his is a talent too thoroughly well-balanced to be betrayed into the inverse sentimentality of the consistently "tragic."

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

RUMBLES NEAR AT HAND

America Faces the Next War. By Frank H. Simonds. Harpers. $1.

Looking abroad these days, there is admittedly blood on the moon. The Italian ramps around the Mediter-



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ranean Basin; France consecrates a continuous fortification, with all the modern lethal improvements, from Switzerland to the Low Countries; in Germany the Brown Shirt swanks and struts, reminiscent of 1913's shining armor; the little new nations of Central Europe stir restlessly under the paternal eye of the French *Etat Major;* the rotogravures show us massed tank battalions in Moscow's Red Square, and there are rumblings, as of troop trains, along the Trans-Siberian, while Soviet air squadrons disquiet Japanese generals in those lands drained by the Amur and the Sungari. From Tokyo, heartened by cheap victories over bewildered Chinese, come mouthings strikingly similar to those that blew from Potsdam twenty years ago.

Surveying this, Cassandra-like, Mr. Simonds prophesies disasters of unprecedented magnitude. Through eighty-two pages of large print, he reviews the causes of the last World War, and he shows that all those causes are now duplicated in Western Europe, so that, when Hitler—"half mystic and half mountebank"—rises to focus the aspirations of the German nationalists, the next world war, already inevitable, becomes imminent. Peace, he asserts with entire conviction, is at the mercy of an incident. And exactly as Mr. Wilson's designs to end war led the United States into the late struggle, so will Mr. Roosevelt's desire to prevent war lead us into the next one—but at its beginning rather than in its final phase.

Here is nothing new: all this is an old and sorry wisdom which hopeful persons choose not to remember. Mr. Simonds' thinking is incisive and clear, although a little prejudiced. His proposition bases on the fact that human nature is human nature, and has not changed; Geneva and the Kellogg pacts to the contrary notwithstanding. And Mr. Simonds might be right about it, although, in the light of the modern industrial side to any large military operation, some of his points are debatable.

JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Reviews of other important books of the month appear in the rear Advertising Section of this issue.

See page 15

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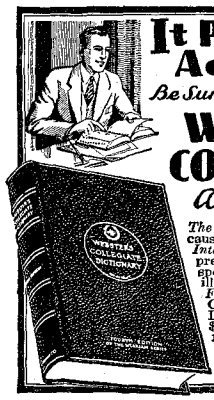
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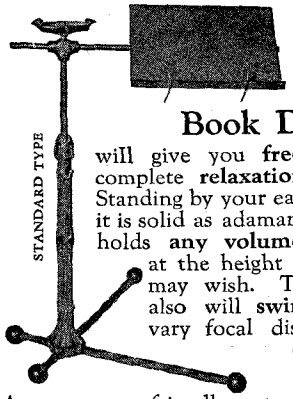

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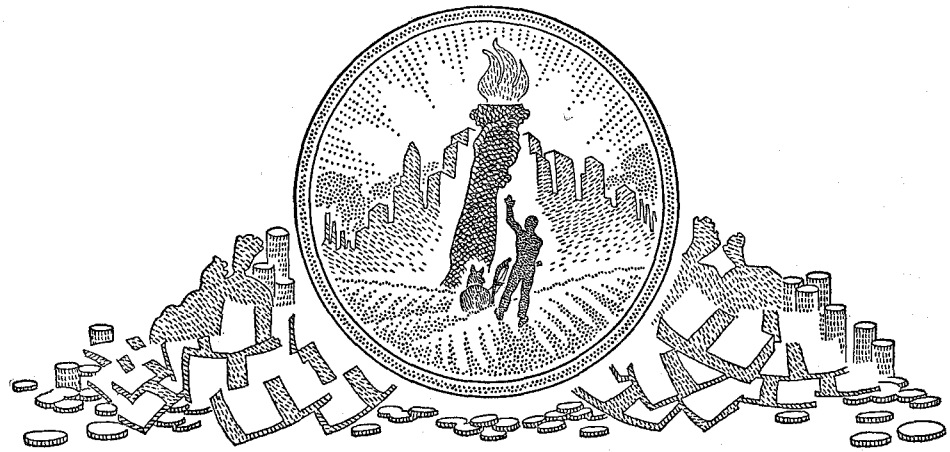

Private Business and Public Opinion

By A. A. Berle, Jr.

What will the second year of the Roosevelt Administration bring? Mr. Berle in this illuminating paper discusses the relationship between business and government and the part the public plays.

As the first year of the new administration draws to its close, the clash of philosophy in American politics becomes increasingly clear. This is natural enough. The administration was born in a period of extreme emergency; and in emergencies all hands move to support the government from combined motives of patriotism and self-defense. Only after the immediate danger is got out of the way does debate recommence. Out of that debate the lines of policy emerge. In our political system it is of greatest importance, first, that there be debate, and, second, that the debate have an issue. An undiscussed policy is apt not to take into consideration important elements of national opinion. Discussion without policy leads merely to confusion. This debate is now in progress, and it is perhaps worth while to indicate the underlying forces which are governing it.

As I see them, these forces lie very deep. On the one side there is a very real belief that the orthodox or classic economics affords the principal basis for organizing the world. Among the classic premises are that the world is best served by a free exchange of goods, hence that tariffs should come down and that foreign trade should find its natural levels. Further, that the free operation of business will find its balance, hence that as little restriction should be put on business as can be. Further, that when trade decreases, and with it employment, the proper solution is to increase trade by lowering prices, and accept, as a necessary concomitant, lowered wages. And so on down the line.

What the orthodox economic view (which is, in substance, the conservative view) has not been able to cope with is the human revolt against the sacrifices imposed on individuals by this system. Let us leave aside the question whether the revolt is intellectually justifiable, and deal realistically. There is not free trade; popular pressure in every part of the world has forced subsidies or tariffs or what not. There is not freedom of price in great areas of commerce; monopolies, interest charges, regulated rates, and the like, have prevented this. There is not acceptance of the doctrine that wages may be reduced to whatever world level the situation affords, as a means of increasing the sale of goods. Laborers resist the process. Taking practically every premise of orthodox economics, you will find that there has been a rebellion of popular opinion against the results of orthodox economics, sufficiently strong to force policies on nations throughout the world, which make acceptance of that philosophy a little unreal.

Governments rarely initiate philosophies. They ac-

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cept philosophies which have been worked out by intellectuals, carried forward by teachers, churches, clubs, newspapers, makers of public opinion; and they interpret these philosophies, not in pursuing a predetermined plan of campaign, but in meeting individual situations as they arise. The philosophy is often vague; it crystallizes only when a problem has to be met.

In countries like England and America, this method of handling affairs is historic. It is possible for a Russian Revolutionist or an Italian Fascist to make up in advance a philosophy, crystallize it into a plan, and announce, through the medium of virtual dictatorship, that this is the plan which will be carried out unless an international catastrophe engulfs the country, or a revolt engulfs the government. The Anglo-Saxon and the American systems tend to discard predetermined sweeping solutions. But their statesmen have views, and these views determine the extent to which the government is prepared to go in meeting any given emergency. Like other men, statesmen have minds, and their thought grows as they work. Like other men, their minds have limits; there are adventures they will accept, and adventures they will decline. The real limit of governmental action is determined by the line at which a responsible statesman will refuse to undertake responsibility, when he has the unquestioned backing of his people, and by the limit which public opinion, working through political channels, imposes on him.

In this light, an examination of Federal policy in the United States today becomes extremely interesting.

I

The great contribution which Mr. Roosevelt's "New Deal" has made in American politics has been a tremendous expansion of the area in which his government is prepared to accept responsibility.

Prior to this time the conditions under which business would function were regarded as (in substance) exclusively a matter for the determination of business men. If business declined to function, asserting that conditions made it impossible to do so, the job of the government was to create conditions under which it could or would work, and having done so, to let business resume its usual course. This is possible when the human revolt mentioned above is not of serious proportions. But if, humanly, the mass of people in a country is unwilling to accept life under conditions which seem necessary to private business men, an impasse is created. In terms of practical politics, the congressman, the senator, the executive, the administrative official, each is faced with overwhelming pressure from the people who put him into his position, to lay down a set of ground rules. Business, on the other hand, declines to accept these ground rules, and commerce stops. You can tell almost automatically what the temper of a political movement is, from the popular reaction to this kind of impasse. If the business structure on the whole satisfies the general desire of the great mass of the population, the pressure will shift; instead of desiring different ground rules—wanting to change the rules of the game—the pressure at once becomes a demand that the rules of the game be adapted to the desires of business men, of merchants, of bankers, so that the machine can once more start moving. But if (and this seems to be the case now) the general desire is to insist on certain conditions of life, and to treat as public enemies men who decline to accept these rules, or who do not wish to function in business or banking or trade under them, then it is plain that social force is requiring a fundamental structural change, and the government must either meet the situation or abdicate in favor of a group which can.

The Roosevelt administration faced exactly this situation in the bank holiday. As matters then stood, the public did not have sufficient confidence in banks to continue using them, and their functions temporarily stopped. Faced with a national emergency, there was practically unanimous support for Mr. Roosevelt's government when it first declared a national bank holiday, which involved assumption by the national government of responsibility for the entire banking system; next, when it changed the banking laws, granting to the government almost unlimited powers in aid of the banks; and third, when it permitted an almost indefinite extension of the functions of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and similar organizations in credit matters. Banking having failed to function, the government was given wide powers both to assist banking, to control it, and, within limits, to assume banking functions on its own behalf.

This, of course, resulted from the combination of a variety of circumstances. It did not present the clean-cut issue which we may have later. There was no great demand in 1931 and 1932 for a change in the general rules of banking. There was a distinct feeling that many bankers had abused their position, and a belief that, by reason of that fact, and of other accompanying facts, banks were unsafe. But this rapidly developed, as Mr. Pecora carried his investigation forward, and as a tide of additional evidence rolled in, into a feeling that the system itself left something to be desired. A very large number of bankers, among them the most reputable members of the profession, joined in that feeling.

In industry an almost exactly similar phenomenon took place. Those who were familiar with the situation immediately after the bank holiday recall the piling up of pressure from all quarters, which led to the passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act. Labor considered that it could not maintain its wages, and that it did

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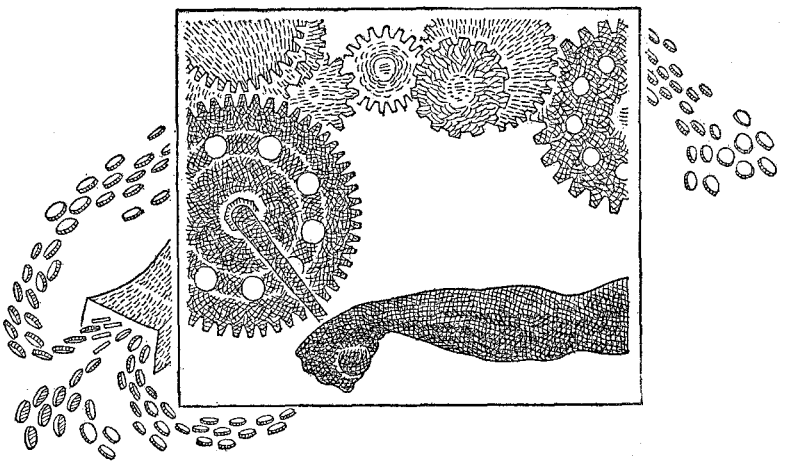

not propose, through wholesale wage cut, to go back to a sub-subsistence standard of living. Business men found themselves unable to make money, and were prepared to subscribe to the theory that higher wages throughout the country and increased distribution of the industrial income would be better for business. All of them agreed that to leave industry unorganized would continue an impossible situation to a point of general break-down. In an endeavor to meet all these points of view, the National Recovery Administration took form. This involved an adventure in industrial organization as yet unknown to the American system; but the mere logic of government required it.

At date of writing (December, 1933) it rather looks as though another situation would presently have to be dealt with. The long-term finance machinery is not at present functioning. Corporations have bond issues maturing which would normally be met by refinancing —that is, by issuing new bonds. Municipalities whose credit is in respectable shape find themselves unable to float new bond issues to meet old maturities, or to take care of present needs. Many reasons are assigned for this stoppage. It is said that the Securities Act lays down impossible ground rules. It is said that the monetary policy makes investors wary. It is said that bankers are sabotaging the New Deal. It is said that the banking machinery cannot function while the Senate Committee implacably drags to light the banking methods of the past few years. It is said that without the profits taken out in cash, in stock, and in power, bankers have no incentive to float loans. Without examining the truth of these various objections, the important thing to note is the reaction.

Were there a general popular feeling that investment banking, as it had been run on the old lines, was a good thing for the country, the demand would be to clear away the various obstacles and let the bankers get to work again. As it stands at the date of this writing, however, the feeling seems to be quite otherwise. It is, in general, that investment banking on the old lines, while it may have performed a useful function, exacted entirely too high a price for its services; and that the country is not prepared to pay that price. This is not a feeling that bankers should not make money; it is a distinct feeling that the country does not desire to have its industrial and economic life, and the lives of its people generally, placed at the hazard of any small group, and particularly not of a small number of people whose group ethics (unjust as this may be to many individuals in it) are now under justifiable question. The feeling, especially outside of the eastern cities, seems to be that the new ground rules as laid down are approximately the only terms on which the country wants that kind of business done; and if private business cannot swing the situation within those limits, then another solution has to be found. At this point a problem is posed for government.

Obviously, the choice lies between this and allowing nature to take its course, risking a general financial break-down, as bond issue after bond issue goes into default, as company after company goes into receivership, and as investment money piles up in sterile hoards, or flows to London, Canada, or Paris. No government worthy of its salt could afford to let this happen.

The alternative is, for the government to go into the investment banking business itself. Business men who are prepared to abide by the ground rules can go forward, and God bless them—but the government undertakes to provide the bulk of financial facilities necessary to meet the situation. It is of the whole essence of the New Deal that where prior governments would probably have altered the ground rules to meet the banking requirements, the present administration would meet the situation itself, maintaining the ground rules, and inviting all who are prepared to accept them to join it. To do otherwise, in the present temper of the country, would be to commit political suicide.

I cannot escape the feeling that in the last analysis this is wholly just. There is, in a back-handed way, a continuing plebiscite on possible methods. A country which has confidence in its banking system and in its bankers, which believes that they, on the whole, carry on their functions for the best interests of the country, will support that group when it asks for conditions under which it conceives it can work. Under those circumstances, investors will buy securities; business men will feel that the bankers should be helped forward; even labor will accept the situation as being in aid of business activity and employment. A country which does not feel that way about it will, by political pressure on its representatives, make no change in the ground rules; will express its opinion of bankers in general in no uncertain terms;

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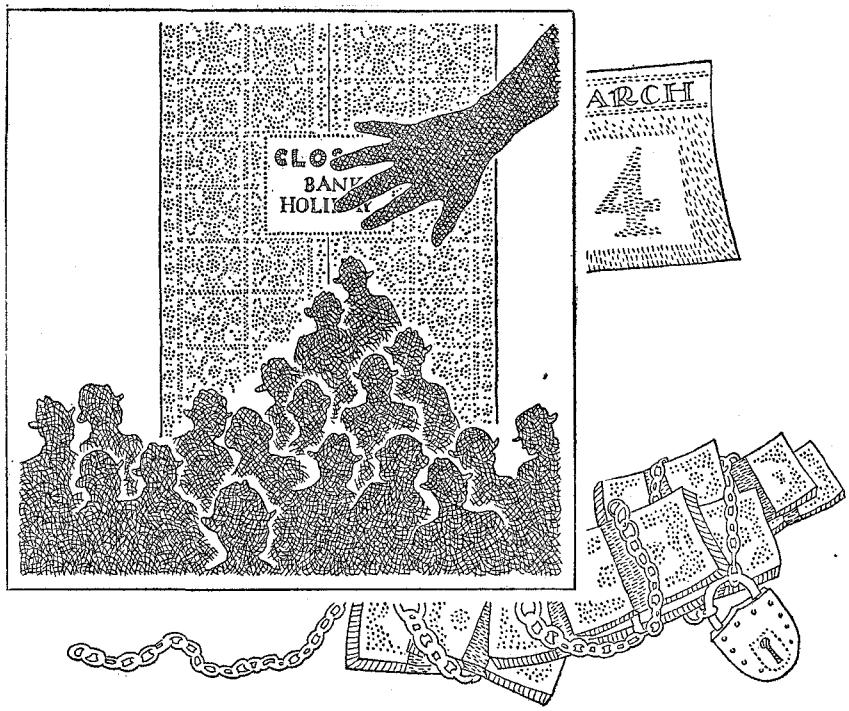

will decline to buy securities, no matter what the ground rules are (and this, I think, is probably the situation today), unless some measure of outside supervision is imposed, and generally will look to the government for its guidance.

American history affords at least one instance of a similar situation, though it is far less spectacular in degree. In Mr. Cleveland's administration, the investment banking machinery would not function, at least as regards government bonds. Faced with the decision as to whether to satisfy the investment bankers, or to meet the situation himself, Mr. Cleveland went to the people and marketed a government bond issue without intervention of banking machinery—a thing quite usual in these post-war days, but almost as revolutionary then as putting the government into investment banking is today. The country supported Mr. Cleveland, and his bond issue was over-subscribed. With Mr. Cleveland, that ended the issue, and thereafter he had no great difficulty.

I have mentioned the investment-banking impasse merely by way of illustration, for I think it illustrates a general principle. If the railways leading into New York City, for example, were suddenly to shut down, the responsible authorities would have to provide for running them, and provide this at once, else New York City would starve. They would first negotiate with the railroad men, to see whether the railroads themselves could not start up. If, after a few hours of negotiating, this seemed futile, the government would commandeer the facilities, and would find itself in the railroad business. The same is true of milk distribution, of electric light and power, of commercial banking, in fact, of all the great services of supply of the country.

II

We have come, then, to the new force which appears in government today. We happen to see it in America, but the same force is awake throughout all of western civilization. Whereas before there was no alternative to private business, today there is always an alternative, and the alternative may come into play at any moment. A government which did not directly participate in the economic life of the country—that is, which did not directly engage in business—was necessarily forced to create conditions under which private business could operate. A government prepared to do the job itself, however, has far wider latitude in determining policy. It can enter the arena only if its people support it in so doing; it will be supported only if its people decline to accept conditions which private business feels essential. Within limits, of course, a government can crystallize sentiment in its own country, in favor either of private or of public business. But it can do so only in the light of prevailing conditions. When private business is doing the job acceptably and honestly and well, a government which undertook to whip up enthusiasm for, let us say, entering the steel business, or taking over the railroads, would be met either with hearty laughter, or with prompt repudiation at the polls. Where business is not functioning acceptably, the popular demonstration is in exactly the opposite direction.

Rarely does a government go out and undertake to invade a territory occupied by private business, unless private business has itself created a situation believed to be intolerable; or, perhaps through no fault of its own, has reached a point where it cannot carry on. No sane statesman wants to take on the work, the responsibility, the disappointments, the difficulties and the incalculable complexities of any large-scale private business, if he can keep a country on an even keel without doing so. Equally, when the business is necessary to the national economy, he can hardly avoid tackling the job, if private functioning has ceased. In a word, governments today have a mandate to see that their economics continues to operate. Included in that mandate is a grant of power adequate to perform that function. This is true, whether the incumbent is Grau San Martin in Cuba, or Mr. Hoover or Mr. Roosevelt in the United States. Even Mr. Hoover, you will recollect, when the investment-banking machinery and the banks failed to

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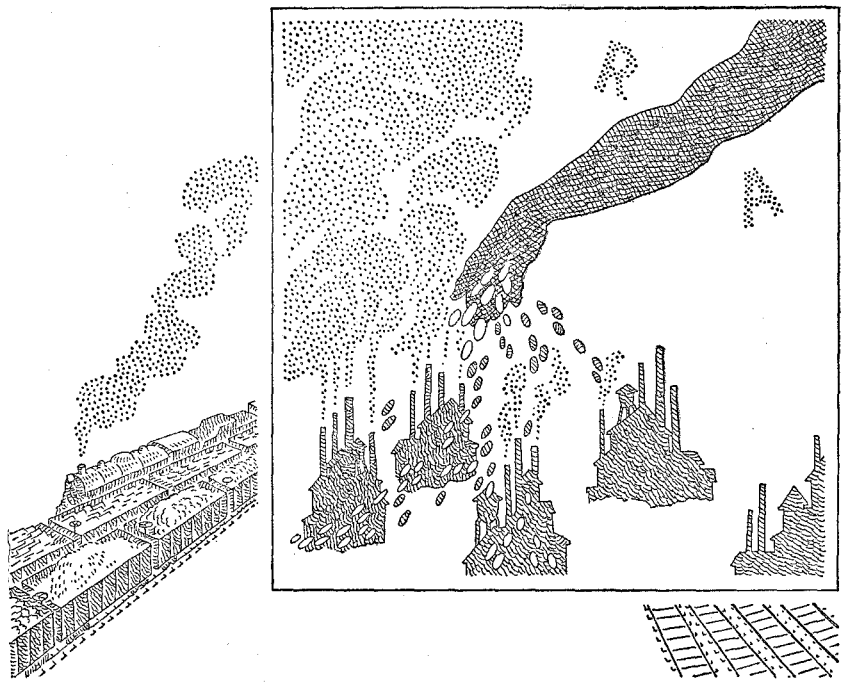
function in connection with existing laws, formed the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and made the first great entry of the United States Government into what had been private business. He did this, not because he wanted to, but because he had to; and the pressure came far more from Wall Street than it did from the country, though the country promptly and unanimously supported the move.



It is after one of these situations has arisen, and after the territory has been occupied, that the economic and social philosophy of a government really begins to appear. The whole difference between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt lay in the fact that Mr. Hoover considered his occupation of the territory as temporary, as bridging over a gap which the business men found themselves unable to over-pass, and in aid of the business men, who were carrying on the functions. Mr. Roosevelt's government conceives that, having taken over the function, it also has taken over the responsibility for the results. These results are measured in terms of the effect on the life of the community. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, for example, in Mr. Hoover's time was a substitute for a private bank, and existed to assist private banks and bankers. In Mr. Roosevelt's administration, it was conceived that with that assistance went the right to insist that the banks should produce certain general effects. Specifically, they ought to make available enough credit for the community; and they ought not to be merely strategic centres from which individuals could dominate the interests which necessarily flow through the banks.

It is at this point that social philosophy really (and literally) becomes serious business.

A government which has taken over responsibility for a great business function can consider the situation in terms other than those of strictly private business. Let us assume, for example, that the city of New York takes over the transit lines. A five-cent fare, let us suppose (though it is not demonstrated), will not pay the cost of the service. A private business man in that situation must either raise his fare, or lower his wages, or go into bankruptcy and cut down his interest charge, or go out of business. A government, however, may look the situation squarely in the face and may determine that it would be preferable to run the transit lines at a slight loss, socialize that loss and cover it by means of taxation, in the general interests of life in the city of New York. The debate then shifts from the problem of the essential price in private hands to a question of social philosophy in municipal hands. A municipality can (as private owners cannot) resolve the controversy in the sense that it is better for the city and for its inhabitants to have cheap transit, and to require certain groups, through taxes, to pay the loss, on the ground that they profit by the cheap service. Illustrations of this kind might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Enough has been said, I think, to indicate why discussions as to government in business, redistribution of wealth, the chance for all individuals to live their lives, the (approximate) equality of opportunity and the like, have ceased to become academic debates. With the government, which is to say the entire organized force of the people and of the community, taking a part in the performance, willing and able if necessary to assume the stellar rôle, the part of social philosophy moves up from that of an intellectual aside to that of a Greek goddess which can appear from the machine at any time.

III

For myself, I have whole-heartedly welcomed the great gate which has been opened in America by the New Deal. For the first time in my generation it becomes possible to think broadly, and the instruments for making the kind of country one would like to have become approximately available. In spite of an intellectual predilection for orthodox economics, I have to recognize that orthodox economics, unfortunately, are not to be found anywhere in any world available for me to live in. For the time, at least, they are a dream only. Realistically, I have to live in a world in which men insist on making economics, rather than economics

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making men; and if that is the situation under which I have to work, I have no choice but to prefer a government which takes into its hands all necessary tools with which to work. I have a bias in favor of the freedom of private business; and a still stronger bias in favor of the general idea that business men can solve problems both in social philosophy and in economic functioning, if they are willing to regard themselves as a public service of supply, and not as a private racket. But as an honest student of finance, I have to admit that private finance and private business, under the conditions prevailing today, may break down at any time. This is partly due to their own fault, and that can be rectified by education and by change of personnel. It is partly due to the fact that in certain respects, notably those revolving around large corporations and the financial and banking systems, the structure is radically wrong. And, like every sane person, I cannot allow my emotions to get away with my judgment; I cannot say that, because on the whole I like the individualism of private property and of private business, therefore I will nail my flag to the mast, although my family, my friends, and the population generally starve, in the vindication of a noble theory. Nostalgia is never a substitute for realism.

And yet it must be recognized that there are tremendous dangers involved in the new orientation of government and business. Before placing these, it is perhaps well to lay down the lines of the discussion as it now stands.

There is as yet no veto on private profit. The profit motive, essential in a developing country, has still a tremendous place in any economic civilization. For example, it must continue to function in developing new inventions; in pushing out the frontiers, either geographically or scientifically; in devising new forms of organization. It is not easy to think of a civilization which is not constantly pushing out its frontiers in terms of goods and of services, though geography is beginning to be a restricted field.

But there are claims of the community which are regarded as superior to private profit, and there are great areas of profit which are no longer considered legitimate, because they impose sacrifices on the community. The illegitimate profits may be defined as those in which a business transaction results in a profit to an individual at a greater expense to the community at large. For instance, in my factory I may install a machine, for, say, $10,000, which will do the work of, say, 200 men. This saves me money, and my profits increase. The 200 men are thrown out of work; it takes them, let us say, two years to learn a new trade or to find new jobs; and the aggregate of their losses is greater than my profit. This is not a real profit—only an illusory one. What I win, some one else has paid—the men themselves, if they have savings; the community, if they go on a relief line. Again, an illegitimate profit is obtained where the individual business man makes his money not because he has rendered a service to the community, but because through strategic position he has levied toll upon one group or another. For instance, he may be able unduly to depress his wages, and get his profit at the expense of the community standard of living; or by reorganizing a railroad he may be able to take a rake-off. In other instances, profits become simply too expensive for the community to pay. You might run a City Hospital Department at a profit by charging every one who applied for medical assistance a fee commensurate with the cost; but public health is more necessary than private profit in that field of human endeavor, and the profit system is rightly scrapped, in favor of a socialization of losses.

You may almost test the social philosophy of a government by areas in which private profit is considered essential, and those in which community service is considered more important. Practically every function which a modern government now performs was at one time regarded as private business. The collection of taxes was for centuries a private enterprise, and the job was "farmed out" to one or another group, who made fortunes at it. Roads, post-offices, public health, sanitation, schools, hospitals, all started as private enterprises. They were gradually absorbed into the community or socialized system, either directly, as governments took them over, or indirectly, as they were folded into a system of private charity and relief. The advance of modern civilization can almost be measured by the rising demands which a community as a whole makes on the area of private activity.

The first danger, and a very real one, is that a government, entering a new area, will over-measure the claims which a community makes, mistaking the insistence of particular groups in their own interest for a demand which the community is entitled to make in the name of all. This danger arises partly because organized minorities will always exert more pressure than unorganized majorities, and still more through the thoroughly vicious practices of lobbies, who also frequently have machinery for publicity at their disposal. A really high-powered lobby will ask for something which its group has no business to have, and be fully prepared to make a devastating personal attack on any one who stands in the way. The public official, particularly if he is honest, does not have access to equivalent publicity in answer, and the more honorable he is, the less he enjoys putting his reputation at that kind of hazard.

One of the problems we shall undoubtedly have to struggle with is that of the massing of groups of interests and employees who have come intermediately under government regulation or directly into the sphere of government action, and who endeavor accordingly to

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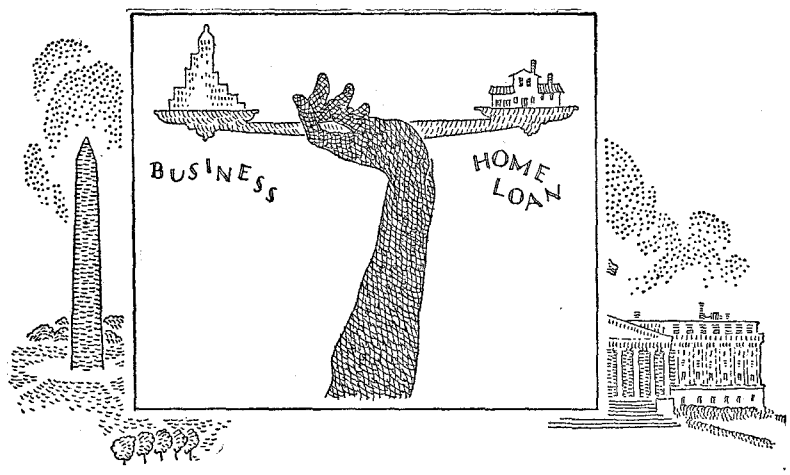

establish a claim on the community in their own behalf. Against this it must be pointed out, however, that the losses occasioned by this process are not net. A private business in a strategic position will take the same amount of money away from the community, not through a process of political pressure, but through its commercial activities; and the result will be concentration of wealth in the hands of the owners or managers of the business. These amounts are less than a really first-class raid on the community treasury by a minority; but they are not dispersed, and therefore contribute less to economic life as a whole. Further, as more and more groups come into play, they tend to balance each other out. I should question whether, proportionately, any group could equal the record of the Civil War veterans or the World War veterans today. Those groups were almost alone in the field, in their halcyon days; today they have to compete with many other groups, which realize that if any one group overdoes it, all must suffer in the end.

Another danger—and this perhaps the greatest—is that human nature does not change, merely because government has entered the field of economics. The racketeer in business is the grafter in politics; the unrestrained exploiter in finance is the ambitious demagogue in government; the irresponsible and cut-throat competitor in commerce is the intriguer and self-aggrandizer in a government job. There is, however, a distinct difference in point of view. For one thing, the holder of a strategic commercial position who is abusing it can be dislodged only by a terrific outbreak of popular sentiment, whereas a single general election can explode the position of an unscrupulous or unworthy public servant. For another, the objective in business is precisely this aggrandizing and accumulative process; whereas in public service, that very fact alone makes an individual the object of suspicion. Briefly, the ideal and object of the whole game is shifted.

The last and most discussed danger has been that individual initiative is reduced as the area of government entrance into economic function increases. For myself, I have never been able to feel too much discouraged on this score, though there is something to be said for it. Private initiative, when used in that argument, almost invariably relates to the money-making initiative. And yet, private initiative can be translated into so many other fields! There is no restraint, for example, upon initiative in art, in literature, in finance, in study, in the whole field of the humanities. Perhaps a little less private initiative in the field of making money would not be such a bad thing, after all. We probably shall not get to the stage of having, as Plato once hoped, kings who are philosophers, or philosophers for kings; but we might make some progress toward a stage in which a man was esteemed in the community, not because he had manipulated himself into a great commercial position, but because he was making a steady contribution to the thought, the art, or the operation of civilization as a whole. In fact, we are making progress along that line now. Included among the men who are emerging now is a much larger percentage of those who attained their position because they thought deeply, and contributed honestly to the general welfare. If this is one of the by-products of the New Deal, surely there will be little cause for complaint, and we shall be less at a disadvantage when our European friends assert that our outlook has been entirely too material.

Finally, we may take comfort in the knowledge that mankind is continually achieving the impossible. That is, after all, the saving grace of being men. Like Prometheus, we always do assault the heavens, and bring back the impossible fire. This is as true of organized government and economics as it is true of the individual artist who snatches from some remote inspiration a new revelation of truth and beauty.

In coming numbers: "Life, Liberty, and....," by Albert Jay Nock, a commentary on the increasing power of the State; "Economic Morality," by the Reverend Bernard Iddings Bell, a discussion of the shift in values today; "The Decline of Religion," by Dean Christian Gauss; and "Capitalism without Capitalists," by Max Nomad.

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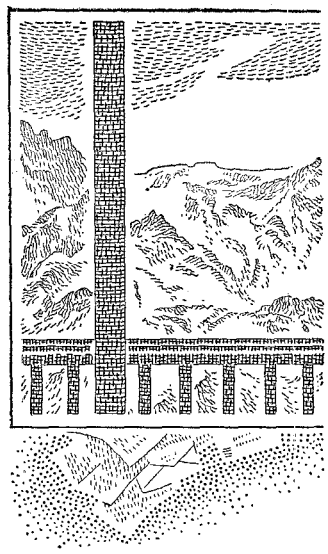
Tender Is the Night

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

The second part of the new novel by the author of "The Great Gatsby"



For our readers who may have missed the first part of the novel, the following notes are made:

Dick and Nicole Diver, the principal characters of the novel, are first seen through the eyes of Rosemary Hoyt, a young, beautiful, and ingenuous motion-picture star, at a small Riviera resort where she has come with her mother. On the beach the first day, she finds herself between two groups of people. The first is composed of five Americans including Mr. McKisco, a literary critic, and his wife. In the second are the Divers, Abe North, a musician, and Tommy Costello, a soldier of fortune. Rosemary instinctively feels drawn to the Divers and she finds that the other group is envious of them and of their circle. Dick Diver attracts her unaccountably and she tells her mother later that she has fallen in love with him. On the third day of her stay, the Divers ask her to join them, and then plan a party to which the other group is invited. During the party, Mrs. McKisco comes upon a scene involving the Divers and twice when she attempts to tell about it Tommy Costello cuts her short. The second time, which occurs on the way home, McKisco gets angry and foolishly mentions a duel, whereupon Costello accepts and insists on fighting. Both shots miss and the affair is then called off. The reader becomes aware that beneath what Rosemary imagines to be a beautiful relationship between the Divers and the unusual loyalty and affection which they evoke from their friends there lurks something strange and mysterious.

The Divers go to Paris to bid good-bye to Abe who is returning to America and his wife who is going to Salzburg. Rosemary accompanies them.

Dick at first regards her as a lovely child and refuses to take her seriously when she offers herself. Collis Clay, a young Southerner from New Haven, who admires Rosemary, turns up. Later Dick realizes that he is in love with her but, he tells her, "That doesn't change what I said last night. . . . Nicole mustn't know—she mustn't suspect even faintly. Nicole and I have got to go on together. In a way that's more important than just wanting to go on." He reveals that he knows about the duel and adds, "My relations with Nicole are complicated. She's not very strong—she looks strong but she isn't. And this makes rather a mess."

Dick, who is an artist in people and in providing for their enjoyment, arranges a gay party that evening. In the small hours, Dick and Nicole leave together and ask Rosemary to accompany them, but she stays with Mary North to help her persuade Abe to go home. The party continues until daylight but Rosemary realizes the emptiness of it without Dick.

IV

ABE left from the Gare St. Lazare at eleven—he stood alone under the fouled glass dome, relic of the seventies, imitated from the Crystal Palace; his hands, of that vague gray color that only twenty-four hours can produce, were in his coat pockets to conceal the trembling fingers. With his hat removed it was plain that only the top layer of his hair was brushed back—the lower levels were pointed resolutely sidewise. He was scarcely recognizable as the man who had swum upon Gausse's Beach a fortnight ago.

He was early; he looked from left to right with his eyes only; it would have taken nervous forces out of his control to use any other part of his body. New-looking baggage went past him; presently prospective passengers, with dark little bodies, were calling: "Jew-uls-*Hoo*-oo!" in dark piercing voices.

At the minute when he wondered whether or not he had time for a drink at the buffet, and began clutching at the soggy wad of thousand-franc notes in his pocket, one end of his pendulous glance came to rest upon the apparition of Nicole at the stairhead. He watched her—she was self-revelatory in her little expressions as people seem to some one waiting for them who as yet is himself unobserved. She was frowning, thinking of her children, less gloating over them than merely animally counting them—a cat checking her cubs with a paw.

When she saw Abe, the mood passed out of her face; the glow of the morning skylight was sad, and Abe made a gloomy figure with dark circles that showed through the crimson tan under his eyes. They sat down on a bench.

"I came because you asked me," said Nicole defensively. Abe seemed to have forgotten why he asked her and Nicole was quite content to look at the travellers passing by.

"That's going to be the belle of your boat—that one with all the men to say good-bye—you see why she bought that dress?" Nicole talked faster and faster. "You see why nobody else would buy it except the belle of the world cruise? See? No? Wake up! That's a story dress—that extra material tells a story and somebody on world cruise would be lonesome enough to want to hear it."

She bit close her last words; she had talked too much for her; and Abe found it difficult to gather from her

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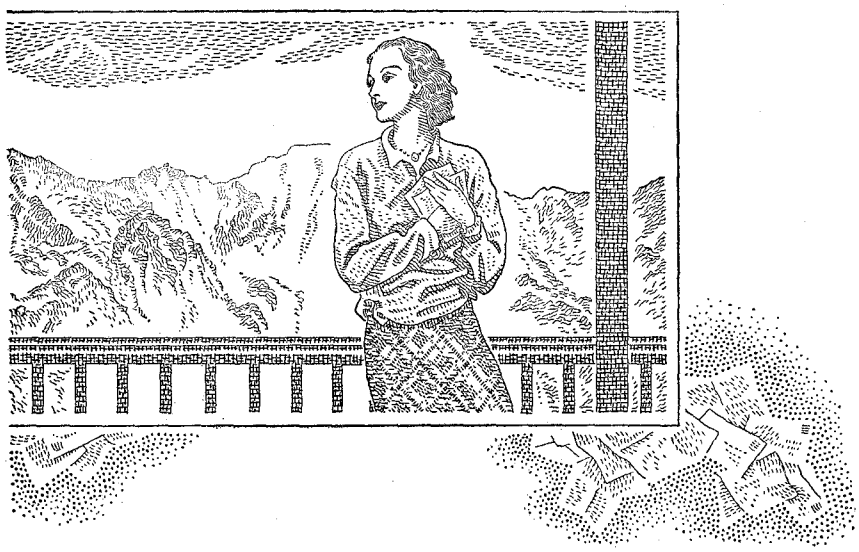

serious set face that she had spoken at all. With an effort he drew himself up to a posture that looked as if he were standing up while he was sitting down.

"The afternoon you took me to that funny ball—you know, St. Genevieve's—" he began.

"I remember. It was fun, wasn't it?"

"No fun for me. I haven't had fun seeing you this time. I'm tired of you both, but it doesn't show because you're even more tired of me—you know what I mean. If I had any enthusiasm, I'd go on to new people."

There was a rough nap on Nicole's velvet gloves as she slapped him back:

"Seems rather foolish to be unpleasant, Abe. Anyhow you don't mean that. I can't see why you've given up about everything."

Abe considered, trying hard not to cough or blow his nose.

"I suppose I got bored; and then it was such a long way to go back in order to get anywhere."

Often a man can play the harmless child in front of a woman, but he can almost never bring it off when he feels most like a helpless child.

"No excuse for it," Nicole said crisply.

Abe was feeling worse every minute—he could think of nothing but disagreeable and sheerly nervous remarks. Nicole thought that the correct attitude for her was to sit staring straight ahead, hands in her lap. For a while there was no communication between them—each was racing away from the other, breathing only insofar as there was blue space ahead, a sky not seen by the other. Unlike lovers they possessed no past; unlike man and wife, they possessed no future; yet up to this morning Nicole had liked Abe better than any one except Dick—and he had been heavy, belly-frightened, with love for her for years.

"Tired of women's worlds," he spoke up suddenly.

"Then why don't you make a world of your own?"

"Tired of friends. The thing is to have sycophants."

Nicole tried to force the minute hand around on the station clock, but, "You agree?" he demanded.

"I am a woman and my business is to hold things together."

"My business is to tear them apart."

"When you get drunk you don't tear anything apart except yourself," she said, cold now, and frightened and unconfident. The station was filling but no one she knew came. After a moment her eyes fell gratefully on a tall girl with straw hair like a helmet, who was dropping letters in the mail slot.

"A girl I have to speak to, Abe. Abe, wake up! You fool!"

Patiently Abe followed her with his eyes. The woman turned in a startled way to greet Nicole, and Abe recognized her as some one he had seen around Paris. He took advantage of Nicole's absence to cough hard and retchingly into his handkerchief, and to blow his nose loud. The morning was warmer and his underwear was soaked with sweat. His fingers trembled so violently that it took four matches to light a cigarette; it seemed absolutely necessary to make his way into the buffet for a drink, but immediately Nicole returned.

"That was a mistake," she said with frosty humor. "After begging me to come and see her, she gave me a good snubbing. She looked at me as if I were rotted." Excited, she did a little laugh, as with two fingers high in the scales. "Let people come to you."

Abe recovered from a cigarette cough and remarked:

"Trouble is when you're sober you don't want to see anybody, and when you're tight nobody wants to see you."

"Who, me?" Nicole laughed again; for some reason the late encounter had cheered her.

"No—me."

"Speak for yourself. I like people, a lot of people—I like——"

Rosemary and Mary North came in sight, walking slowly and searching for Abe, and Nicole burst forth grossly with "Hey! Hi! Hey!" and laughed and waved the package of handkerchiefs she had bought for Abe.

They stood in an uncomfortable little group weighted down by Abe's gigantic presence: he lay athwart them like the wreck of a galleon, dominating with his presence his own weakness and self-indulgence, his narrowness and bitterness. All of them were conscious of the solemn dignity that flowed from him, of his achievement, fragmentary, suggestive and surpassed. But they were frightened at his survivant will, once a will to live, now become a will to die.

Dick Diver came and brought with him a fine glow-

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ing surface on which the three women sprang like monkeys with cries of relief, perching on his shoulders, on the beautiful crown of his hat or the gold head of his cane. Now, for a moment, they could disregard the spectacle of Abe's gigantic obscenity. Dick saw the situation quickly and grasped it quietly. He pulled them out of themselves into the station, making plain its wonders. Nearby, some Americans were saying good-bye in voices that mimicked the cadence of water running into a large old bathtub; speaking of the Louvre, they joked about their indifference to the things they had come to see: "the oil used in these paintings would lubricate all the cars in Delaware for two years. The frames placed end to end—" Standing in the station, with Paris in back of them, it seemed as if they were vicariously leaning a little over the ocean, already undergoing a sea-change, a shifting about of atoms to form the essential molecule of a new people.

So the well-to-do Americans poured through the station onto the platforms with frank new faces, intelligent, considerate, thoughtless, thought-for. An occasional English face among them seemed sharp and emergent. When there were enough Americans on the platform the first impression of their immaculacy and their money began to fade into a vague racial dusk that hindered and blinded both them and their observers.

Nicole seized Dick's arm crying, "Look!" Dick turned in time to see what took place in half a minute. At a Pullman entrance two cars off, a vivid scene detached itself from the tenor of many farewells. The young woman with the helmet-like hair to whom Nicole had spoken made an odd dodging little run away from the man to whom she was talking and plunged a frantic hand into her purse; then the sound of two revolver shots cracked the narrow air of the platform. Simultaneously the engine whistled sharply and the train began to move, momentarily dwarfing the shots in significance. Abe waved again from his window, oblivious to what had happened. But before the crowd closed in, the others had seen the shots take effect, seen the target sit down upon the platform.

Only after a hundred yards did the train stop; Nicole, Mary, and Rosemary waited on the outskirts while Dick fought his way through. It was five minutes before he found them again—by this time the crowd had split into two sections, following, respectively, the man on a stretcher and the girl walking pale and firm between distraught gendarmes.

"It was Maria Wallis," Dick said hurriedly. "The man she shot was an Englishman—they had an awful time finding out who, because she shot him through his identification card." They were walking quickly from the train, swayed along with the crowd. "I found out what poste de police they're taking her to so I'll go there——"

"But her sister lives in Paris," Nicole objected. "Why not phone her? Seems very peculiar nobody thought of that. She's married to a Frenchman, and he can do more than we can."

Dick hesitated, shook his head and started off.

"Wait!" Nicole cried after him. "That's foolish—how can you do any good—with your French?"

"At least I'll see they don't do anything outrageous to her."

"They're certainly going to hold on to her," Nicole assured him briskly. "She *did* shoot the man. The best thing is to phone right away to Laura—she can do more than we can."

Dick was unconvinced—also he was showing off for Rosemary.

"You wait," said Nicole firmly, and hurried off to a telephone booth.

"When Nicole takes things into her hands," he said with affectionate irony, "there is nothing more to be done."

He saw Rosemary for the first time that morning. They exchanged glances, trying to recognize the emotions of the day before. For a moment each seemed unreal to the other—then the slow warm hum of love began again.

"You like to help everybody, don't you?" Rosemary said.

"I only pretend to."

"Mother likes to help everybody—of course she can't help as many people as you do." She sighed. "Sometimes I think I'm the most selfish person in the world."

For the first time the mention of her mother annoyed rather than amused Dick. He wanted to sweep away her mother, remove the whole affair from the nursery footing upon which Rosemary persistently established it. But he realized that this impulse was a loss of control—what would become of Rosemary's yen for him if, for even a moment, he relaxed. He saw, not without panic, that the affair was sliding to rest; it could not stand still, it must go on or go back; for the first time it occurred to him that Rosemary had her hand on the lever more authoritatively than he.

Before he had thought out a course of procedure, Nicole returned.

"I found Laura. It was the first news she had and her voice kept fading away and then getting loud again—as if she was fainting and then pulling herself together. She said she knew something was going to happen this morning."

"Maria ought to be with Diaghileff," said Dick in a gentle tone, in order to bring them back to quietude. "She has a nice sense of decor—not to say rhythm. Will any of us ever see a train pulling out without hearing a few shots?"

They bumped down the wide steel steps. "I'm sorry

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for the poor man," Nicole said. "Course that's why she talked so strange to me—she was getting ready to open fire."

She laughed, Rosemary laughed too, but they were both horrified, and both of them deeply wanted Dick to make a moral comment on the matter and not leave it to them. This wish was not entirely conscious, especially on the part of Rosemary, who was accustomed to having slivers of such events shriek past her head. But a totality of shock had piled up in her too. For the moment, Dick was too shaken by the impetus of his newly recognized emotion to resolve things into the pattern of the holiday, so the women, missing something, lapsed into a vague unhappiness.

Mary was weeping with practically no contortion of her face, and this reminded Rosemary of the advice some one had given her: never cry in private life but save the surface of the face for professional contingencies.

Then, as if nothing had happened, the lives of the Divers and their friends flowed out into the street.

However, everything had happened—Abe's departure and Mary's impending departure for Salzburg this afternoon had ended the time in Paris. Or perhaps the shots, the concussions that had finished God knew what dark matter, had terminated it. The shots had entered into all their lives: echoes of violence followed them out onto the pavement where two porters held a post-mortem beside them as they waited for a taxi.

"Tu as vu le revolver? C'était très petite, du perle—comme un jeu."

"Assez puissant!" said the other porter sagely. "Tu as vu son chemise? Assez du sang pour le guerre."

In the square, as they came out, a suspended mass of gasoline exhaust cooked slowly in the July sun. It was a terrible thing—unlike pure heat it held no promise of rural escape but suggested only roads choked with the same foul asthma. During their luncheon, outdoors, across from the Luxembourg Gardens, Rosemary had cramps and felt fretful and full of impatient lassitude—it was the foretaste of this that had inspired her self-accusation of selfishness in the station.

Dick had no suspicion of the sharpness of the change; he was profoundly unhappy and the subsequent increase of egotism tended momentarily to blind him to what was going on round about him, and deprive him of the long ground-swell of imagination that he counted on for his judgments.

After Mary North left them, accompanied by the Italian singing teacher who had joined them for coffee and was taking her to her train, Rosemary, too, stood up, bound for an engagement at her studio: "meet some officials."

"And oh—" she proposed "—if Collis Clay, that Southern boy—if he comes while you are still sitting here, just tell him I couldn't wait; tell him to call me tomorrow."

Too insouciant, in nervous reaction from the late disturbance, she had assumed the privileges of a child—the result being to remind the Divers of their exclusive love for their own children; Rosemary was sharply rebuked in a short passage between the women: "You'd better leave the message with a waiter," Nicole's voice was stern and unmodulated, "we're leaving immediately."

Rosemary got it, took it without resentment.

"I'll let it go then. Good-bye, you darlings."

Dick asked for the check; the Divers relaxed, chewing tentatively on toothpicks.

"Well—" they said together.

He saw a flash of unhappiness on her mouth, so brief that only he would have noticed, and he could pretend not to have seen. What did Nicole think? Rosemary was one of a dozen people he had "worked over" in the past years: these had included a French circus clown, Abe and Mary North, a pair of dancers, a writer, a painter, a comedienne from the Grand Guignol, a half-crazy pederast from the Russian Ballet, a promising tenor they had staked to a year in Milan. Nicole well knew how seriously these people interpreted his interest and enthusiasm; but she realized also that, except while their children were being born, Dick had not spent a night apart from her since their marriage. On the other hand there was a pleasingness about him that simply had to be used—those who possessed that pleasingness had to keep their hands in, and go along attaching people that they had no use to make of.

Now Dick hardened himself and let minutes pass without making any gesture of confidence, any representation of constantly renewed surprise that they were one together.

Collis Clay out of the South edged a passage between the closely packed tables and greeted the Divers cavalierly. Such salutations always astonished Dick—acquaintances saying "Hi!" to them, or speaking only to one of them. He felt so intensely about people that in moments of apathy he preferred to remain concealed; that one could parade a casualness into his presence was a challenge to the key on which he lived.

Collis, unaware that he was without a wedding garment, heralded his arrival with: "I reckon I'm late—the beyed has flown." Dick had to wrench something out of himself before he could forgive him for not having first complimented Nicole.

She left almost immediately and he sat with Collis, finishing the last of his wine. He rather liked Collis—he was "post-war"; less difficult than most of the Southerners he had known at New Haven a decade previously. Dick listened with amusement to the conversation that accompanied the slow, profound stuffing of a

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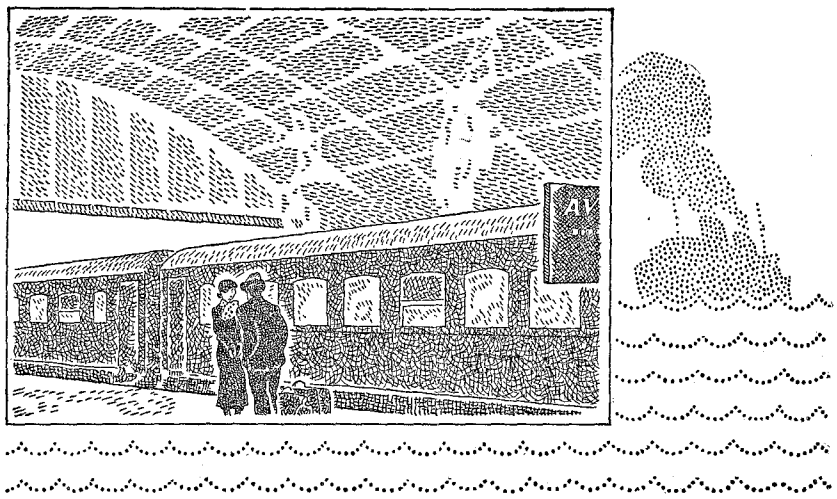

pipe. In the early afternoon children and nurses were trekking into the Luxembourg Gardens; it was the first time in months that Dick had let this part of the day out of his hands.

Suddenly his blood ran cold as he realized the content of Collis's confidential monologue.

"—she's not so cold as you'd probably think. I admit I thought she was cold for a long time. But she got into a jam with a friend of mine going from New York to Chicago at Easter—a boy named Hillis she thought was pretty nutsey at New Haven—she had a compartment with a cousin of mine but she and Hillis wanted to be alone, so in the afternoon my cousin came and played cards in our compartment. Well, after about two hours we went back and there was Rosemary and Bill Hillis standing in the vestibule arguing with the conductor—Rosemary white as a sheet. Seems they locked the door and pulled down the blinds and I guess there was some heavy stuff going on when the conductor came for the tickets and knocked on the door. They thought it was us kidding them and wouldn't let him in at first, and when they did, he was plenty sore. He asked Hillis if that was his compartment and whether he and Rosemary were married that they locked the door, and Hillis lost his temper trying to explain there was nothing wrong. He said the conductor had insulted Rosemary and he wanted him to fight, but that conductor could have made trouble—and believe me I had an awful time smoothing it over."

With every detail imagined, with even envy for the pair's community of misfortune in the vestibule, Dick felt a change taking place within him. Only the image of a third person, even a vanished one, entering into his relation with Rosemary was needed to throw him off his balance and send through him waves of pain, misery, desire, desperation. The vividly pictured hand on Rosemary's cheek, the quicker breath, the white excitement of the event viewed from outside, the inviolable secret warmth within.

—Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?

—Please do. It's too light in here.

Collis Clay was now speaking about fraternity politics at New Haven, in the same tone, with the same emphasis. Dick had gathered that he was in love with Rosemary in some curious way Dick could not have understood. The affair with Hillis seemed to have made no emotional impression on Collis save to give him the joyful conviction that Rosemary was "human."

"Bones got a wonderful crowd," he said. "We all did, as a matter of fact. New Haven's so big now the sad thing is the men we have to leave out."

—Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?

—Please do. It's too light in here.

. . . Dick went over Paris to his bank—writing a check, he looked along the row of men at the desks deciding to which one he would present it for an O. K. As he wrote he engrossed himself in the material act, examining meticulously the pen, writing laboriously upon the high glass-topped desk. Once he raised his eyes myoptically to look toward the mail department, then glazed his spirit again by concentration upon the objects he dealt with.

Still he failed to decide to whom the check should be presented, which man in the line would guess least of the unhappy predicament in which he found himself and, also, which one would be insensitive enough to talk. There was Perrin, the suave New Yorker who had asked him to luncheons at the American Club, there was Casasus, the Spaniard, with whom he usually discussed a mutual friend in spite of the fact that the friend had passed out of his life a dozen years before; there was Muchhause, who had once asked him whether he wanted to draw upon his wife's money or his own.

As he entered the amount on the stub, and drew two lines under it, he decided to go to Pierce, who was young and for whom he would have to put on only a small show. It was often easier to give a show than to watch one.

He went to the mail desk first—as the woman who served him pushed up with her bosom a piece of paper that had nearly escaped the desk, he thought how differently women use their bodies from men. He took his letters aside to open: There was a bill for seventeen psychiatric books from a German concern, a bill from Brentano's, a letter from Buffalo from his father, in a handwriting that year by year became more indecipherable; there was a card from Tommy Costello postmarked Fez and bearing a facetious communica-

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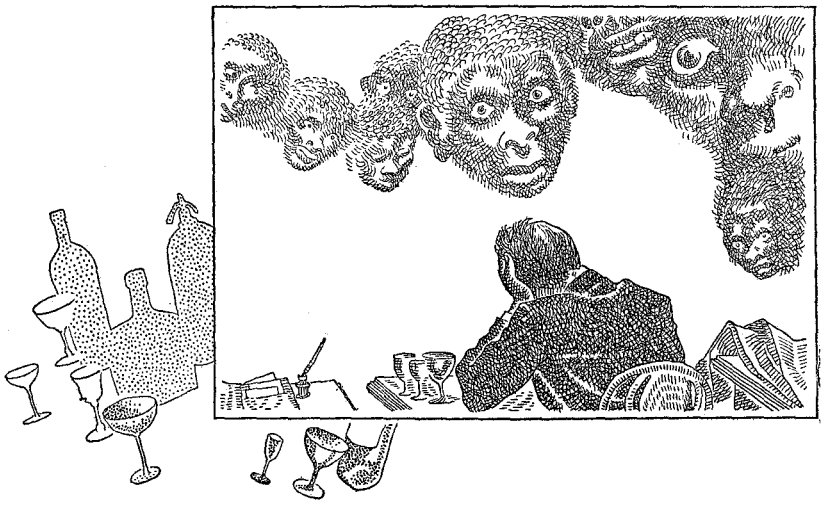

tion; there were letters from doctors in Zurich, both in German; a disputed bill from a plasterer in Cannes; a bill from a furniture maker; a letter from the publisher of a medical journal in Baltimore, miscellaneous announcements and an invitation to a *vernissage,* a showing of pictures by an incipient artist; also there were three letters for Nicole, and a letter for Rosemary sent in his care.

—Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?

He went toward Pierce but he was engaged with a woman, and Dick saw with his heels that he would have to present his check to Casasus at the next desk, who was free.

"How are you, Diver?" Casasus was genial. He stood up, his mustache spreading with his smile. "We were talking about Featherstone the other day and I thought of you—he's out in California now."

Dick widened his eyes and bent forward a little.

"In Cali*for*nia?"

"That's what I heard."

Dick held the check poised; to focus the attention of Casasus upon it he looked toward Pierce's desk, holding the latter for a moment in a friendly eye-play conditioned by an old joke of three years before when Pierce had been involved with a Lithuanian countess. Pierce played up with a grin until Casasus had authorized the check and had no further recourse to detain Dick, whom he liked, than to stand up holding his pince-nez and repeat, "Yes, he's in California."

Meanwhile Dick had seen that Perrin, at the head of the line of desks, was in conversation with the heavy-weight champion of the world; from a side-sweep of Perrin's eye Dick saw that he was considering calling him over and introducing him, but that he finally decided against it.

Cutting across the social mood of Casasus with the intensity he had accumulated at the glass desk—which is to say he looked hard at the check, studying it, and then fixed his eyes on grave problems beyond the first marble pillar to the right of the banker's head and made a business of shifting the cane, hat, and letters he carried—he said good-bye and went out. He had long ago purchased the doorman with francs and consideration. His taxi was brought to the curb.

"I want to go to the Films Par Excellence Studio—it's on a little street in Passy. Go to the Muette. I'll direct you from there."

He was rendered so uncertain by the events of the last forty-eight hours that he was not even sure of what he wanted to do; he paid off the taxi at the Muette and walked in the direction of the studio, crossing to the opposite side of the street before he came to the building. Dignified in his fine clothes, with their fine accessories, he was yet swayed and driven as an animal. Dignity could come only with an overthrowing of his past, of the effort of the last six years. He went briskly around the block with the fatuousness of one of Tarkington's adolescents, hurrying at the blind places lest he miss Rosemary's coming out of the studio. It was a melancholy neighborhood. Next door to the place he saw a sign: "1000 chemises." The shirts filled the window, piled, cravated, stuffed, or draped with shoddy grace on the show-case floor: "1000 chemises"—count them! On either side he read: "Papeterie," "Pâtisserie," "Solde," "Réclame"—and Constance Talmage in *"Déjeuner de Soleil,"* and farther away there were even more somber announcements: "Vêtements, Ecclésiastiques," "Déclaration de Décès" and "Pompes Funèbres." Life and death.

He knew that what he was now doing marked a turning point in his life—it was out of line with everything that had preceded it—even out of line with what effect he might hope to produce upon Rosemary. Rosemary saw him always as a model of correctness—his presence walking around this block was an intrusion. But Dick's necessity of behaving as he did was a projection of some submerged reality: he was compelled to walk there, or stand there, his shirt sleeve fitting his wrist and his coat sleeve encasing his shirt sleeve like a sleeve valve, his collar molded plastically to his neck, his red hair cut exactly, his hand holding his small brief-case like a dandy—just as another man once found it necessary to stand in front of a church in Ferrara, in sack-cloth and ashes. Dick was paying some tribute to things unforgotten, unshriven, unexpurgated.

After three-quarters of an hour of standing around, he became suddenly involved in a human contact. It was just the sort of thing that was liable to happen to

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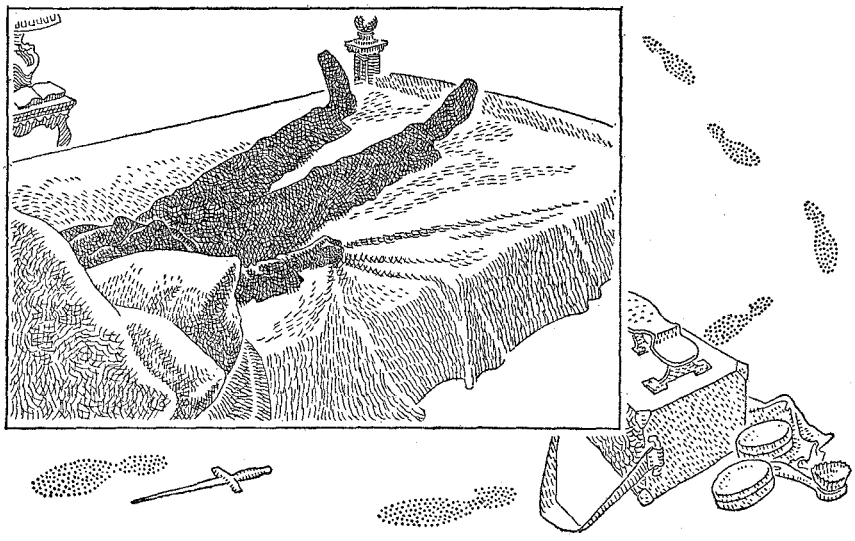

him when he was in the mood of not wanting to see any one. So rigidly did he sometimes guard his exposed self-consciousness that frequently he defeated his own purposes; as an actor who underplays a part sets up a craning forward, a stimulated emotional attention in an audience, and seems to create in others an ability to bridge the gap he has left open. Similarly we are seldom sorry for those who need and crave our pity—we reserve this for those who, by other means, make us exercise the abstract function of pity.

So Dick might, himself, have analyzed the incident that ensued. As he paced the Rue des Saintes Anges he was spoken to by a thin-faced American, perhaps thirty, with an air of being scarred and a slight but sinister smile. As Dick gave him the light he requested, he placed him as one of a type of which he had been conscious since early youth—a type that loafed about tobacco stores with one elbow on the counter and watched, through heaven knew what small chink of the mind, the people who came in and out. Intimate to garages, where he had vague business conducted in undertones, to barber shops, to the lobbies of theatres—in such places, at any rate, Dick placed him. Sometimes the face bobbed up in one of Tad's more savage cartoons—in boyhood Dick had often thrown an uneasy glance at the dim borderland of crime on which he stood.

"How do you like Paris, Buddy?"

Not waiting for an answer the man tried to fit in his footsteps with Dick's: "Where you from?" he asked encouragingly.

"From Buffalo."

"I'm from San Antone—but I been over here since the war."

"You in the army?"

"*I'll* say I was. Eighty-fourth Division—ever heard that outfit?"

The man walked a little ahead of him and fixed him with eyes that were practically menacing.

"Staying in Paris awhile, Buddy? Or just passing through?"

"Passing through."

"What hotel you staying at?"

Dick had begun laughing to himself—the party had the intention of rifling his room that night. His thoughts were read apparently without self-consciousness.

"With a build like yours you oughtn't to be afraid of me, Buddy. There's a lot of bums around just laying for American tourists, but you needn't be afraid of me."

Becoming bored, Dick stopped walking: "I just wonder why you've got so much time to waste."

"I'm in business here in Paris."

"In what line?"

"Selling papers."

The contrast between the formidable manner and the mild profession was absurd—but the man amended it with:

"Don't worry; I made plenty money last year—ten or twenty francs for a Sunny Times that cost six."

He produced a newspaper clipping from a rusty wallet and passed it over to one who had become a fellow stroller—the cartoon showed a stream of Americans pouring from the gangplank of a liner freighted with gold.

"Two hundred thousand—spending ten million a summer."

"What you doing out here in Passy?"

His companion looked around cautiously. "Movies," he said darkly. "They got an American studio over there. And they need guys can speak English. I'm waiting for a break." He spat loudly into the gutter; and Dick shook him off quickly and firmly.

It had become apparent that Rosemary either had escaped on one of his early circuits of the block or else had left before he came into the neighborhood; he went into the bistrot on the corner, bought a lead disk and, squeezed in an alcove between the kitchen and the foul toilet, he called the Roi George. He recognized Cheyne-Stokes tendencies in his respiration—but like everything the symptom served only to turn him in toward his emotion. He gave the number of the hotel; then stood holding the phone and staring into the café; after a long while a strange little voice said hello.

"This is Dick—I had to call you."

A pause from her—and then bravely, and in key with his emotion: "I'm glad you did."

"I came to meet you at your studio—I'm out in Passy across the way from it. I thought maybe we'd ride around through the Bois."

"Oh, I only stayed there a minute! I'm so sorry." A silence.

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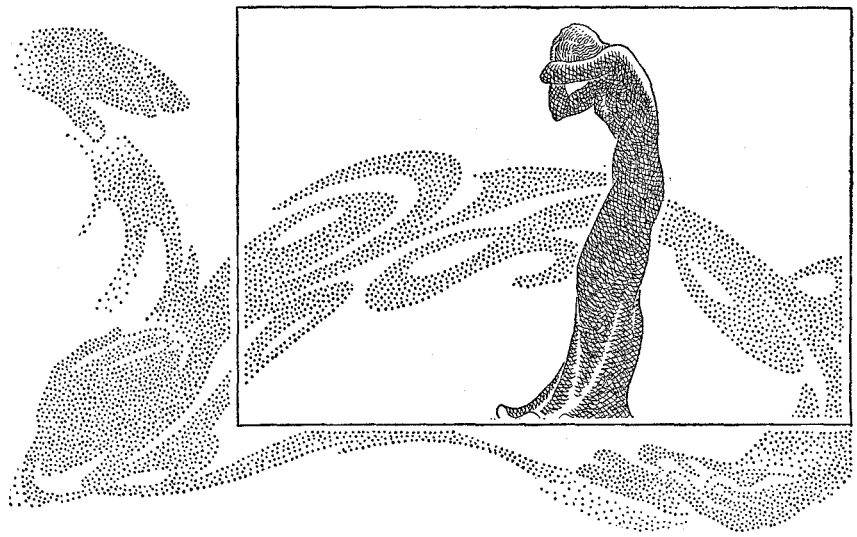

"Rosemary."

"Yes, Dick."

"Look, I'm in an extraordinary condition about you. When a child can disturb a middle-aged gent—things get difficult."

"You're not middle-aged, Dick—you're the youngest person in the world."

"Rosemary?" Silence while he stared at a shelf that held the humbler poisons of France—bottles of Otard, Rhum St. James, Marie Brizzard, Punch Orangeade, André Fernet Blanco, Cherry Rochet, and Armagnac.

"Are you alone?"

—*Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?*

"Who do you think I'd be with?"

"That's the state I'm in. I'd like to be with you now."

Silence, then a sigh and an answer. "I wish you were with me now."

There was the hotel room where she lay behind a telephone number, and little gusts of music wailed around her—"and two—for tea,

And me—for you,
And you for me
Alow-own."

There was the remembered dust of powder over her tan—when he kissed her face it was damp around the corners of her hair.

"It's impossible," he said to himself. In a minute he was out in the street marching along toward the Muette, or away from it, his small brief-case still in his hand, his gold-headed stick held at a sword-like angle.

Rosemary returned to her desk and finished a letter to her mother.

"—I only saw him for a little while but I thought he was wonderful looking. I fell in love with him (Of course I Do Love Dick Best but you know what I Mean). He really is going to direct the picture and is leaving immediately for Hollywood, and I think we ought to leave, too. Collis Clay has been here. I like him all right but have not seen much of him because of the Divers, who really are divine, about the Nicest People I ever Knew. I am feeling not very well today and am taking the Medicine, though see No need for it. I'm not even Going to Try to tell you All that's Happened until I see *You!!!* So when you get this letter *wire, wire, wire!* Are you coming north or shall I come south with the Divers?"

At six Dick called Nicole.

"Have you any special plans?" he asked. "Would you like to do something quiet—dinner at the hotel and then a play?"

"Would you? I'll do whatever you want. I phoned Rosemary a while ago and she's having dinner in her room. I think this upset all of us, don't you?"

"It didn't upset me," he objected. "Darling, unless you're physically tired let's do something. Otherwise we'll get south and spend a week wondering why we didn't see Boucher. It's better than brooding——"

This was a blunder and Nicole took him up sharply.

"Brooding about what?"

"About Maria Wallis."

She agreed to go to a play. It was a tradition between them that they should never be too tired for anything, and they found it made the days better on the whole and put the evenings more in order. When, inevitably, their spirits flagged they shifted the blame to the weariness and fatigue of others. Before they went out, as fine-looking a couple as could be found in Paris, they knocked softly at Rosemary's door. There was no answer; judging that she was asleep they walked into a warm strident Paris night, snatching a vermouth and bitters in the shadow by Fouquet's bar.

Nicole awoke late, murmuring something back into her dream before she parted her long lashes tangled with sleep. Dick's bed was empty—only after a minute did she realize that she had awakened by a knock at their salon door.

"Entrez!" she called, but there was no answer, and after a moment she slipped on a dressing-gown and went to open it. A *sergeant-de-ville* confronted her courteously and stepped inside the door.

"Mr. Afghan North—he is here?"

"What? No—he's gone to America."

"When did he leave, Madame?"

"Yesterday morning."

Continued on page 139

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Industry and the Recovery Act

By Eugene G. Grace

President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation

An important statement by a leading industrialist, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Iron and Steel Institute. Mr. Grace declares that a sounder basis has been evolved for industry and that with it has come a development of a sense of public responsibility.

In any new business era the job of readjustment is difficult. To get out of old ruts, to try new roads, however inviting, requires resourcefulness and flexibility. The practical problems loom large, and the ultimate gains appear slow in materializing.

In our present recovery the early stages have been confusing. The set-backs which followed the initial upturn hampered the course of orderly planning, and tested the patience of investors, management, and employees. The new economic methods have had to be evolved under hard conditions. Yet all the elements of industry have kept at work, with a minimum of hysteria, trying diligently to find the way out.

The outstandingly new feature of our present situation has been American industry's experience with the National Industrial Recovery Act. For a time it seemed a very uncertain experiment, but in effectuating the principles of the act it is increasingly clear that there are certain permanent values which are going to result from this crisis, whether or not any particular legislative act is permanent. With many of the major codes already signed and in action, I believe that industry is now in a position to appraise the direction in which it is moving, and to begin to build for the future.

In the progress made to date, broadly speaking, I think it may be said that a sounder basis has been developed for industry out of these hard times than it has enjoyed at any time during the post-war period.

The National Industrial Recovery Act concerns itself with various laudable purposes. Among these is its potentiality as a charter of liberties, freeing industry from certain unfair restrictions while imposing on industry certain obligations. An analysis of the act, as enacted and interpreted, indicates that one of its chief benefits has been to relieve industry from the shackles of the anti-trust laws.

I think that the implications of this new freedom have been too little recognized. There has been some criticism of the new privileges of industry from the outside, and not a little bewilderment and confusion within industry itself. As the air clears, however, I believe that all will be able to see that our business structure is being put upon a firmer basis, which will be helpful to our national economy.

Confidence in Integrity of Government's Statement

Part of the uncertainty in industry during the past months has been occasioned by the fear in some quarters that the Recovery Act was merely a cloak for the aim of ultimate socialization. As time goes on this apprehension is lessening. The Administration has strongly asserted that it will not be the policy of the government to manage business, or to take control of business. This is a wise position and a practical one. We have no reason to doubt the good faith and good judgment of the government in affirming this policy. Even if the government were tempted into the paths of social dictatorship, American tradition is so strongly individualistic that public opinion would soon block any such effort.

I do not confuse a reasonable policing of industry by the government with any attempt toward seizure of power. In permitting industry to co-operate, in freeing it from the bondage of outmoded laws adopted for public protection when conditions were vastly different from those of today, and in permitting new freedom for new conditions, the government does have an obligation to see that the new privileges of industry are used constructively.

Advantage of Public Information

A further proper function of the government in relationship to industry and the various codes is the collection, organizing, and supervision of information, using the various recognized trade organizations which administer the different codes, as the focal points.

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The industries and the government should have adequate information from the individual companies to determine that business is being fairly conducted.

This practice is new only as a national policy. Many corporations, already, through their quarterly and annual reports, present the facts of their business before the public, so that there is opportunity for all to know and to judge of the progress of these concerns. Industrial opinion and the financial world have been foremost in the approval of such practices. In fact, credit should probably be given most of all to the New York Stock Exchange for leadership in fostering full and frank financial statements. The Exchange not only led in the fight for the salutary principles of the blue-sky laws many years ago, but it is continually making its requirements more severe, plugging up loop-holes discovered by those who would conceal the facts.

It is a protection to the public and to all reputable concerns to have this policy of public information put on a national basis. Progress has been so rapid in this direction that industry right now finds itself more than at any time in the past living right out in the open with all of its practices exposed to public view. In general, and in the long run, this is highly beneficial. The white light of publicity is a protection to legitimate business and is a healthy substitute for difficult and cumbersome methods of legal restrictions.

Industry itself is better informed on its own structure and activities as a whole. Many books have been written on oil, steel, automobiles, and other industries. Universities have kept case records of industrial operations. Yet none of those have got at the essence of the matter as have the codes, under pressure of necessity. I can speak with experience in the steel industry where as a result of sixty days, and nights, of effort by steel executives, with the government, there was produced its Code of Fair Competition. In that compact document is the summed-up experience of fifty years in the steel industry, and a clear statement of the rules and regulations which govern its mode of operations.

Industry's Accomplishments

In many ways the depression with its subsequent legislation has made a break with the past even more violent than that caused by the war. The various problems which we face today require a new habit of thought. To operate under the Recovery Act, each industry first of all needed to organize itself with a code. An effective code must establish for each industry a schedule of fair practices, pricing policies, marketing practices, labor relationships and governmental relationships. In this way each industry becomes a recognized unit, working through its trade institute or association, or whatever body serves as its medium of self-government under the code. Many of the major industries now have their codes, some, I fear, not as comprehensive as they might have been, particularly where trade practices were not as completely dealt with as were labor conditions; however, their establishment has greatly clarified our total industrial situation.

I believe that industry has been given too little credit for its individual responsiveness to the emergency. Only by the hearty and earnest response of the various industries to the Recovery Act could progress have reached its present point. It is significant in this connection that the steel industry under the code brought employment up to 417,000 men in September, 1933, in the face of a 41 per cent operation. This compares with 420,000 steel employees as estimated by the National Recovery Administration for 1929, when the average operations were around 89 per cent. Wage rates were also restored to almost the peak time level. Such a whole-hearted carrying out of the purposes of the act, in action as well as in form, is an encouraging commentary on the vigor and integrity with which industry has embraced this situation.

Profits the Source of National Wealth

There have been, and are, costly delays in clearing up unfinished codes. The task of course has been herculean; and the central thought to remember in the midst of difficulties is that the National Industrial Recovery Act has great possibilities for good. Its conception was sound. The theory of purging business of vicious activities and policies to the end that there might be a fair return on investment and a satisfactory compensation for labor is a goal which it should achieve. I know of no program that can result in prosperity unless it provides for profits in the conduct of all business.

If we are going to have a prosperous commonwealth, it must be based upon a fair return for manufacture, agriculture, mining, and transportation. The road to prosperity and to a constantly better scale of living for the mass of the population will be obtained through the process of production, and not through the confiscation of capital. The government, through the National Industrial Recovery Act, aims to make possible recurring profits and dividends, which cannot be accomplished by robbing the capital which makes the output possible.

The prosperity of industry depends upon the high purchasing power of the individual. The relationship is also reciprocal. If purchasing power is to be maintained, the respective industries must prosper in order to continue to pay high wages. High wages must be maintained, yet high wages cannot last for long if they are obtained by dipping into surplus.

If the trend of agitation should be in the direction of confiscatory taxes, of the crippling of business in all

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directions by a host of regulations dealing with production, we should, indeed, find ourselves seriously handicapped in battling the depression. Happily, I believe that such action is not contemplated. There is already a growing public opinion that we have had a heaping dish of this porridge of new conditions, and to get the benefit of it, we must have time to digest it.

A Better Deal for Labor

Industry has every reason to be well pleased at the better deal for labor which has come about in the past few months under the Recovery Act. This satisfaction is real, not simulated. Business, depending upon volume sales, knows better than any theorist that wide-spread purchasing power is the heart of trade. The higher wage scales were put into effect by many industries weeks before Washington signed their codes. Industry knows that it is an enlightened and intelligent policy to pay the maximum wage rates which the profits of a business will bear.

At the present time in fact the wages in many industries are exceeding what the gross receipts justify, in the hope that an up-turn in business will result from the better condition of the industrial population.

In view of all the attacks upon industry by certain professional laborites, in view of the efforts of certain groups of labor agitators to chisel special advantages under the Recovery Act, it is worth while to review the relationship between industry and labor.

One of the important trends in industry during the post-war years has been the changed attitude of industry in respect to labor. Thirty years ago the relationship between capital and labor was a battle-front, with all the consequent difficulties of enmity, misunderstanding, and cross purposes.

Increasingly, management came to realize the truth of the principle that a house divided against itself cannot stand. By one step after another the management of the various corporations took the employees increasingly into their councils and gave to their employees a growing degree of representation. For more than fifteen years certain major corporations have had in effect employees' representation plans which represent the democratization of industry in its highest form.

Employee representation is a method of collective dealing between management and representatives elected by employees from among their own number. Its principles are founded upon the community of interests within a business enterprise. It substitutes co-operation for conflict.

Employee representation has these aims: to furnish facilities to adjust grievances and prevent injustice; to serve as a means for collective bargaining on wages, hours, and working conditions; to provide for the exchange of information and opinions between management and employees; to educate employees and executives to understand the viewpoint and problems of each other; to promote efficiency and economy, and to strengthen morale.

I regret that common parlance, because of the ease of the phrase, has tended to refer to these plans of representation by the term "company union." Representation within the family, with all the rights that that implies, is a different concept from that of a union.

Recently we have witnessed, as often occurs in times of stress, an agitation to return to the old order of setting up a battle-line between the employees and the owners. The economic situation, however, is vastly changed from thirty years ago. Today if agitators wish to make war upon the owners, they are attacking the stockholders. In fighting the stockholder-owners they will find that they are fighting the general public and frequently themselves. Today the dividing line has gone. Management and laborers are all employees of their respective corporations, hired to conduct the business. Their relations are an integral part of the business not possible of dictation from the outside, any more than any other activity of it. That is why our employees' representation plans with various committees made up jointly of management's representatives and the general force are realistic and responsible.

Through the plans of employees' representation, there are regular committees, sitting about a conference board, as a scheduled regular part of running an industrial enterprise, just as much so as any other phase of the business.

Banishing Speculation from Industrial Prices

One of the chief advantages of the codes in manufacturing industries has been the banishing of speculation in industrial prices. The price situation in the steel industry has probably received more attention than that in any other field, because it serves as a dramatic illustration of the change which has taken place.

The selling of steel in 1932, and for the years preceding, had all of the confusion of the selling of rugs in a Turkish Street Fair. It is true that from time to time some major company would publish a price to apply on the next quarter's business, and all the other companies would adopt that price for a few hours. Then the haggling would begin. Unfortunately every separate sale became virtually a separate dicker. Had the law permitted, the situation would have been remedied long since. Why should any company be confronted with the disturbing situation of having its entire financial structure continually at the mercy of negotiations between customer and salesman?

The constant shifting in prices on commodity exchanges may have its place. I do not attempt to speak for types of business foreign to my own experience, but,

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in manufacturing, one's commitments extend over a long period. One of the most important of these commitments is labor, where the well-being of the employed force depends upon a reasonable degree of steadiness in the wage rate structure. From the beginning of your manufacturing cost to the time the product is ready for delivery, is an extended period during which the element of speculation in prices has no proper part. During times of shortage of production, companies were able to announce prices and hold to them, but the minute there was a surplus, the haggle started.

What the steel industry has done with the price structure is to put it on a basis similar to that of retail trade, with announced prices for its merchandise so that the public will know the rock-bottom figure, and will be sure that every one else is buying at the same price from any one supplier. That is the recognized retail policy in this country, and has been for many years. Without such policy it would be impossible for our great retail stores to transact the daily volume of business which they enjoy at present. Picture a mercantile situation in the metropolitan area where every purchase of a suit of clothes, a hat, a pound of sugar, a dozen eggs, was preceded by an extensive haggle over the price tag.

Still Room for Competition

This definite price policy has proved to be a practical advance for the steel industry under the code. There are scores of different items sold by steel companies, such as bars, structurals, wire, pipe, and all the various grades of steel in the various forms. Each of these has a different price. Under the system now in effect each company files at the offices of the American Iron and Steel Institute its prices on these various items. Such prices become the publicly announced figure for that company, and no change can be made except by filing new prices.

This system permits the freest sort of legitimate competition because as soon as one company files a given price on nails, for example, the fact is out in the open, and other companies are inevitably going to meet that bid, if their production costs permit. The net result is that most prices throughout the industry become the same, but the uniformity comes about because each company is out to meet the lowest competitive offer of its rival. This provides one price open to all.

There is one saving factor in the situation, which is important to the strength of our business structure—namely, that there are penalties if any company can be shown to have sold below its published price, and further protection against the establishment of prices which are unfair taking into consideration the cost of production and other factors. Some such provisions are necessary to stop those practices which always crop up in hard times, when some companies, both large and small, take enormous losses in a desperate scramble for business, which may result in the crushing of competitors with limited financial resources.

Under this new price set-up, however, there is still the fullest room for initiative and economies, with consequent savings to the public. Let us assume that some company develops a new and economical process for making alloy steel bars, resulting in a substantial saving in the cost of production. Such a company by reducing its price will undoubtedly get a larger volume of business from this competitive advantage. No penalty can be inflicted, or should be inflicted, for such lower price, because it is the result of manufacturing enterprise. The competitors will then be obliged either to learn how to make the material with equal economy, or discontinue the production of that particular material. Thus the pricing policy adopted by the steel industry has the advantage of encouraging lower production costs, at the same time preventing cut-throat practices.

Improved Merchandising

Much has been said in recent years regarding the unduly high cost of distribution. I believe one reason for that evil has been the fact that sales departments have been so occupied in constant daily dickering on prices that a thoroughgoing study of distribution has had to take second place. With this waste motion of constant negotiation done away with, there will be new standards and factors emphasized in selling more than ever before. These considerations will play a large part:

(1) The character of the company.
(2) Integrity in every policy.
(3) Close relationship between salesman and customer.
(4) Service by the producer in the way of metallurgical, engineering, or other specialized knowledge.
(5) Sales co-operation with the distributor.
(6) Reciprocity.
(7) Undeviating quality of the goods as represented.

I believe that all of these points will tend toward higher standards in industrial selling. Take the point of reciprocity, which is frequently criticized. Within legitimate limits it is deeply rooted in human nature. Assuming that quality and service are equal, we all tend to do business with people who do business with us, and in whom we have confidence. Friendships will play perhaps even a stronger part, and by that I mean legitimate friendships based on mutual respect. From now on, the salesman will sit less at his desk, and will meet with the customer more frequently. He will conduct himself at all times in a way to merit the highest

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confidence. We would all rather do business with individuals on whose integrity we can rely 100 per cent, and for whom we have a friendly feeling. For this reason I feel that business will operate more on that basis, will be more human and less impersonal.

New Field for Advertising

Along with this change in marketing practices there comes a new utility for advertising, especially in those companies which make semi-finished products. Until recently, the steel industry, and industries of a similar type, have been extremely moderate in the use of advertising as a means of salesmanship. In the consumer field advertising grew up as a necessary means of reaching large quantities of persons who could not be approached frequently by personal calls. Advertising, in short, is a medium which is always necessary in dealing with volume sales.

In the industries which sell to manufacturers, jobbers, and dealers the total number of purchasers is much smaller, and the urgency for advertising has been less pressing. Under conditions when sales were influenced by all sorts of concessions, now prohibited under the codes, the influence of the advertising message was, in any event, much minimized.

We now face a very different condition. Selling will be on the basis of the points which I have mentioned, emphasizing the inescapable fundamentals of service, quality, and integrity. Advertising will help the sales force, by adding to the calls of the sales force a schedule of messages through the printed page. These messages will call on more people, more frequently than is possible for any sales force, no matter how large.

These advertising programs will cull out and catch the attention of prospective customers at the time when they are ready to buy, giving active leads to the sales force, and saving the waste motion of calling on inactive prospects.

My comments here may seem like A, B, C, to those who are selling to the ultimate consumer, but I mention them because they are relatively new considerations in the selling practices of the so-called heavy industries. In short, in our new program for winning business, our industrial companies find ready at hand the useful function of advertising, the advantages and limitations of which have already been thoroughly tested in the general consumer field.

Responsibility to the Public

Carrying the sales message to the consuming public through the medium of the printed page is not only good selling, within proper limits, but also a further means of enlightening the public with respect to the course of one's business. It is a corollary of the general trend to inform the public with respect to merchandise, merchandising, production, and employee relationships. We are without doubt living in an age of recognized responsibility to the public, and I believe that that is a healthy condition.

One of the constructive results from the Recovery Act is the improved position which industry as a whole enjoys before the public. This applies to a number of major businesses of the country whose problems have frequently been misunderstood, and whose practices are now under the continuous white-light of public inspection.

The textile industry, for example, has improved its practices under its code, resulting in public approval. Moreover, through the various discussions in the press the public was made aware of the many problems with which the textile world had to deal, and was able to see that a willing and earnest effort had been made over a period of time to overcome the difficulties. As soon as legislation permitted co-operative action, a better industrial policy was the immediate result.

Similarly, I believe it may be said that the steel industry occupies a better position before the public today than at any time in its history. The old notion of the steel baron, ruling over an empire without regard to any policy but his own, has long since disappeared; and the new conception is that of a basic industry, working along co-operative lines.

For many years now there has been a broad-minded collaboration with labor and a frank and open policy in the publication of production statistics. Under the Recovery Act, however, there has come about an opportunity to act in unison in the interest of public policy without being handicapped by competition of the chiselling type.

In conclusion, I have been dealing with the conditions, trends, and potentialities of business under the Recovery Act as it exists today. No one would say that any act is perfect. Certain, however, is the advance over the chaotic conditions which existed hitherto. As time goes on and conditions change, certain modifications may be desirable. So much benefit has arisen to business, labor, and industry under its provisions, however, that one asks the question: What shall we do if the period of the emergency is over at the end of the two-year limit indicated in the act? Indeed, one hopes that the emergency may be over before that time, and if that is the case, are we willing to throw overboard the benefits which have been derived from this experience?

I think not. I think that we have learned a great deal which can be and must be preserved for the benefit of the future. The following months will test out the principles of the Recovery Act still further. We should watch its progress constructively with the object of preserving its best features for the years to come.

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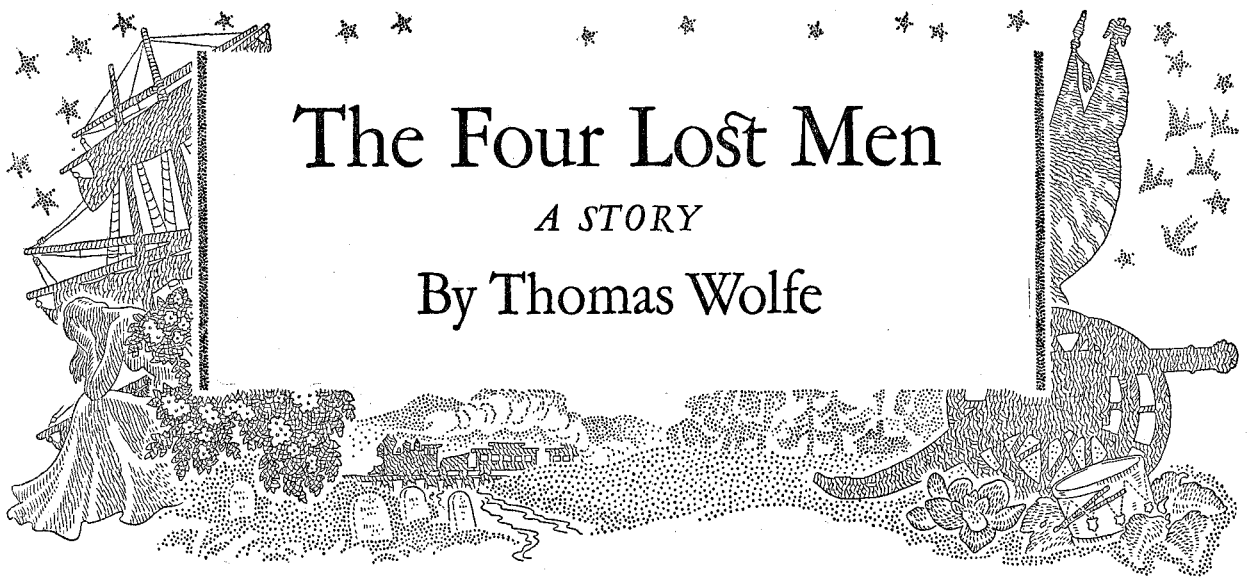

The Four Lost Men

A STORY

By Thomas Wolfe

SUDDENLY, at the green heart of June, I heard my father's voice again. That year I was sixteen; the week before I had come home from my first year at college, and the huge thrill and menace of the war, which we had entered just two months before, had filled our hearts. And war gives life to men as well as death. It fills the hearts of young men with wild song and jubilation. It wells up in their throats in great-starred night the savage goat-cry of their pain and joy. And it fills them with a wild and wordless prophecy not of death, but life, for it speaks to them of new lands, triumph, and discovery, of heroic deeds, the fame and fellowship of heroes, and the love of glorious unknown women—of a shining triumph and a grand success in a heroic world, and of a life more fortunate and happy than they have ever known.

So was it with us all that year. Over the immense and waiting earth, the single pulse and promise of the war impended. One felt it in the little towns at dawn, with all their quiet, casual, utterly familiar acts of life beginning. One felt it in the route-boy deftly flinging the light folded block of paper on a porch, a man in shirt-sleeves coming out upon the porch and bending for the paper, the slow-clopping hoofs of the milk horse in a quiet street, the bottle-clinking wagon, and the sudden pause, the rapid footsteps of the milkman and the clinking bottles, then clopping hoof and wheel, and morning, stillness, the purity of light, and the dew-sweet bird-song rising in the street again.

In all these ancient, ever-new, unchanging, always magic acts of life and light and morning one felt the huge impending presence of the war. And one felt it in the brooding hush of noon, in the warm dusty stir and flutter and the feathery clucking of the sun-warm hens at noon. One felt it in the ring of the ice-tongs in the street, the cool whine of the ice-saws droning through the smoking block. One felt it poignantly somehow, in the solid lonely liquid leather shuffle of men in shirt-sleeves coming home to lunch in one direction in the brooding hush and time-enchanted spell of noon, and in screens that slammed and sudden silence. And one felt it in the humid warmth and hungry fragrance of the cooking turnip greens, in leaf, and blade and flower, in smell of tar, and the sudden haunting green-gold summer absence of a street-car after it had gone.

In all these ancient, most familiar things and acts and colors of our lives, one felt, with numbing ecstasy, the impending presence of the war. The war had got in everything: it was in things that moved, and in things that were still, in the animate red silence of an old brick wall as well as in all the thronging life and traffic of the streets. It was in the faces of the people passing, and in ten thousand familiar moments of man's daily life and business.

And lonely, wild, and haunting, calling us on forever with the winding of its far lost horn, it had got into the time-enchanted loneliness of the magic hills around us, in all the sudden, wild and lonely lights that came and passed and vanished on the massed green of the wilderness.

The war was in far cries and broken sounds and cow bells tinkling in the gusty wind, and in the far, wild wailing joy and sorrow of a departing train, as it rushed eastward, seaward, war-ward through a valley of the South in the green spell and golden magic of full June. The war was in the ancient red-gold light of fading day, that fell without violence or heat upon the streets of life, the houses where men lived, the brief flame and fire of sheeted window panes.

And it was in field and gulch and hollow, in the sweet green mountain valleys, fading into dusk, and in the hill-flanks reddened with the ancient light, and slanting fast into steep cool shade and lilac silence.

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It was in the whole earth breathing the last heat and weariness of day out in the huge hush and joy and sorrow of oncoming night.

Finally, the war had got into all sounds and secrecies, the sorrow, longing, and delight, the mystery, hunger, and wild joy that came from the deep-breasted heart of fragrant, all-engulfing night. It was in the sweet and secret rustling of the leaves in summer streets, in footsteps coming quiet, slow, and lonely along the darkness of a leafy street, in screen doors slammed, and silence, the distant barking of a dog, far voices, laughter, faint pulsing music at a dance, and in all the casual voices of the night, far, strangely near, most intimate and familiar, remote as time, as haunting as the briefness of our days.

And suddenly, as I sat there under the proud and secret mystery of huge-starred, velvet-breasted night, hearing my father's great voice sounding from the porch again, the war, with a wild and intolerable loneliness of ecstasy and desire came to me in the sudden throbbing of a racing motor, far-away silence, an image of the cool sweet darkness of the mountainside, the white flesh, and yielding tenderness of women. And even as I thought of this I heard the low, rich, sensual welling of a woman's voice, voluptuous, low, and tender from the darkness of a summer porch across the street.

What had the war changed? What had it done to us? What miracle of transformation had it wrought upon our lives? It had changed nothing; it had heightened, intensified, and made glorious all the ancient and familiar things of life. It had added hope to hope, joy to joy, and life to life; and from that vital wizardry it had rescued all our lives from hopelessness and despair, and made us live again who thought that we were lost.

The war seemed to have collected in a single image of joy, and power, and proud compacted might all of the thousand images of joy and power and all-exulting life which we had always had, and for which we had never had a word before. Over the fields of silent and mysterious night it seemed that we could hear the nation marching, that we could hear, soft and thunderous in the night, the million-footed unison of marching men. And that single glorious image of all-collected joy and unity and might had given new life and new hope to all of us.

My father was old, he was sick with a cancer that flowered and fed forever at his entrails, eating from day to day the gaunt sinew of his life away beyond a hope or remedy, and we knew that he was dying. Yet, under the magic life and hope the war had brought to us his life seemed to have revived again out of its grief of pain, its death of joy, its sorrow of irrevocable memory.

For a moment he seemed to live again in his full prime. And instantly we were all released from the black horror of death and time that hung above him, from the nightmare terror that had menaced us for years. Instantly we were freed from the evil spell of sorrowful time and memory that had made his living death more horrible than his real one could ever be.

And instantly the good life, the golden and jubilant life of childhood, in whose full magic we had been sustained by the power of his life, and which had seemed so lost and irrecoverable that it had a dreamlike strangeness when we thought of it had under this sudden flare of life and joy and war returned in all its various and triumphant colors. And for a moment we believed that all would be again for us as it had been, that he never could grow old and die, but that he must live forever, and that the summertime, the orchard and bright morning, would be ours again, could never die.

I could hear him talking now about old wars and ancient troubles, hurling against the present and its leaders the full indictment of his soaring rhetoric that howled, rose, fell, and swept out into the night, piercing all quarters of the darkness with the naked penetration which his voice had in the old days when he sat talking on his porch in summer darkness, and the neighborhood attended and was still.

Now as my father talked, I could hear the boarders on the porch attending in the same way, the stealthy creak of a rocker now and then, a low word spoken, a question, protest or agreement, and then their hungry, feeding, and attentive silence as my father talked. He spoke of all the wars and troubles he had known, told how he had stood, "a bare-foot country boy," beside a dusty road twelve miles from Gettysburg, and had watched the ragged rebels march past upon the road that led to death and battle and the shipwreck of their hopes.

He spoke of the faint and ominous trembling of the guns across the hot brooding silence of the countryside, and how silence, wonder, and unspoken questions filled the hearts of all the people, and how they had gone about their work upon the farm as usual. He spoke of the years that had followed on the war when he was a stone-cutter's apprentice in Baltimore, and he spoke of ancient joys and labors, forgotten acts and histories, and he spoke then with familiar memory of the lost Americans—the strange, lost, time-far, dead Americans, the remote, voiceless, and bewhiskered faces of the great Americans, who were more lost to me than Egypt, more far from me than the Tartarian coasts, more haunting strange than Cipango or the lost faces of the first dynastic kings that built the Pyramids—and whom he had seen, heard, known, found familiar in the full pulse, and passion, and proud glory of his youth: the lost, time-far, voiceless faces of Buchanan, Johnson, Douglas, Blaine—the proud, vacant, time-

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strange and bewhiskered visages of Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes.

"Ah, Lord!" he said—his voice rang out in darkness like a gong, "Ah, Lord!—I've known all of 'em since James Buchanan's time—for I was a boy of six when he took office!" Here he paused a moment, lunged forward violently in his rocking chair, and spat cleanly out a spurt of strong tobacco juice across the porch-rail into the loamy earth, the night-sweet fragrance of the geranium beds. "Yes, sir," he said gravely, lunging back again, while the attentive, hungry boarders waited in the living darkness and were still, "I remember all of them since James Buchanan's time, and I've seen most of them that came since Lincoln!—Ah, Lord!" he paused briefly for another waiting moment, shaking his grave head sadly in the dark. "Well do I remember the day when I stood on a street in Baltimore—poor friendless orphan that I was!" my father went on sorrowfully, but somewhat illogically, since at this time his mother was alive and in good health, upon her little farm in Pennsylvania, and would continue so for almost fifty years—"a poor friendless country boy of sixteen years, alone in the great city where I had come to learn my trade as an apprentice—and heard Andrew Johnson, then the President of this *great* nation," said my father, "speak from the platform of a horse-car—and he was so drunk—so *drunk*—" he howled, "the President of this country was so *drunk* that they had to stand on each side of him, and hold him as he spoke—or he'd a-gone head over heels into the gutter!" Here he paused, wet his great thumb briefly, cleared his throat with considerable satisfaction, lunged forward violently again in his rocking chair and spat strongly a wad of bright tobacco juice into the loamy fragrance of the dark geranium bed.

"The first vote I ever cast for President," my father continued presently, as he lunged back again, "I cast in 1872, in Baltimore, for that *great* man—that brave and noble soldier—U. S. Grant! And I have voted for every Republican nominee for President ever since. I voted for Rutherford Hayes of Ohio in 1876—that was the year, as you well know, of the great Hayes-Tilden controversy, in 1880 for James Abram Garfield—that *great* good man," he said passionately, "who was so foully and brutally done to death by the cowardly assault of a murderous assassin." He paused, wet his thumb, breathing heavily, lunged forward in his rocking chair, and spat again. "In 1884, I cast my vote for James G. Blaine in the year that Grover Cleveland defeated him," he said shortly, "for Benjamin Harrison in 1888, and for Harrison again in 1892, the time that Cleveland got in for his second term—a time we will all remember to our dying days," my father said grimly, "for the Democrats were in and we had soup kitchens. And, you can mark my words," he howled, "you'll have them again, before these next four years are over—your guts will grease your backbone as sure as there's a God in heaven before that fearful, that awful, that cruel, inhuman and bloodthirsty Monster who kept us out of war," my father jeered derisively, "is done with you—for hell, ruin, misery, and damnation commence every time the Democrats get in. You can rest assured of that!" he said shortly, cleared his throat, wet his thumb, lunged forward violently and spat again. And for a moment there was silence and the boarders waited.

"Ah, Lord!" my father said at length sadly, gravely, in a low, almost inaudible tone. And suddenly, all the old life and howling fury of his rhetoric had gone from him: he was an old man again, sick, indifferent, dying, and his voice had grown old, worn, weary, sad.

"Ah, Lord!" he muttered, shaking his head sadly, thinly, wearily in the dark. "I've seen them all. . . . I've seen them come and go . . . Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes . . . and all . . . all . . . all of them are dead. . . . I'm the only one that's left," he said illogically, "and soon I'll be gone, too." And for a moment he was silent. "It's pretty strange when you come to think of it," he muttered. "By God it is!" And he was silent, and darkness, mystery, and night were all about us.

Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes—time of my father's time, blood of his blood, life of his life, had been living, real, and actual people in all the passion, power, and feeling of my father's youth. And for me they were the lost Americans: their gravely vacant and bewhiskered faces mixed, melted, swam together in the sea-depths of a past intangible, immeasurable, and unknowable as the buried city of Persepolis.

And they were lost.

For who was Garfield, martyred man, and who had seen him in the streets of life? Who could believe his footfalls ever sounded on a lonely pavement? Who had heard the casual and familiar tones of Chester Arthur? And where was Harrison? Where was Hayes? Which had the whiskers, which the burnsides: which was which?

Were they not lost?

Into their ears, as ours, the tumults of forgotten crowds, upon their brains the million printings of lost time, and suddenly upon their dying sight the brief bitter pain and joy of a few death-bright, fixed and fading memories: the twisting of a leaf upon a bough, the grinding felloe-rim against the curb, the long, distant and retreating thunder of a train upon the rails.

Garfield, Hayes, and Harrison were Ohio men; but only the name of Garfield had been brightened by his blood. But at night had they not heard the howlings of demented wind, the sharp, clean, windy raining to the earth of acorns? Had all of them not walked down

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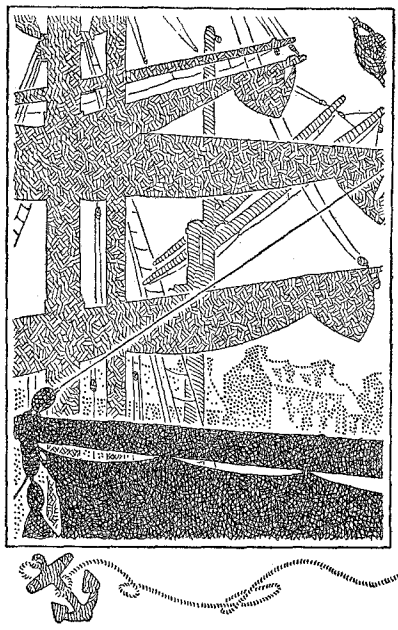

lonely roads at night in winter and seen a light and known it was theirs? Had all of them not known the wilderness?

Had they not known the smell of old bound calf and well-worn leathers, the Yankee lawyer's smell of strong tobacco spit and court-house urinals, the smell of horses, harness, hay, and sweating country men, of jury rooms and court rooms—the strong male smell of Justice at the county seat, and heard a tap along dark corridors where fell a drop in darkness with a punctual crescent monotone of time, dark time?

Had not Garfield, Hayes, and Harrison studied law in offices with a dark brown smell? Had not the horses trotted past below their windows in wreaths of dust along a straggling street of shacks and buildings with false fronts? Had they not heard below them the voices of men talking, loitering up in drawling heat? Had they not heard the casual, rich-fibred, faintly howling country voices, and heard the rustling of a woman's skirt, and waiting silence, slily lowered tones of bawdry and then huge guffaws, slapped meaty thighs, and high fat choking laughter? And in the dusty dozing heat, while time buzzed slowly, like a fly, had not Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes then smelled the river, the humid, subtly fresh, half-rotten river, and thought of the white flesh of the women then beside the river, and felt a slow impending passion in their entrails, a heavy rending power in their hands?

Then Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes had gone to war, and each became a brigadier or major-general. All were bearded men: they saw a spattering of bright blood upon the leaves, and they heard the soldiers talking in the dark of food and women. They held the bridge-head in bright dust at places with such names as Wilson's Mill and Spangler's Run, and their men smashed cautiously through dense undergrowth. And they had heard the surgeons cursing after battles and the little rasp of saws. They had seen boys standing awkwardly holding their entrails in their hands, and pleading pitifully with fear-bright eyes: "Is it bad, General? Do you think it's bad?"

When the canister came through it made a ragged hole. It smashed through tangled leaves and boughs, sometimes it plunked solidly into the fibre of a tree. Sometimes when it struck a man it tore away the roof of his brain, the wall of his skull, raggedly, so that his brains seethed out upon a foot of wilderness, and the blood blackened and congealed, and he lay there in his thick clumsy uniform, with a smell of urine in the wool, in the casual, awkward, and incompleted attitude of sudden death. And when Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes saw these things they saw that it was not like the picture they had had, as children, it was not like the works of Walter Scott and William Gillmore Sims. They saw that the hole was not clean and small and in the central front, and the field was not green nor fenced, nor mown. Over the vast and immemorable earth the quivering heated light of afternoon was shining, a field swept rudely upward to a lift of rugged wood, and field by field, gulley by gulch by fold, the earth advanced in rude, sweet, limitless convolutions.

Then Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes had paused by the bridge-head for a moment and were still, seeing the bright blood at noon upon the trampled wheat, feeling the brooding hush of six o'clock across the fields where all the storming feet had passed at dawn, seeing the way the rough field hedge leaned out across the dusty road, the casual intrusions of the coarse field grasses and the hot dry daisies to the edges of the road, seeing the rock-bright sallows of the creek, the sweet cool shade and lean of river trees across the water.

They paused then by the bridge-head looking at the water. They saw the stark blank flatness of the old red mill that somehow was like sunset, coolness, sorrow, and delight, and looking at the faces of dead boys among the wheat, the most-oh-most familiar plain, the death-strange faces of the dead Americans, they stood there for a moment, thinking, feeling, thinking, with strong, wordless wonder in their hearts:

"As we leaned on the sills of evening, as we stood in the frames of the marvellous doors, as we were received into silence, the flanks of the slope and the slanted light, as we saw the strange hushed shapes upon the land, the muted distances, knowing all things then—what could we say except that all our comrades were spread quietly around us and that noon was far?

"What can we say now of the lonely land—what can we say now of the deathless shapes and substances—what can we say who have lived here with our lives, bone, blood, and brain, and all our tongueless languages, hearing on many a casual road the plain familiar voices

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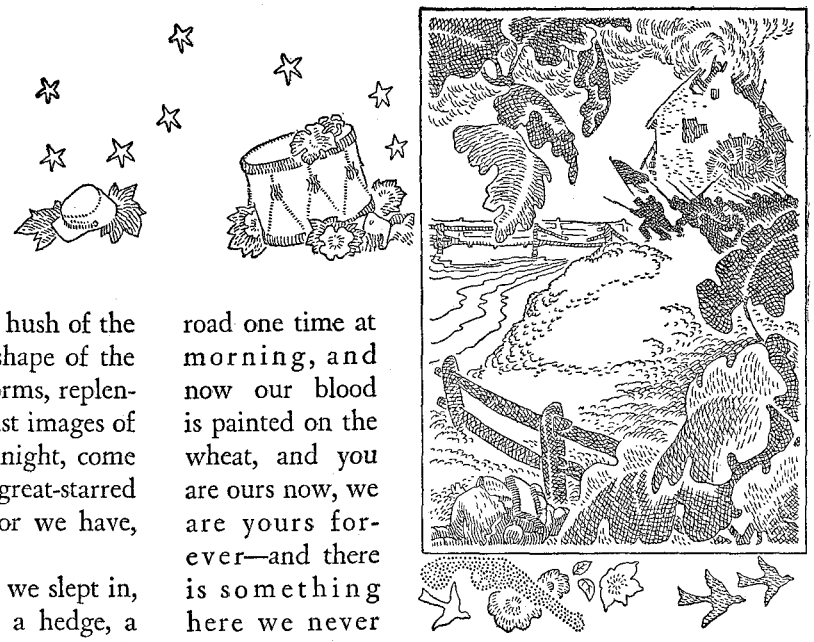
of Americans, and tomorrow will be buried in the earth, knowing the fields will steep to silence after us, the slant light deepen on the slopes, and peace and evening will come back again, at one now with the million shapes and single substance of our land, at one with evening, peace, the huge stride of the undulant oncoming night, at one, also, with morning?

"Silence receive us and the field of peace, hush of the measureless land, the unabated distances, shape of the one and single substance and the million forms, replenish us, restore us, and unite us with your vast images of quietness and joy. Stride of the undulant night, come swiftly now, engulf us, silence, in your great-starred secrecy; speak to our hearts of stillness, for we have, save this, no speech.

"There is the bridge we crossed, the mill we slept in, and the creek. There is a field of wheat, a hedge, a dusty road, an apple orchard, and the sweet wild tangle of a wood upon that hill. And there is six o'clock across the fields again, now and always as it was and will be to world's end forever. And some of us have died this morning coming through the field—and that was time—time—time. We shall not come again, we never shall come back again, we never shall come back along this road again as we did once at morning—so, brothers, let us look again before we go. . . . There is the mill, and there the hedge, and there the shallows of the rock-bright waters of the creek, and there the sweet and most familiar coolness of the trees—and surely we have been this way before!" they cried.

"Oh, surely, brothers, we have sat upon the bridge, before the mill, and sung together by the rock-bright waters of the creek at evening, and come across the wheat field in the morning and heard the dew-sweet bird-song rising from the hedge before! You plain, oh-most-familiar and most homely earth, proud earth of this huge land unutterable, proud nobly swelling earth, in all your delicacy, wildness, savagery, and terror—grand earth in all your loneliness, beauty and wild joy, terrific earth in all your limitless fecundities, swelling with infinite fold and convolution into the reaches of the west forever—American earth!—bridge, hedge, and creek and dusty road—you plain tremendous poetry of Wilson's Mill where boys died in the wheat this morning—you unutterable far-near, strange-familiar, homely earth of magic, for which a word would do if we could find it, for which a word would do if we could call it by its name, for which a word would do that never can be spoken, that can never be forgotten, and that will never be revealed—oh, proud, familiar, nobly swelling earth, it seems we must have known you before! It seems we must have known you forever, but all we know for certain is that we came along this road one time at morning, and now our blood is painted on the wheat, and you are ours now, we are yours forever—and there is something here we never shall remember—there is something here we never shall forget!"



Had Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes been young? Or had they all been born with flowing whiskers, sideburns, and wing collars, speaking gravely from the cradle of their mother's arms the noble vacant sonorities of far-seeing statesmanship? It could not be. Had they not all been young men in the Thirties, the Forties, and the Fifties? Did they not, as we, cry out at night along deserted roads into demented winds? Did they not, as we, cry out the fierce goat-cry of ecstasy and exultancy, as the full measure of their hunger, their potent and inchoate hope, went out into that single wordless cry?

Did they not, as we, when young, prowl softly up and down in the dark hours of the night, seeing the gas lamps flare and flutter on the corner, falling with livid light upon the corners of old cobbled streets of brownstone houses? Had they not heard the lonely rhythmic clopping of a horse, the jounting wheels of a hansom cab, upon those barren cobbles? And had they not waited, trembling in the darkness till the horse and cab had passed, had vanished with the lonely recession of shod hoofs, and then were heard no more?

And then had Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes not waited, waited in the silence of the night, prowling up and down the lonely cobbled street, with trembling lips, numb entrails, pounding hearts? Had they not set their jaws, made sudden indecisive movements, felt terror, joy, a numb impending ecstasy, and waited, waited then—for what? Had they not waited, hearing sounds of shifting engines in the yards at night, hearing the hoarse, gaseous breaths of little engines through the grimy fan-flare of their funnels, the racketing clack of wheels upon the light, ill-laid, ill-joined rails? Had they

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not waited there in that dark street with the fierce lone hunger of a boy, feeling around them the immense and moving quietness of sleep, the heart beats of ten thousand sleeping men, as they waited, waited, waited in the night?

Had they not, as we, then turned their eyes up and seen the huge starred visage of the night, the immense and lilac darkness of America in April? Had they not heard the sudden, shrill, and piping whistle of a departing engine? Had they not waited, thinking, feeling, seeing then the immense mysterious continent of night, the wild and lyric earth, so casual, sweet, and strange-familiar, in all its space and savagery and terror, its mystery and joy, its limitless sweep and rudeness, its delicate and savage fecundity? Had they not had a vision of the plains, the mountains, and the rivers flowing in the darkness, the huge pattern of the everlasting earth and the all-engulfing wilderness of America?

Had they not felt, as we have felt, as they waited in the night, the huge lonely earth of night time and America, on which ten thousand lonely sleeping little towns were strewn? Had they not seen the fragile network of the light, racketing, ill-joined little rails across the land, over which the lonely little trains rushed on in darkness, flinging a handful of lost echoes at the river's edge, leaving an echo in the cut's resounding cliff, and being engulfed then in huge lonely night, in all-brooding, all-engulfing night? Had they not known, as we have known, the wild secret joy and mystery of the everlasting earth, the lilac dark, the savage, silent, all-possessing wilderness that gathered in around ten thousand lonely little towns, ten million lost and lonely sleepers, and waited, and abode forever, and was still?

Had not Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes then waited, feeling the goat-cry swelling in their throats, feeling wild joy and sorrow in their hearts, and a savage hunger and desire—a flame, a fire, a fury—burning fierce and lean and lonely in the night, burning forever while the sleepers slept? Were they not burning, burning, burning, even as the rest of us have burned? Were Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes not burning in the night? Were they not burning forever in the silence of the little towns with all the fierce hunger, savage passion, limitless desire that young men in this land have known in the darkness?

Were they not burning with the wild and wordless hope, the incredible belief that all young men have known before the promise of that huge mirage, the deathless dupe and invincible illusion of this savage, all-exultant land where all things are impending and where young men starve? Were they not burning in the enfabled magic, mystery, and joy of lilac dark, the lonely, savage, secret, everlasting earth on which we lived, and wrought, and perished, mad with hunger, unfed, famished, furious, unassuaged? Were they not burning, burning where a million doors of glory, love, unutterable fulfilment, impended, waited in the dark for us, were here, were here around us in the dark forever, were here beside us in the dark forever, were ready to our touch forever, and that duped us, mocked forever at our hunger, maddened our hearts and brains with searching, took our youth, our strength, our love, our life, and killed us, and were never found?

Had Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes not waited then, as we have waited, with numb lips and pounding hearts and fear, delight, strong joy and terror stirring in their entrails as they waited in the silent street before a house, proud, evil, lavish, lighted, certain, secret, and alone? And as they heard the hoof, the wheel, the sudden whistle and the immense and sleeping silence of the town, the lonely, wild and secret earth, the lilac dark, the huge starred visage of the night—did they not wait there in the darkness, thinking:

"Oh, there are new lands, morning, and a shining city. Soon, soon, soon!"

And then as Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes prowled softly up and down in the dark cobbled streets hearing the sudden shrill departure of the whistle in the night, the great wheels pounding at the river's edge, feeling the lilac dark, the heart-beats of the sleeping men, and the attentive silence, the terror, savagery, and joy, the huge mystery and promise of the immense and silent earth, thinking, feeling, thinking, with wild, silent joy, intolerable desire, did they not say:

"Oh, there are women in the West and we shall find them. They will be waiting for us, calm, tranquil, corn-haired, unsurprised, looking across the wall of level grain with level eyes, looking into the flaming domains of the red, the setting sun, at the great wall and the soaring vistas of the western ranges. Oh, there are lavish, corn-haired women in the West with tranquil eyes," cried Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes, "and we shall find them waiting in their doors for us at evening!"

"And there are women in the South," they said, "with dark eyes and the white magnolia faces. They are moving beneath the droop of tree-barred levels of the South. Now they are moving on the sweep of ancient lawns, beside the great slow-flowing rivers in the night! Their step is light and soundless as the dark, they drift the white ghost-glimmer of their beauty under ancient trees, their words are soft and slow and hushed, and sweeter far than honey, and suddenly their low and tender laugh, slow, rich, and sensual, comes welling from the great vat of the dark. The perfume of their slow white flesh is flower-sweet, magnolia strange, and filled with all the secret languors of desire! Oh, there are secret women in the South," they cried, "who move by darkness under drooping trees the white ghost-glim-

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mer of magnolia loveliness, and we shall find them!"

"And there are women in the North," cried Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes, "who wait for us with Viking eyes, the deep breast and the great limbs of the Amazons. There are powerful and lovely women in the North," they said, "whose eyes are blue and depthless as a mountain lake. Their glorious hair is braided into ropes of ripened grain, and their names are Lundquist, Neilsen, Svensen, Jorgenson, and Brandt. They are waiting for us in the wheat-fields of the North, they are waiting for us at the edges of the plains, they are waiting for us in the forests of great trees. Their eyes are true and level, and their great hearts are the purest and most faithful on the earth, and they will wait for us until we come to them.

"There are ten thousand lonely little towns at night," cried Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes, "ten thousand lonely little towns of sleeping men, and we shall come to them forever in the night. We shall come to them like storm and fury, with a demonic impulse of wild joy, dark chance, dropping suddenly upon them from the fast express at night—leaving the train in darkness, in the dark mid-watches of the night, and being left then to the sudden silence, mystery, and promise of an unknown little town. Oh, we shall come to them forever in the night," they cried, "in winter among howling winds and swirling snow. Then we shall make our tracks along the sheeted fleecy whiteness of an empty silent little street, and find our door at length, and know the instant that we come to it that it is ours.

"Coming by storm and darkness to the lonely, chance and secret towns," they said, "we shall find the well-loved face, the longed-for step, the well-known voice, there in the darkness while storm beats about the house and the white mounting drifts of swirling snow engulf us. Then we shall know the flower-whiteness of a face below us, the night-time darkness of a cloud of hair across our arm, and know all the mystery, tenderness, and surrender, of a white-dark beauty, the fragrant whiteness, the slow bounty of a velvet undulance, the earth-deep fruitfulness of love. And we shall stay there while storm howls about the house," they said, "and huge drifts rise about us. We shall leave forever in the whitened silence of the morning, and always know the chance, the secret and the well-beloved will be there waiting for us when storms howl at night, and we come again through swirling snow, leaving our footprints on the whitened, empty, silent streets of unknown little towns, lost at the heart of storm and darkness upon the lonely, wild, all-secret mystery of the earth."

And finally did not Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes, those fierce and jubilant young men, who waited there, as we have waited, in the silent barren street with trembling lips, numb hands, with terror, savage joy, fierce rapture alive and stirring in their entrails—did they not feel, as we have felt, when they heard the shrill departing warning of the whistle in the dark, the sound of great wheels pounding at the river's edge? Did they not feel, as we have felt, as they waited there in all the intolerable sweetness, wildness, mystery, and terror of the great earth in the month of April, and knew themselves alone, alive and young and mad and secret with desire and hunger in the great sleep-silence of the night, the impending, cruel, all-promise of this land? Were they not torn, as we have been, by sharp pain and wordless lust, the asp of time, the thorn of spring, the sharp, the tongueless cry? Did they not say:

"Oh, there are women in the East—and new lands, morning, and a shining city! There are forgotten fume-flaws of bright smoke above Manhattan, the forest of masts about the crowded isle, the proud cleavages of departing ships, the soaring web, the wing-like swoop and joy of the great bridge, and men with derby hats who come across the Bridge to greet us—come, brothers, let us go to find them all! For the huge murmur of the city's million-footed life, far, bee-like, drowsy, strange as time, has come to haunt our ears with all its golden prophecy of joy and triumph, fortune, happiness and love such as no men before have ever known. Oh, brothers, in the city, in the far-shining, glorious, time-enchanted spell of that enfabled city we shall find great men and lovely women, and unceasingly ten thousand new delights, a thousand magical adventures! We shall wake at morning in our rooms of lavish brown to hear the hoof and wheel upon the city street again, and smell the harbor, fresh, half-rotten, with its bracelet of bright tides, its traffic of proud sea-borne ships, its purity and joy of dancing morning-gold—and feel, with an unspeakable sorrow and delight, that there are ships there, there are ships—and something in our hearts we cannot utter.

"And we shall smell the excellent sultry fragrance of boiling coffee, and think of silken luxury of great walnut chambers in whose shuttered amber morning-light proud beauties slowly stir in sensual warmth their lavish limbs. Then we shall smell, with the sharp relish of young hunger, the grand breakfast smells: the pungent bacon, crisping to a turn, the grilled kidneys, eggs, and sausages, and the fragrant stacks of gold-brown wheat cakes smoking hot. And we shall move, alive and strong and full of hope, through all the swarming lanes of morning and know the good green smell of money, the heavy leathers and the walnut of great merchants, the power, the joy, the certitude and ease of proud success.

"We shall come at furious noon to slake our thirst with drinks of rare and subtle potency in sumptuous bars of swart mahogany in the good fellowship of men, the spicy fragrance of the lemon rind and angostura

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bitters. Then, hunger whetted, pulse aglow and leaping with the sharp spur of our awakened appetite, we shall eat from the snowy linen of the greatest restaurants in the world. We shall be suavely served and tenderly cared for by the pious unction of devoted waiters. We shall be quenched with old wine and fed with the rare and priceless honesty, the maddening succulence of grand familiar food and noble cooking, fit to match the peerless relish of our hunger!"

"Street of the day, with the unceasing promise of your million-footed life, we come to you!" they cried. "Streets of the thunderous wheels at noon, streets of the great parades of marching men, the band's bright oncoming blare, the brave stick-candy whippings of a flag, street of the cries and shouts, the swarming feet, the man-swarm ever passing in its million-footed weft —street of the jounting cabs, the ringing hooves, the horse-cars and the jingling bells, the in-horse ever bending its sad nodding head toward its lean and patient comrade on the right—great street of furious life and movement, noon, and joyful labors, your image blazes in our hearts forever, and we come!"

"Street of the morning, street of hope!" they cried. "Street of coolness, slanted light, the frontal cliff and gulch of steep blue shade, street of the dancing morning-gold of waters on the flashing tides, street of the rusty weathered slips, the blunt-nosed ferry foaming in with its packed wall of small white staring faces, all silent and intent, all turned toward *you*—proud street! Street of the pungent sultry smells of new-ground coffee, the good green smell of money, the fresh half-rotten harbor smells with all its evocation of your mast-bound harbor and its tide of ships, great street!—Street of the old buildings grimed richly with the warm and mellow dinginess of trade—street of the million morning feet forever hurrying onward in the same direction—proud street of hope and joy and morning, in your steep canyon we shall win the wealth, the fame, the power and the esteem which our lives and talents merit!"

"Street of the night!" they cried, "great street of mystery and suspense, terror and delight, eagerness and hope, street edged forever with the dark menace of impending joy, an unknown happiness and fulfilment, street of gaiety, warmth, and evil, street of the great hotels, the lavish bars and restaurants, and the softly golden glow, the fading lights and empetalled whiteness of a thousand hushed white thirsty faces in the crowded theatres, street of the tidal flood of faces, lighted with your million lights and all thronging, tireless and unquenched in their insatiate searching after pleasure, street of the lovers coming along with slow steps, their faces turned toward each other, lost in the oblivion of love among the everlasting web and weaving of the crowd, street of the white face, the painted mouth, the shining and inviting eye—oh, street of night, with all your mystery, joy, and terror—we have thought of you, proud street.

"And we shall move at evening in the noiseless depths of sumptuous carpets through all the gaiety, warmth, and brilliant happiness of great lighted chambers of the night, filled with the mellow thrum and languor of the violins, and where the loveliest and most desirable women in the world—the beloved daughters of great merchants, bankers, millionaires, or rich young widows, beautiful, loving, and alone—are moving with a slow proud undulance, a look of depthless tenderness in their fragile, lovely faces. And the loveliest of them all," they cried, "is ours, is ours forever, if we want her! For, brothers, in the city, in the far-shining, magic, golden city we shall move among great men and glorious women and know nothing but strong joy and happiness forever, winning by our courage, talent, and deserving the highest and most honored place in the most fortunate and happy life that men have known, if only we will go and make it ours!"

So thinking, feeling, waiting as we have waited in the sleeping silence of the night in silent streets, hearing, as we have heard, the sharp blast of the warning whistle, the thunder of great wheels upon the river's edge, feeling, as we have felt, the mystery of night time and of April, the huge impending presence, the wild and secret promise, of the savage, lonely, everlasting earth, finding, as we have found, no doors to enter, and being torn, as we were torn, by the thorn of spring, the sharp, the wordless cry, did they not carry—these young men of the past, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and Hayes—even as we have carried, within their little tenements of bone, blood, sinew, sweat, and agony, the intolerable burden of all the pain, joy, hope, and savage hunger that a man can suffer, that the world can know?

Were they not lost? Were they not lost, as all of us have been, who have known youth and hunger in this land, and who have waited lean and mad and lonely in the night, and who have found no goal, no wall, no dwelling, and no door?

The years flow by like water and one day it is spring again. Shall we ever ride out of the gates of the East again, as we did once at morning, and seek again, as we did then, new lands, the promise of the war, and glory, joy, and triumph, and a shining city?

O youth, still wounded, living, feeling with a woe unutterable, still grieving with a grief intolerable, still thirsting with a thirst unquenchable—where are we to seek? For the wild tempest breaks above us, the wild fury beats about us, the wild hunger feeds upon us—and we are houseless, doorless, unassuaged, and driven on forever; and our brains are mad, our hearts are wild and wordless, and we cannot speak.

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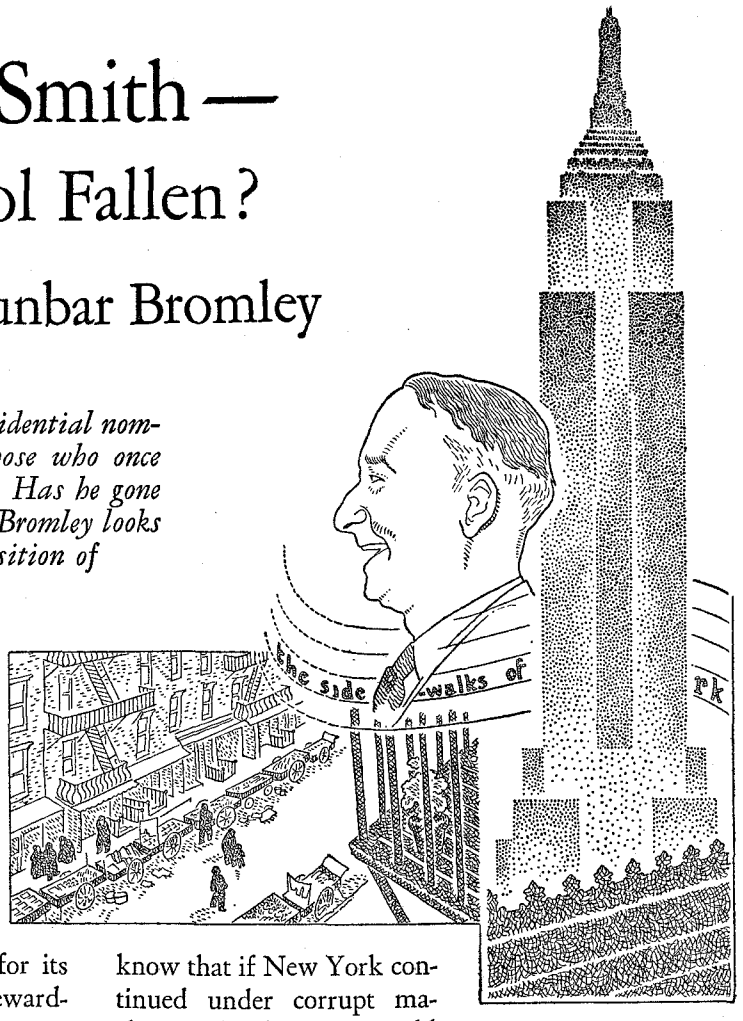
Alfred E. Smith—
Has an Idol Fallen?

By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

Recent utterances of the Democratic presidential nominee of 1928 have amazed many of those who once viewed him as the hope of the liberals. Has he gone over completely to Big Business? Mrs. Bromley looks at the record and estimates the position of Smith today.



IF Alfred E. Smith had died soon after the presidential campaign of 1928 he would have been mourned by thousands or even millions as the lost hope of American democracy. Elected governor of the Empire State four times, he had set a standard of executive responsibility and enlightened legislation unequalled in any other State. Nominated for the presidency, he had waged a campaign notable for its courage, and although unsuccessful he had been rewarded with a popular vote of 15,000,000, the largest ever given a defeated candidate. When his star had been in its ascendancy William Allen White had called him "the young prince of Democracy," and once again, at the Jackson Day dinner in January, 1929, he was hailed as "the greatest living Democrat." Liberals of all stripes were inclined to agree that there was some weakness in a system of government that permitted a leader who had received so large a vote of confidence to retire to private life. "The State and the country," said *The New York Times,* "will need Governor Smith's help so long as he lives, with his knowledge and understanding, his wise counsel, his practical idealism."

Now that five years have passed, let us look at the record—to adopt Mr. Smith's own disconcerting habit—and see what claims he can lay today to "practical idealism."

Fresh in every New Yorker's mind is the mayoralty campaign of last November, marked by Mr. Smith's studied silence. The only crumb of satisfaction left to his admirers was his refusal, for the first time in his political career, to support openly the Tammany ticket. Still his followers could hardly have rejoiced to see their "Happy Warrior of the political battlefields" playing so unheroic a rôle. Mr. Smith had every reason to know that if New York continued under corrupt machine rule the city would soon be in as serious a financial plight as Chicago, while its hungry would go unfed and its small taxpayers would be reduced to indigence. Yet if his conscience troubled him, the public was given no hint.

Events reveal the man. From 1929 to 1931 we heard little of Alfred E. Smith, the political leader. In Washington, Herbert C. Hoover was in the saddle for better or worse. In New York State, Franklin D. Roosevelt was consolidating his power as governor and as a potential national leader. In New York City, Tammany and its clever ringmaster, James J. Walker, still had the situation in hand. Mr. Smith had been made president of the corporation controlling the Empire State Building at an annual salary of $50,000. Later he accepted the chairmanship of the board of the County Trust Company of New York, was made a director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company as well as of a number of other organizations, and in general seemed lost in the affairs of big business. True to his tradition he served on the boards of philanthropic and civic organizations, made speeches, and launched campaigns, but one suspected that his participation was more or less in the nature of window dressing. He had turned himself into a writer overnight and published his auto-

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biography *Up to Now*. In newspaper syndicated articles and magazine pieces he talked of such innocuous subjects as government efficiency and a citizen's duties, when he was not indulging in a political leader's reminiscences.

As 1932 dawned and with it the general conviction that Herbert C. Hoover and the Republican Party were doomed in the coming elections, Mr. Smith made haste to reassume his rôle as titular head of the Democratic Party, a rôle which he was not to give up without a bitter struggle. Since then his declarations on national questions have been so plain and outspoken, both from the platform and from the columns of *The New Outlook*, as to leave the country in no doubt of the way his mind is working.

To find Mr. Smith again and again extolling individualism and private initiative—while he has little to say of the economic inequalities which the depression has brought into sharp relief—gives one a kind of Alice-in-Wonderlandish feeling. Can this be the same man, you ask yourself, who put on the statute books of New York State a body of social-welfare legislation that has been equalled in no other State; the man who fought off the water-power interests; the man who condemned vast stretches of private property on Long Island so that the people might have parks?

The speech which he made on October 23d last at the World's Fair in Chicago, where business leaders had foregathered to honor him, is typical of his latter-day thinking. After referring to "the initiative, the enterprise, the courage, and the pride" of business pioneers of today as well as yesterday, and after frowning on "the cold clammy hand of bureaucracy," which had done much, in his opinion, "to prevent, thwart, and hinder progress," he went on to say:

"It may be and will be urged that private industry often labors for private gain. It may be that its ends sometimes are selfish. It may be that there are times when it needs the curb and the bit of government regulation. But it is still vastly superior to government planning and government control of business and of all human effort."

Is this the talk of "a practical idealist"? Is it the well-considered opinion of the man who, in accepting the nomination of the Democratic Party to the presidency in 1928, said, "Government should be constructive not destructive; progressive not reactionary. I am entirely unwilling to accept the old order of things as the best unless and until I become convinced that it cannot be bettered"?

The first definite sign of a change in Alfred E. Smith's social viewpoint came with the Jefferson Day dinner on April 13, 1932. Earlier in the year he had given notice of his political rejuvenescence by urging upon the Hoover administration an immense public-works program as the speediest and most effective means of relief and industrial expansion. Roosevelt at the time made the mistake of discounting the importance of public works, and his reference to "the shallow thinking" of those who advocated such a program must have stung Smith. But it was Roosevelt's charge that President Hoover's R. F. C. in making its loans was neglecting "the forgotten man at the bottom of the economic pyramid," which strangely enough drew a sharp retort from Mr. Smith.

When the titular head of the party rose to address his fellow Democrats at the Jefferson Day dinner, he showed at first his old sanity and forthrightness in arguing for a twenty-year moratorium on foreign debts and in attacking the soldiers' bonus. Then with a sudden shift he turned to the coming campaign. His face a riotous red and his voice rasping, he shouted, "I will take off my coat and fight to the end any candidate who persists in any demagogic appeal to the masses of the working people of the country to destroy themselves by setting class against class and rich against poor." He went on to insist that the government must "be fair to rich and poor alike"—although he did not say who was to determine this standard of fairness.

A month later, in a radio broadcast on May 17, 1932, he argued for a general sales tax, saying, "All during my life and public career I have stood by the ordinary citizen of limited means and limited earning power. . . . But I cannot give my approval to the false friend who leads the working man to believe 'in order to make up the deficit soak the rich.' That means soak capital and you cannot soak capital without soaking labor at the same time. . . . The destruction of the one means the destruction of the other."

It is a specious, an age-old argument, the same that has always been used by the privileged who are in power, to subdue the masses into thinking that their survival depends upon the survival of their overlords. It is hardly consonant with the Wilsonian doctrine to which Mr. Smith swore fidelity when he accepted the presidential nomination, "The people as the source, and their interests and desires as the text of laws and institutions."

Mr. Smith did admit that "in times of depression it is right that capital should bear a larger share of the burden, since in prosperous times labor does not receive the largest share of the profits of industry." Can Mr. Smith have persuaded himself to believe that the propertied classes have begun to suffer as have the 12,000,000 unemployed? Again, in the October, 1932, issue of *The New Outlook*, he said, "The forgotten man is a myth and the sooner he disappears from the campaign the better." And he added, "Just now all our people are in trouble. The old rich are the new poor."

The impartial observer is likely to conclude that Mr.

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Smith, in objecting to the "soak the rich" policy, is defending his own personal interests and those of the propertied class he has joined. When in February, 1933, he was called before a Senate committee to give his views on measures for recovery, he found occasion to argue against high income taxes. "Take my own case," he said. "I get $50,000 a year as president of the Empire State Building. After I left Albany, after living in a mansion for six years, I couldn't see First Avenue; so I went over to Fifth Avenue, where I signed a lease for $10,000 a year. Now, with my salary decreased, my lease still in my lap, the federal government and the State together are going to take $10,800 away from me in taxes."

Mr. Smith's minor difficulties in meeting the rent of his fifteen-room penthouse are hardly to be compared with the tragic situation of the thousands who are thrown out of one-room hovels when relief funds fail them. He appears to have forgotten that in 1928 he had castigated the reactionary element of the Republican Party for assuming that "a material prosperity is an excuse for political inequality"; also for "making the concern of the government not people but material things."

Mr. Smith's complete conversion to the Hooverian doctrine of rugged individualism has been reached, one has to conclude, without benefit of study of economic causes and effects. "It does not by any means follow from present-day conditions," he said in *The New Outlook* in June, 1933, "that the industrial and business leaders of predepression days were really responsible for the decline, nor that they could have prevented it, nor that the old system under which they rose to domination should be entirely discarded." The financial and industrial leaders who were ready to say their prayers last March—but who now seem to have recovered their sense of guiltlessness—could hardly have asked for a more sweeping absolution.

While Mr. Smith refrained for some time from striking out directly at the NRA, in the November, 1933, *New Outlook* he joined the chorus of dissenters and questioned the legality of the licensing provisions. "What becomes of the constitutional prohibition against taking property without due process of law?" Mr. Smith wants to know. This due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, inserted originally to protect "the life, liberty, and property" of the emancipated slaves, has been made the bulwark of big business by repeated decisions of our class-conscious Supreme Court. Intended to protect a submerged class, it has ironically become a tool for the oppression of the workers of the country. If Smith in his earlier days had had the reverence for the due-process clause which he now professes he would never have tried to write into the Constitution of New York State a mandatory minimum-wage law for women and children.

In defending big business against the NRA's encroachments, Smith is taking a leaf out of the book of his former opponents at Albany. In *Up to Now* he said, "The reactionary legislator who was unfriendly to this kind of legislation always managed to find strong legal and constitutional arguments against it."

That is what Mr. Smith has himself done in his recent broadside against the Federal Child Labor Amendment. On January 7, 1925, in his annual message to the New York legislature, he said, "I am in hearty accord with what is sought to be done by this Amendment because I believe that children are a national asset and their proper care and early training must be guarded by the Nation." Now he says, in the November, 1933, issue of *The New Outlook*, "After careful, and I may say almost prayerful, consideration of the arguments for and against the Child Labor Amendment, I wish to be recorded in the negative. . . . I have learned in recent years the bitter lessons of the Eighteenth Amendment. I devoutly hope that the people of this country will not permit themselves to be deluded by sentiment, tricked by false logic . . . into a repetition of their recent monumental folly in attempting to legislate morality into the United States Constitution. . . ." The Child Labor Amendment, he added, would be another "Constitutional curse."

At the very moment when the Child Labor Amendment has been revived and stands some chance of enactment under the stress of present-day conditions, the man who has always called himself a friend of children deals it a body blow. His logic in bracketing it with the Eighteenth Amendment is impossible to follow. The proposed amendment is no more an attempt to legislate morality into the Constitution than the New York Workmen's Compensation Law was an attempt to write morality into the State statutes. It differs, further, from the Eighteenth Amendment in that it merely empowers Congress to pass legislation regulating the labor of children under eighteen years of age, while the Eighteenth Amendment in so many words prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquor. Mandatory legislation passed by Congress under the Child Labor Amendment could be rescinded by simple act of Congress if it met with public disapproval.

The Eighteenth Amendment was a failure almost from the beginning because it never had the support of the people. While it is true that a number of legislatures have refused to pass State laws that would effectively control child labor, this is not because the people oppose the reform but because the politicians are in league with the manufacturing interests. If Mr. Smith knew the country as a whole as well as he knows New York State, he would realize that it will be many years before child labor will be abolished by State action. If and when the NRA becomes inoperative the States

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that have child-labor legislation will be flooded with the products of States that are exploiting children, just as they have been in the past. Mr. Smith for some inexplicable reason is more wary of a federal bureaucracy in 1933 than he was in 1925.

II

Are we to infer from Alfred E. Smith's latter-day record that he has always been a conservative if not a reactionary at heart? Or is it possible that his disappointed ambitions and his new associations in the world of business have unconsciously influenced his thinking? Both theories, as a matter of fact, explain the man.

It would be an over-simplification to say, as many people do, that all of Mr. Smith's recent political utterances spring from a corroding jealousy of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Yet there can be little doubt that Roosevelt's rise to power and his championing of the common man have driven Smith farther to the right than he might otherwise have gone, quick as he would be to deny the imputation.

Such a bitter rift between two leaders who started out as friends and allies is no new thing in the history of the world. Troy might have been sacked long before it was if Achilles had not been offended by Agamemnon's highhanded appropriation of the maiden Briseis, who was Achilles' rightful booty of war. In somewhat the same highhanded way—or so it must have seemed to Alfred E. Smith—Franklin D. Roosevelt reached out in 1932 for the prize that Smith coveted above all others—the presidency of the United States. Without so much as a by-your-leave to Smith, Roosevelt laid his plans to capture the Chicago nomination, and succeeded.

Smith did not have—and apparently never has had—any great confidence in Roosevelt's capacity for leadership. What was more, he wanted the job for himself. So he must have thought, as he hurried out the side door of his hotel in Chicago upon hearing of Roosevelt's victory, that he was the most wronged of men. Had he not given Franklin D. Roosevelt his big chance when he drafted him as governor of New York in 1928? Had he, Smith, not suffered that same year an undeserved defeat at the hands of the bigots and the deluded believers in Hooverian prosperity? In the four years that had elapsed the American picture had completely changed: an unprecedented depression engulfed the country: the Republicans were thoroughly discredited: and it was almost a foregone conclusion that the Democratic Party would get its innings. Who else but Alfred E. Smith, "the country's greatest living Democrat," as he had been called and believed himself to be, had the right to gather the fruits of victory which now hung temptingly low for the Democrats?

That Mr. Smith should have hoped he could win the nomination shows how the human ego, when consumed with ambition, can blind itself to reality. The country was much wetter than it had been in 1928, but Smith still had the curse of Romanism and Tammany upon him. At Chicago the galleries cheered him wildly, but none of the State delegations, with the exception of the moist and Celtic Massachusetts and New Jersey outfits, was solidly behind him.

Loyalties are curious things, and we shall probably never know which of the two men was the more to blame for the rupture in their friendship. If Roosevelt owed Smith a great deal, Smith, as every one knows, was not a little indebted to Roosevelt. It would seem fair to say that the odds were about even between the two men on January 1, 1929, when Roosevelt was inaugurated as governor of New York. As they parted, Smith said, "God bless you and keep you, Frank, and if you want my help just give me a ring." Roosevelt, turning to their friends, said, "I only wish Al were going to be right here for the next two years." But Roosevelt could hardly have meant what he said, for from then on he ignored his old political ally. He already had his eye on the White House and he was anxious to show the country that he was his own man. He did, however, request Smith to nominate him for re-election in 1930. When in that election he succeeded in rolling up a larger plurality, thanks to his gains up-State, than Smith had ever won, the rivalry between the two men became apparent to all.

Smith's and Roosevelt's mutual distrust grew as the convention approached and each nursed his ambition. This distrust was deepened by the "whispering campaign" of gossip which the friends of each kept up. The women who surrounded them are also supposed to have played their part in widening the rift.

Rumors are a poor basis for judging character. What concerns us here is the effect which the break with Roosevelt has had upon Smith's behavior. A good psychoanalyst, I feel sure, would say that his Jefferson Day speech in April, 1932, and his radio speech in May, 1932, when he claimed that the interests of rich and poor were identical, as well as his *New Outlook* editorial in October, 1932, when he made the statement that "the forgotten man is a myth," could all be traced to his unconscious desire to strike at Roosevelt. These remarks, remember, came from the man who had said more than once as governor, "As between the few and the many to be benefited, I cast my lot with the many."

After the Chicago Convention he had no choice but to support the ticket, if it was true that he and a number of other leaders had pledged themselves on June 13 to stand by whoever was nominated. Yet his statement of July 7 could hardly have been more graceless. "Friends and supporters all over the country," he

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said, "have been urging me to form an independent political party." But he was rejecting the idea "because it was not practical," and because he was firmly resolved to remain a Democrat. Nowhere in the statement did he mention Roosevelt's name. Even *The New York Times* found that his statement "lacked the mood of large generosity which was to be expected of him."

Late in the campaign he consented to speak for the ticket. But his first contribution at Newark, on October 25, gave the Democrats a cold chill and the Republicans a fit of joy. It was almost entirely about Alfred E. Smith—how he wrote the Democratic repeal plank; how he had been defeated by the forces of bigotry in 1928; how Mabel Walker Willebrandt had double-crossed him. His remarks were interlarded with such lines as "I am listening in to the National Convention of the Democratic Party and I hear a husky Texan cast forty votes for the wet platform, and I lost Texas because of prohibition." Was it a small boy—one wondered—or a grown-up man with pretensions to statesmanship who was talking? "And now," he said lamely at the end of his fifty-minute tirade, "I have but a few minutes left. I want to tell you that the best way to bring back prosperity is the election of Roosevelt and Garner." In delivering this address he showed the same blindness, the same self-absorption which had led him to go before the 1924 convention following Davis's nomination and make a boastful, almost incoherent, speech. There have been moments in Smith's career that have called to mind the Greek saying, "Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Having got the bile out of his system at Newark, Smith came forward and did the generous thing, speaking very effectively for the national ticket at Boston and Providence, and finally from the same platform with Roosevelt in New York.

When Roosevelt and Smith met at Albany, a few days before the end of the campaign, Smith was his old engaging self. Grinning, he told the reporters that if he and Roosevelt were Frenchmen they would kiss each other. But subsequent events proved that if Smith was ready to kiss and forget, the President-elect was not. Smith's friends declare that he would not have accepted a Cabinet post had he been offered one. Be that as it may, Roosevelt did not see fit to recognize in any tangible way Smith's belated good sportsmanship. In fact he made no sign to him until this past November, when Smith was welcomed at a family tea-party at the White House, apparently to give the newspapers something to talk about.

In the face of Roosevelt's snubs, Smith is to be commended perhaps for having withheld his attacks as long as he did. During the first six months of the administration's life Smith showed by his editorial comments that he was fully aware of the gravity of the emergency and of the unprecedented task which Roosevelt and his advisers faced. In *The New Outlook* in August, 1933, Editor Smith said, "At a time like the present an impartial presentation of the editor's convictions may give the appearance of narrow personal carping directed at those burdened with the responsibility of public office and economic leadership."

Smith's acidulous statement of November 24 in defense of "a gold dollar as against a baloney dollar"—as well as his recent attack on the administration's public-works program—must be considered as something other than a personal thrust at Roosevelt, since many people of all shades of opinion feel as strongly as he does about the dangers of inflation. Mr. Smith, however, in common with the President's other outspoken critics, has jumped to the conclusion that the President is preparing for an issue of greenbacks—an unwarranted assumption at the time of writing. Mr. Smith also hits wide of the mark when he scores the President's advisers as a group of "inexperienced young college professors." Professor Warren of Cornell, the author of the gold-buying plan, is a man of fifty-nine, while Professor James Harvey Rogers of Yale is a mature man of forty-seven years, and also an authority on currency. More likely than not, the venom and the inaccuracies of Smith's statement spring from the animus that he still feels toward Roosevelt.

III

An equally important influence on Mr. Smith during the past two years has been his business associations. He is peculiarly the creature of his friendships, since his reading is mostly confined to newspapers. I doubt his ever having said, as has been reported, that he had "never read any book all the way through except *The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan.*" Yet not even his admirers will deny that he gets his ideas from people, rather than from books. During his eight years at Albany he was surrounded by a group of Jewish intellectuals who gave him an entirely different orientation from any Tammany had given him. The most important member of the group was the late Mrs. Belle Moskowitz, whose social vision was matched by brilliance and astuteness.

When Smith came away from Albany he kept in touch with this coterie of friends and advisers, but he was thrown more and more with his new business associates, men who had never used their intellectual processes to do anything but make money. John J. Raskob, who had amassed his millions with duPont, had handsomely backed Smith in the 1928 campaign. William F. Kenny, who had made a fortune as a contractor, is

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an old boyhood friend who has often said "he would give his shirt to Al." When Messrs. Kenny and Raskob arranged to put up the Empire State Building—not knowing that the depression was on its way—they made their friend Al president of the concern at a big salary. The fifty-million-dollar venture, in which the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company invested a large amount of its stockholders' money, has turned out badly. Mr. Smith, as the building's president and a former director of the Metropolitan, must feel the situation very keenly. The County Trust Company of New York has been a burden to the same group of men. When Smith's old friend James J. Riordan, president of this bank, committed suicide on November 8, 1929, Messrs. Raskob, Kenny, Smith, and a number of others borrowed $336,000 in order to purchase County Trust Company stock and prevent its being thrown on the market in such a way as to cause a panic among depositors. The stock has since dropped 50 per cent in value.

The class of people which Mr. Smith has joined are so hard put to it to meet their heavy obligations and continue to live as they are accustomed, that they resent taxation which "soaks the rich," to use Mr. Smith's own phrase. In an editorial in *The New Outlook* in June, 1933, on "Taxes and the Disappearing Rich" he said, "There is such a thing as taxing income and inheritance out of existence, not to speak of discouraging enterprise." It apparently seems more important to him that large fortunes should be safeguarded than that the government should find the wherewithal through taxation at the top to balance its budget and bring relief to the unemployed.

IV

If Mr. Smith's past record is studied in relation to his present it will be seen that he was never a great liberal. Mr. Henry Pringle said very truly in his biography of Smith, published in 1927, that he was "not an outstanding liberal but a conservative with a liberal mind." The question today is whether he has even a liberal mind.

The part he has played—and failed to play—in New York City politics is the darkest page in his record. It shows him to have been for some thirty years that thing which he now accuses Roosevelt of being, an opportunist. It was during this period that Tammany was making its fattest killings in New York City, and Smith in common with the other Tammany braves must take his share of the blame. In his autobiography *Up to Now* he unblushingly tells of having consulted with party leaders in 1917 as to how to defeat the reform mayor John Purroy Mitchel for re-election. "He was a man of unquestioned ability," Smith says, "and he brought about many desired reforms in the administration of the city business. But he did not know how to handle people." So Tammany nominated a man of no promise, Mr. John F. Hylan, and Smith was chosen to run with him on the ticket for president of the Board of Aldermen. Of Mitchel's defeat Smith says blandly, "The defeat of Mitchel was nothing more nor less than history repeating itself. After all, Tammany Hall for a century has been the dominant political party in the city of New York. No fusion ever succeeded itself." If reform mayors have never been able to stay in office it is because men like Alfred E. Smith, who know what good government is, desert their principles for their party. Mr. Smith gladly accepted the help of a non-partisan group called the Citizens' Committee each time he ran for governor, but he has never supported a non-partisan ticket.

It did not take Hylan long to undo the good that Mitchel had done. But Tammany renominated him in 1921, and Smith campaigned for him. He had worked with him for a year at City Hall before he became governor in 1918 and he had been very frank with the newspaper reporters as to what he thought of Hylan's mental capacity. "I made more intelligent speeches for his re-election," Smith said, "than he was able to make for himself."

By 1925 Smith felt strong enough to force Tammany to oust Hylan. "I was convinced," Smith writes a little sanctimoniously, "that he did not have the support of the people." But who was selected in place of Hylan—by and with Governor Smith's consent? James J. Walker, whose sins of commission and omission at City Hall, when brought out by Samuel Seabury in 1932, were to make Hylan's record look lily-white. Al Smith was in a position to know long before the public did what was going on at City Hall. Yet he campaigned for Walker's re-election in 1929 and praised Tammany's "business rule." This was at a time when Smith was writing magazine articles on government economy and lowered taxation.

When scandal finally broke loose and Judge Seabury started his investigation of conditions at City Hall, Smith did nothing to help along the good work. Later, when Mayor Walker was forced to flee New York City in the summer of 1932 and Tammany put up at the special election John P. O'Brien, an ineffective old man who would let the machine have its way, Smith sent him a telegram of congratulations. Yet a year later Smith was to boast, in making his attack on Roosevelt's monetary policy, that he was "too old now to be regular just for the sake of being regular."

At the request of the Seabury Committee Smith presented a comprehensive plan for charter revision, looking toward simplification of the governmental machinery and elimination of many useless offices. His presentation of a plan was hailed on all sides as an augury that

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he might be willing to run for mayor in 1933 and do as good a job reorganizing the city government as he had done with the State government. But he came out bluntly in May, 1933, and said that he was not a candidate. He was supposed to have told his intimates that he could not clean out the Augean stables without sacrificing too many old friends. But the reasons he gave to at least one reporter were (*a*) that his health could not stand the strain, and (*b*) that he could not afford to make the financial sacrifice of working for as little as $25,000 a year. "I must think of my family," he said. One wonders how his health would have stood the far greater strain of being President had he won the nomination and the election which he so coveted. One wonders, too, why a man of zeal would put the material interests of his children who are grown up (both of his daughters are married and his youngest son is twenty-five) before an important public service. Mr. Smith may say that "he will never lose his sense of responsibility to the people of the city, of the State, and of the nation," but one cannot help thinking that he has decided to work for Al Smith from now on.

V

Alfred E. Smith has always been on the make. If he served New York State zealously for eight years he was building up his own reputation by doing so. When he retired to private life in 1929 editorial writers declared that there was no public official who had a better right to look to his personal fortunes, after so many years of self-sacrifice. Such talk is baloney, to use Smith's own phrase. If he had gone into business he might have made a fortune, but he never would have gained the fame which he so obviously enjoys.

Smith has stood for honesty and efficiency in government, but never at any real expense to himself. Back in 1915 Tammany made him sheriff of New York County, a job which yielded in the neighborhood of $50,000 a year in fees plus a $12,000 salary. The legislature, as it happened, was on the point of passing a bill designed to wipe out the fee system; but Smith prevailed on his friends in both parties to "have a heart" and postpone the passage of this particular reform measure until he had had his innings. He stood for protecting the taxpayer—with reservations. He tells the story in *Up to Now,* without realizing that it reflects seriously on his own widely proclaimed theories of honest government.

Smith's record as a legislator is a curious medley of party regularity and fighting for righteous causes. I think it is a mistake to say, as some people do, that he never had any great passion for social justice until he came under the influence of Mrs. Moskowitz. She undoubtedly broadened his vision, and it is quite possible that if she were living today his public utterances would reflect sounder judgment. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that Al Smith, the legislator, was responsible for an improved factory inspection code, for the first Workmen's Compensation Act, and for the first Widows' Pension Act. He also made a determined fight before the Constitutional Convention in 1915 for a mandatory minimum wage for women and children.

As governor he put into effect a broad program of legislation of real benefit to the people, including the forty-eight-hour law for women, bond issues for state hospitals and parks, and increased State appropriations for education. While he was not able to finish the water-power fight, he stood guardian over the people's rights.

Alfred E. Smith has been a valuable public servant. But recent events have shown that it is one thing to work for social justice so long as such legislation does not upset the status quo, while it is another thing to see that our economic scheme of things is fundamentally wrong.

Nothing that Mr. Smith has said convinces one that he has ever had the intellectual penetration—or the desire—to look frankly at the evils of our present system. At Tammany Hall, July 4, 1923, he declared, "No man or set of men rule this country. . . . Opportunity is accorded to the rich and poor alike." To prove this sweeping assertion he pointed to the fact that men can rise from humble beginnings—he was thinking of himself no doubt—to high office.

Like all good Democrats, Smith has a habit of harking back to the doctrines of Jefferson—of States' rights and "freedom to the individual to follow his own will so long as he does not harm his neighbor." A kind of astigmatism prevents his seeing the fatal inconsistency between the doctrines of States' rights and free scope for private initiative on the one hand, and a genuine national industrial democracy on the other.

Mr. Smith has always been an extremely practical man. As an administrator he wants to know how a scheme is going to work before he launches it. That is one of the reasons why he is skeptical about the NRA with its vast ramifications. But this very virtue—which made him a good governor—makes him a poor prophet and statesman.

Let us see what remedies he has had to suggest for the depression. In 1932 he urged—and wisely—a public-works program on a large scale for which he would have sold bonds like Liberty Bonds. He urged a revision of the tariff, recognition of Russia, reduction in veterans' expenses, reorganization of the federal government and balancing of the budget, and finally a sales tax. All of these measures, with the exception of the sales tax, were sound enough, but they could do no more than treat the external symptoms of our

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malady. None of them was designed to kill the bacteria in the country's system, to use President Roosevelt's figure of speech. Mr. Smith's purblindness was demonstrated in April, 1932, when he said, "The United States will get out of the depression naturally."

If we were to take Mr. Smith's counsel we would make no serious effort to prevent a recurrence of this depression. "It does not seem to occur to the average man," he said in the July, 1933, *New Outlook*, "that at bottom human nature is responsible for the world's miseries and that it is only by raising the general level of human character throughout the world that a new society . . . can be brought about. Viewed from this angle, the job is one for the philosopher, the priest, and the doctor." Mr. Smith is quite right. Human beings are selfish and greedy. For this very reason they must be prevented by a collectivized society from preying on each other. Teachers and priests can never make over men.

While Mr. Smith has admitted in passing that industry may at times need the curb and bit of government regulation—as distinct from government control—the burden of his argument has been that "we should restore conditions which make business leadership possible." In other words, we must return to the *status quo ante*.

Apologists for Mr. Smith, who have admired him more in the past than they do now, claim that if he were in a position of authority he would not make such rash and illiberal statements. They argue that when he was governor he never came to a decision without first carefully deliberating, and that he had the most profound sense of responsibility to the electorate. His apologists insist, in short, that Alfred E. Smith, the public official, is an entirely different person from Alfred E. Smith, the private citizen.

Yet Mr. Smith's apologists must admit that his current utterances are not casual opinions. They are presumably the well-thought-out convictions of a man who has set himself up as a leader of political thought. Carefully analyzed, his pronouncements reflect a mind that is capable of no great vision or intellectual grasp—his honorary LL.D. from Harvard notwithstanding. Never having studied history he lacks understanding of the great social forces which change civilizations. At the Chicago World's Fair he predicted glibly that "a century from now another exposition will arrive here, to make another century of triumphant progress of free men, under the American Constitution." To hear him talk one would think that the Constitution was a divine revelation. He forgets that Thomas Jefferson set it down in the Declaration of Independence that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (*i.e.*, the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness) it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new Government."

In his attack on the President's gold policy, Mr. Smith said that "he is for the men who have made the country what she is." If Danton and the other leaders of the French Revolution had been for the men who had made France what she was—and remember that she had developed a glorious culture under the monarchy—the clock of democracy would have been set back many years. If Lenin and Trotsky had been "for experience as against experiment" Russia might still be struggling under the yoke of the Romanoffs.

I should be the last to deny that Alfred E. Smith is a real loss to public life. If he were now Director of Public Works, for instance, this vital phase of the Recovery program would undoubtedly be much farther along. His decline is an American tragedy, but not a great American tragedy. He has set a high standard of government administration, but he has added nothing of importance to our national political philosophy. The accident of prohibition made him a national figure, the darling of the liberals. But it is a self-evident truth that the Eighteenth Amendment contained the germs of its own destruction.

As we scan the record for the past two years Mr. Smith emerges a smaller man than we had thought him to be. We have seen his judgment on national issues swayed by his passions. We have seen him become the victim of an *idée fixe*—the dangers of bureaucracy. Most regrettable of all, we have found him wanting in that fine quality of disinterestedness which led John Quincy Adams to take a seat in the House of Representatives after he had been the nation's chief executive. Mr. Smith is not particularly happy today out of public office. Yet this man of the people declares that he cannot afford to hold a full-time public job paying much less than $50,000 a year.

At this juncture in the country's affairs we can only welcome the frank expression of Mr. Smith's views. We know now where his loyalties lie. If he chooses to return to the political arena in 1936 he can hardly play the rôle of a liberal. A good reputation clings a long time to a man. But Alfred E. Smith has already said enough to vitiate his liberalism. He no longer represents "the hope of what may be called the average citizen," as Roosevelt said of him in 1922.

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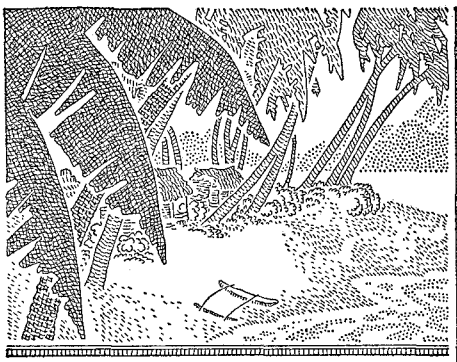

Pearl Divers Must Eat

By Victor Berge and Helen Ludlam

An adventure in the South Seas, wherein the author found himself marooned with thirty pearl divers, not to mention the ghost.

In January, 1930, as a master pearl diver and head of an expedition of thirty men and six women, I found myself virtually marooned on the Manga Reva group of islands, five small volcanic points surrounded by a protecting coral reef in the South Seas.

I will not go into the reason for it in this story except to say that the 1929 market crash was chiefly to blame. My thoughts during the three months we were on the island were not occupied with how I fell into the predicament but how we were all to survive the result of what had happened.

The substance of the matter was that I was left high and dry, without money except for the little I had with me. That meant no food and no transportation from now on for myself and my outfit, and, as Manga Reva was out of the path the boats take except when they had special business on the island, more than a year had often passed without a sight of one. No one could tell how long it might be before I would be able to send a message to Tahiti for aid.

Prior to the disastrous news we had arrived at Manga Reva confident of a successful visit. Some of the rarest pearls in the world have been found in that lagoon, remarkable for their color and peculiar rich lustre.

In my outfit were mechanics, divers, their tenders and assistants, cooks, fishermen to keep us supplied with fresh fish, a man to build the special coconut-leaf huts in which we lived, and women shell-openers.

During the general bustle of landing the diving gear, miles of air hose, life lines, signal lines, equipment to furnish air to twelve helmets, hundreds of shell buckets and my new invention, two diving catamarans which the natives called *zazas,* I asked Taura, my Number One diver, what he thought of this place as a pearling ground. The Polynesian's teeth flashed in a brilliant smile as he said, "Oh, very fine, Papau," which is the native name for me and means white man, "Here when you find pearl you find something." Then some less happy thought came to mind and he said slowly, "One thing very bad though. Here very bad *tupapau.*"

I turned to him in amazement. "*Tupapau!* What on earth is a *tupapau?*"

"He ghost of the sea," whispered the young giant, two hundred pounds of sheer muscle and bone, as the color actually drained from his face. I burst out laughing.

"A ghost of the sea! What are you giving me, Taura?" In my twenty-five years' experience I had never heard of this particular superstition of theirs. But it was no joking matter with him, I could see. Then the business of disembarking put these thoughts from his mind and as soon as everything was off the schooner the men dashed up the mountain with whoops of joy to gather wild fruits and vegetables, enough to supply the whole population of the island, about five hundred people, with a *hula.*

A *hula* is a native feast. A celebration of this sort lasts about three days. Anxious as I was to begin fishing in these magical waters I knew that it would be useless to forbid the feast. It would have been an unheard of request according to South Sea ethics and wouldn't have been obeyed anyhow. We had just come from two months' fishing on an atoll, which means living exclusively on canned goods, fish, coconuts, drinking rum and rain water. We were all thin to the point of emaciation. Our systems craved fresh vegetables and meat, and I looked forward gratefully to the three days' relaxation.

It was about the second evening that I heard more about the *tupapaus.* I was sitting on the veranda of my cottage drinking a rum punch when a man stalked out of the shadows and up on the porch. He was a cow-

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boy from America, one of the three white men settled on the island.

Over the drink I offered him he told me his story. He had shipped out of San Francisco, cruising about with any that would take him on board until his funds gave out. Simultaneously with that event the schooner docked at Manga Reva. He got off and stayed off, hiding in the hills until the natives found him a few days afterwards. They were delighted, and when he sang his cowboy songs and demonstrated his championship qualities as a spitter he could have had the whole island.

He picked his girl, a bouncing lass weighing a generous two hundred pounds, whose father owned much land. He gave the lovers a whole valley and the cowboy's stock rose when the natives found that he could build his own house. It might not have measured up to a Newport villa but the islanders thought it was marvellous.

"Did you marry the girl?" I asked.

He laughed. "No, that's not the custom here. The padre, who has been on the island for forty years, is all worried up about it. He can't make them take this marriage business seriously until just before one of them is about to die, then they send for him. The marriage ceremony immediately precedes the last sacrament and sends them off to a new world all ship-shape. They might have been living together for twenty years and raised a family. Loyalty first and marriage afterwards is their idea—just a matter of custom."

To my intense surprise he didn't jeer at the *tupapaus*. "You just wait a while," he said mysteriously, and told me a few of his experiences which rather got me. This cowboy was a practical man if ever there was one and if he said there was something to the *tupapau* business I was inclined to believe him. Just the same I wanted to investigate for myself and went secretly to the spot where the ghost was supposed to be every night between nine and ten. The first and second nights were uneventful but the third night, although I didn't see anything, I did feel something; something nameless, intangible, a dread that made the flesh creep on my bones and the hair actually stand straight on my head. I've been in some creepy, crawly places both on land and under water but never before in my life have I had sheer terror grip my soul. I'm not superstitious and I don't believe in ghosts, but I can't talk myself out of what I felt, which certainly had a supernatural flavor. And it was the only first-hand experience I had while on the island.

I did not see the *tupapau* footsteps described by Eskridge, the artist, as I was not on the island during that part of the year in which they invariably appear, but I believe his account, for I heard the same thing from every one there and Polynesians are incapable of inventing a yarn of this sort. As Eskridge describes it they are footprints of a man and a large dog walking from the sea and turning above the tide line toward the western end of the island. The remarkable thing about them was their color, inky black, sharply defined on a dead white beach and the fact that not by a hair's breadth did they sink beneath the surface of the sand. They looked as though they had been painted there and nowhere around was there other slightest indentation. Whatever may be the cause of this strange phenomenon it does exist.

After three days I called the divers from their *hulas* and their *vahines* (women) and we began our work. But it was an up-hill job. For a week the boys were half-hearted about their diving. The real reason for this was the *tupapaus,* but as they were ashamed to have me think they were afraid of a ghost they blamed their reluctance on the manta, enormous blanket fish which sometimes reach a spread of twenty feet and infest those waters. They are not man-eaters but their method of feeding is to enfold their prey in two giant flippers, and a man thus caught would be smothered before he could signal for help or before the monster realized his uselessness as food.

I decided to move my camp to Akamaru, another island in the lagoon and about five miles distant from the main one of Manga Reva. Off by ourselves I felt I could help the boys lick their superstitious fear and get down to real work, for between the *tupapaus* and the mantas they had the jitters.

We had been there about a week when I went to Manga Reva on business. There the disastrous message awaited me from Tahiti that the funds I had expected with which to carry on the expedition had been cut off. This threw me from what promised to be the peak of my career to the bottom of the heap.

A million thoughts flashed through my mind as to what I should do in the face of this situation. I wondered how I could hold my head up, I, the leader of an expedition with my people looking toward me for everything. How would the island administration treat me, a man who takes thirty-six people one thousand miles from home and lands them in such a predicament. If I had not sent the pearls I had fished in Maru-tea back to Tahiti by the last schooner so that they could be shipped to my partners in New York I would have been all right. I could have sold one of them, for very little to be sure, but enough to see us through. Confidently expecting the arrival of funds, I had let the only negotiable thing I possessed out of my hands.

I had no oil left with which to operate the *zazas,* which meant that I could not go on fishing. Even if I had there would be no time now to fish for pearls. Our whole endeavor, in spite of the natural produce of the

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island, must be spent in getting food. It may be difficult for people in civilization with a grocer right around the corner to realize the desperate situation we were in. To bring thirty-six people into New York City which has a population of several million seems like nothing at all to make a fuss over. But you add that number to a population of five hundred in a primitive community and it is quite another story.

Every year men grown weary of the commercial battle in their own country arrive in Tahiti with barely enough capital to finance them for a month. They have an idea that their living will drop from the skies and are bewildered when it doesn't. Their mistake is perhaps due to the almost unearthly beauty of these islands, but underneath the beauty is grim reality, as surprising and as bitter to deal with as treachery in a loved woman. A tropical island is no place for a dreamer without money.

I don't know of two better instances to illustrate my point than the experiences of the cowboy and a man who came with me from New York and whom we will call Douglas Grant. Grant knew something of all branches of photography, and as he was very keen for the experience a pearling cruise offered, the association was mutually agreeable and beneficial. Unfortunately he lost his head over a beautiful Manga Reva girl and turned native. When we eventually returned to Tahiti he went with us and I thought he would continue on to America. Instead of that he took the 3200 francs paid to him for me by Larry Oland, an old friend of mine, which would have covered his transportation to San Francisco and returned to his sweetheart in Manga Reva against all advice. This was his big mistake. I tried to talk some sense into his head, warning him of his danger and the fact that after the first few weeks of enchantment wore off the monotony of every-day living in a climate and environment with which he was not remotely acquainted would have to be met and overcome. He, like so many others, simply couldn't understand.

"Listen, Berge," he said, "you can have all the rat holes on Broadway that you want and welcome. No more seven A.M. whistles again for me. Look at this island, a jewel in a jewelled sea. Air like wine, clean, fresh, free, beauty beyond the dreams of man, why——"

I had heard it so often before. It was true of course, but something else was also true and that something he could not see until experience forced it upon him. Now, after three years, he understands. I had a letter from him a few weeks ago which tells his tragic story.

"A schooner just came in and I heard that you were in Papeete," he wrote. "I am asking you not to forget me. We had a doctor over here with the schooner *Mouette* and he told me that my health was bad on account of the climate. My blood is thin; I have anemia. My liver is very thick and one lung is weaker than the other. I want to get away from here. I've tried my best working like hell to get something to eat. My diet is so poor that I'm getting weaker all the time. I have no more clothes. Please help me and get me back. For two years I've owed a bill at the provision store for 5200 francs and now this credit has been stopped."

This man and the cowboy were as opposite in temperament and background as two people could be. They represent the failure and the success of the white man in the tropics.

Grant was city bred and had lived a sedentary life, knowing nothing of the soil or how to handle people, and he was almost fifty. A man can't change the habits of a lifetime, transplant himself into an entirely different atmosphere after middle age. Grant was poor, and if a man can't afford to hire labor on the islands he must do as the natives do; or else he must know how to barter with them. Grant couldn't do either of these things. He tried heroically to fill the job required by his adopted life, but the battle was too unequal.

A native plants a *taro* (native potato) patch and gathers *fei,* a wild vegetable resembling a banana in shape and color. These things grow only on the mountain. It is a long hot climb, and working the *taro* patch in the broiling sun and in the unaccustomed tropical climate soon tells on a white man. The native spears his fish and goat and this was difficult for Grant to learn. Whereas it would take him the greater part of a day to do these things it would occupy a native only about an hour or two.

The cowboy managed things differently. Unused to the tropics his shrewd mind sized up how he could exist there. When a native asked for help with a broken porch or sagging roof the cowboy sat down with him and bargained for perhaps half a day over a jug of orange beer. In the end the agreement would be that the native picked the string of *fei,* cultivated the *taro* patch, or hunted turtle in return for the cowboy's labor on the porch. And whatever the agreement, it was all settled beforehand and held to.

Being a practical man he got along. His long lanky figure was a welcome and familiar sight in the village. He was always chewing tobacco and always carried a hammer ready for an unexpected job.

That is the story of the dreamer and the practical man in the islands. Now, how was I going to measure up in my dilemma? How would my men take the news I had for them? Upon that hinged my future in the South Seas. If I couldn't hold them now by sheer force of personality, based on their knowledge of my practical ability to lead them, I was finished for all time on the islands. A leader cannot be dethroned.

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The men haven't the faith to follow him after a failure.

From my point of view I was in one hell of a jam.

When I got back to camp I took Jim Barclay, an old friend and himself an experienced master pearler, for a walk up the beach and told him what had happened. The natives saw something was bothering us and knotted up in bunches thinking out their answer as to what it might be. I must confess that when I finally called them to me and they raised their faces, so childlike and full of trust, to mine it took all my courage to tell them what I had to say. The possibility of losing the respect of these boys that I had taken by the hand and trained to dive gave me more concern than financial disaster or discredit amongst my own people.

That morning I had thought myself sitting on top of the world. My invention, the *zazas,* had come through one hundred per cent demonstrating at Marutea everything I claimed they would. Before I left the United States on my last trip my co-author and publisher were enthusiastic about my book, which they assured me would soon be published. The success I had worked for primarily to help me better the working conditions of the diver seemed at last within my grasp. This invention made it possible for a diver to work in safety and comfort and at a lower depth than is possible with the old-fashioned hand-pump method which sends hot oil-soaked air down to him, exhausting his strength and choking his lungs with oil fumes. I have seen acres of land filled with the graves of men who died in excruciating pain from a paralysis called the bends. To wipe this terror from the path of those who must make their living as divers had been my chief incentive in thinking out a more up-to-date equipment.

The *zaza* is made up of two air tanks resembling boilers in shape, with manholes and bolted to a square steel box containing a 7 h.p. Diesel air compressor, clutch, and propeller between the two tanks. The air chambers are partially submerged and the air from them sent down with an automatically regulated flow. The cool, pure air, my divers tell me, is the secret of the invention's success. With special valves and a decompressing tank which the diver entered if he had the slightest symptom of the bends, I am proud to be able to say that not one man suffered either anxiety or pain.

The fact that the men could work in comfort at a lower depth than had ever been reached made it possible for them to explore virgin beds of shell, which is the dream of every pearl diver. That this was a practical achievement from a commercial point of view was demonstrated by the finding of a ninety-three grain pearl, the largest I had ever found, and the accumulation during six weeks' fishing of twice the amount of shell, a staple commodity, than any outfit three times the size of mine had been able to raise in the same space of time.

It was reasonable for me to believe that this test expedition would revolutionize the pearling industry from every angle when the results became known. But the news from Tahiti shattered that dream.

As I talked I watched the boys' faces intently, with what mixed feeling you may imagine, but to my utter amazement they began to laugh! Of all the different ways that they might have received my news I was least prepared for this. Even as I stammered with surprise and relief a dozen of them ran up the coconut trees like ants while the rest cried, "Plenty kiki (food) mountain; plenty kiki lagoon. We no starve, papau. We show you."

And in fifteen minutes they were at work on a coconut net. A native net is an ingenious affair. A dozen men can make one, in about three hours, large enough to stretch the length of two city blocks and strong enough to bag a ton of fish. The Tahitians are the only race I ever knew who could do this. From each coconut tree they cut a few branches, not too many because then the sun would get at the heart of the tree and kill it. A native stands at either end of the branch, which is about twenty feet long, one holding his end firm while the other twists and twists until the long spine splits and the leaves spray out. These sections are tied together lengthwise with buro bark.

Five hours after I broke the news, that camp looked as no pearling camp ever had. Fish were piled all over the beach and stacks of fruit and vegetables from the mountain and half a dozen volunteer bartenders had started a fresh supply of orange beer, a very potent drink made of oranges, which grow there in profusion, and sugar, and taking only four days to brew.

I had a little sailing canoe and we packed this with fish and set out for Manga Reva to try our luck. News of our disaster had spread like wildfire over the island and a crowd had gathered on the beach who cheered as we came ashore.

I went about talking to the natives and it was arranged that we should supply them with all the fish they wanted and in exchange they now and then should give us suckling pigs, chickens, and permission to forage for wild goat, fruit, and vegetables. When the gendarme saw that we were not lying down on the job he also gave us hearty co-operation. This attitude on his part certainly took a load off my mind.

That night at camp we had a royal feast. There were twenty different kinds of fish cooked in as many different ways. We had vegetables and fruits in abundance and wild coffee which, roasted and ground fresh every morning, is delicious and would be worth a dol-

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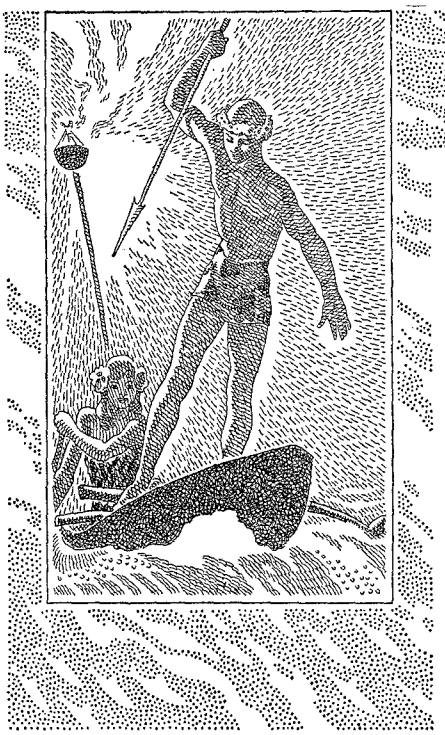
lar a cup at the Waldorf-Astoria.

I felt very much cheered. My own crowd was with me and we could lick anything with their spirit. But we had our troubles. There were days when the fish simply disappeared. Not one could be found in the lagoon. Our fare was slim then, for without fish we had no means of exchange with the natives. On every small island there is a man who can tell where the fish are running. Teiti was the man at Akamaru and he was considered a great man by the natives because he was almost always correct in his predictions. He certainly was a showman and I never got tired watching his act and the effect it had on the natives.



Every morning he sat on the beach with folded arms, a frown on his brow and a faraway expression in his eyes. There was an air of mysticism about him. The natives watched him intently. Now and then he would mutter to himself and when he had the boys sufficiently worked up he made his pronouncement.

We had had bad fish weather for almost a week when one morning an enormous school appeared right in front of the camp. We picked up the net from the beach, where it had been placed to dry thoroughly, and carried it on our shoulders to the six canoes necessary to hold it. They were beached side by side at the water's edge. We packed it in them and with our eye on Teiti, who was directing us from a cliff and whose dramatic gestures had by this time taken on the appearance of a ceremonial dance, set out together for a little coral reef submerged about four feet near which the fish lazed.

While we were still some distance from them and in deep water we threw the net overboard and the two canoes containing the beginning and end of it paddled down to the coral reef and anchored. The boys had there another net, a giant scoop about the size of a ten-foot square with one side hinged like a double door and made of heavy cord that had been in my outfit. It was placed on the lowest layer of the coral reef so that it was completely under water. Two natives stood at either side of it and when the fish were driven in they quickly covered the opening and secured it with a bamboo pole.

The drag net floated out over the water and gradually the divers in the two end canoes which flanked the scoop began pulling it in. As they pulled the net sank a little below the surface of the water. The long prongs of the palm leaves hung down about five feet and the fish, noting this strange unfamiliar growth, shied away from it. Forming a horseshoe around them about twelve of us swam gradually toward the scoop striking the water with cupped hands to make a noisy splash, which confused and frightened the fish still more.

When we had our victims within fifty feet of the trap they realized their danger. That is the moment for the drive and the most critical period of the whole business. Yelling like Indians, kicking and thrashing about in the water, we ran the bewildered prey right into the mouth of the scoop.

If the boys are not on the job at this moment the leader of the fish will see an unguarded spot through the coconut prongs or between our legs, and zing! like a flash he is gone, the whole school after him, while we gape at each other and three hours' work gone to the bow-bows. This often happens, sometimes twice a day, and not always because of the carelessness of the boys.

In dealing with people I have found that criticism usually springs from a lack of knowledge or understanding. Tourists visiting Tahiti asked why the natives went to so much trouble; why they didn't float a net and make a haul as fishermen do twice a day from the piers in Atlantic City, The reason is this. The water is very clear in the South Seas and the fish can see the net. They would never stray into it as they do in the cloudy colder waters.

One day our stomachs told us that we needed beefsteak. When that happens in the tropics it means a turtle hunt. Turtle steak broiled and smothered in onions is as fine as any porterhouse, but it is a job to get the turtle. A native must have a powerful turtle hunger before he will rouse himself to such an exertion, because they are not easy to find.

We picked a native with turtle sense to go with us. While the boys managed the canoe I stood in the bow with a pair of field glasses scanning the sea. When I saw, far far out, what looked like a yellowish patch of water I knew it was a turtle asleep on the surface.

Having sighted him we figured our attack, lowering

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the sail and working in back of him so that he would not feel our approach. When we were in the right position and far enough back to give us a long drive we hoisted sail and off we went.

Fishing in a Polynesian sailing canoe is the greatest sport in the world that I know of. I can think of nothing more exciting, not even sail skating that is so popular in my native Sweden. Our canoe shot forward with the speed of a cannon ball. The hunter stood in the bow with his spear pointed exactly toward that spot of the turtle's back he intended to strike. He paid no attention to anything but that turtle. The navigator kept his eyes glued to the point of the spear, guiding the canoe by its direction. The others balanced the outrigger which by this time was far out of the water and the canoe almost half-way over. Before the turtle could open an eye he was greeting his ancestors.

Another form of fishing that is not so exciting but quite the most beautiful spectacle I have ever seen is done at night. I've forgotten the name of the fish, it is about a foot long and like molten silver. It never appears in shallow water except when it is young and then only at certain times during the night. Teiti had felt very important for two days and then announced that there would be no fishing that morning. "Tonight," he said, "when the star reaches a certain point in the heavens a multitude of silver fish will come right to our camp. Right to our camp!" he repeated dramatically as though it had all been brought about by his own personal management.

The natives were properly impressed with his wisdom and ate scarcely anything during the day in anticipation of the feast to come. Fruit and vegetables were gathered from the mountains and extra stone ovens were built on the sand. Hundreds of dry and partially dry coconut leaves were cut and bound into faggots for flares; the very dry ones bound tightly with green bark so they would not burn too quickly and the greener ones bound loosely.

As evening fell they came to my tent with their ukuleles and drums made of gasoline tins and began the concert. I had no rum punch to give them but there was plenty of orange beer. It was most important, of course, to start the evening with music and revelry because that brought the fish nearer to the camp!

When Teiti gave the signal every one made for the canoes. For some reason women are never supposed to fish from a canoe. I believe it is considered unfeminine. But paddling a canoe is all right and that is their part of the sport. The hunter stands with a foot on either side of the light craft so that he can look directly into the water. The coconut torch is fastened to the stern, placed high so that the light falls in the right direction.

Jim and I sat on shore enchanted by the theatrical beauty of the scene—the canoes with their high-flung beacons catching the flashing silver of the fish as they struggled frantically to find the safety of darkness; the graceful forms of the hunters as they balanced and struck. In the flickering light they resembled bronze gods stepped from some high Olympus and with the rhythm of their movements they chanted the songs that described their pleasure. They didn't look like people marooned on a strange island who might not see their homes again for many months. They lived in the present, enjoying it to the full, never borrowing trouble. Perhaps it is this rare wisdom that keeps a Polynesian eternally happy.

The fish were so plentiful that one spear thrust would impale two and three at a time. One by one the boats came ashore, the cargo was turned over to "cookie" and the hunters once more concentrated on the orange beer. It was a grand party and the first streaks of dawn showed in the east before it broke up.

In this way, delightful to a holiday mind, the days lengthened into weeks. One morning a thin line of white appeared on the horizon. It was a schooner. On board was a reporter from an American newspaper with an assignment to write up Easter Island. He gave me a package, given him by Larry Oland, which he said contained a surprise a man gets only once in a lifetime. As it was my birthday the gift was all the more appropriate.

Sitting on that little opal dot in the middle of the Pacific Ocean I undid the package. It contained a book, the story of my life, and my amazed vision rested on the words, "Pearl Diver, By Victor Berge and Henry Wysham Lanier." Here between my two hands was the mark of success in a world I knew little of and I, its author, sat on a beach in the South Pacific a derelict.

My new friend eventually returned to Tahiti bearing with him a message from me to Larry Oland. Larry had considerable influence in Papeete and I thought he might be able to help. It was a month before he could and I afterwards heard that Larry, the most loyal friend a man ever had, staked most of everything he owned to charter that rescuing schooner.

This experience was a lesson I would not have missed in spite of the bitter humiliation it brought me. Living so close to those simple-hearted people who have discovered the secret of happiness, I felt my own life enriched, my own understanding and tolerance broadened, and if a man can gain that he has indeed found his pearl of great price.

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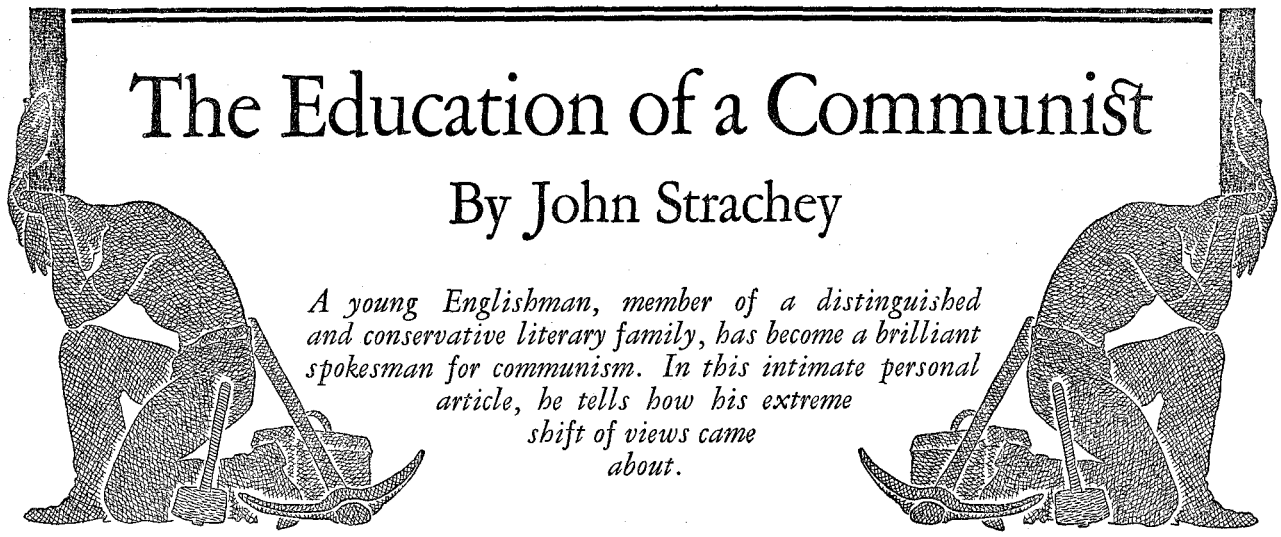
The Education of a Communist

By John Strachey

A young Englishman, member of a distinguished and conservative literary family, has become a brilliant spokesman for communism. In this intimate personal article, he tells how his extreme shift of views came about.



I HAVE a stock answer to dear old ladies who ask me, "And why, Mr. Strachey, did you become a communist?" "From chagrin, madam," I reply, "from chagrin at not getting into the Eton Cricket Eleven."

I do not want this answer to be taken quite literally, except by the old ladies. All the same, there is in it more truth—if one takes getting into the Eton Cricket Eleven as a symbol for making an adjustment to one's environment as a whole—than I altogether enjoy admitting.

"The ordinary man" (which means the ordinary man of the middle class) always explains away radical political views by believing that any one who holds them "must have something the matter with him." Nor is "the ordinary man," in a sense, mistaken in this. Unusual political views, views inappropriate, that is, to their holders' social background, do not fall from heaven. They must be the result of some idiosyncrasy which has made difficult an adjustment between the individual concerned and his social environment. (I remember, for example, that on the first occasion on which I ever met Mr. Bertrand Russell, he greeted me with these words, "What's the matter with you? I had a neglected childhood." As I felt in perfect health, I did not for a moment know what he was talking about. Seeing this, he explained that he meant that anybody from the British property-owning classes who held the political point of view which we then shared must be in some way maladjusted.)

"The ordinary man" is, then, justified in looking for some personal reason to account for radical opinions amongst his acquaintances. Is he, however, justified in believing that, having thus explained the existence of such views, he has explained them away? This is another matter. Many and deep, I am sure, are the personal neuroses which have made me into a communist. All sorts of conflicts made it necessary for me to rebel against society. But does this fact about my character prove that communism is a neurotic illusion? I do not think so. Neurotic illusions may have decided that I, John, rather than you, Tom, Dick, or Harry, should become a communist. But the existence of the world-wide movement of the revolt of the working class is real, is objectively determined, and has nothing to do with the personal flaws and faults of any of those members of the intelligentsia who support it.

Nor, of course, do I believe for a second that personal neurotic conflicts account for the fact that so many individuals amongst my generation of young Englishmen, and young Americans, from the property-owning classes have been driven to take the side of the working class. We are the products of the totality of the social forces of our epoch. We are communists because of all that has happened to us, and of all that we have seen happen to others, in the first thirty years of this stormy century.

My generation of Englishmen (I was born in 1901) remembers the pre-war world, but remembers it as a vision of childhood; and for a well-circumstanced English child what a golden age of peace, calm, plenty, and security it was! Those who had not lived before 1789, said the French, had never known "la vrai douceur de la vie." For me, the word "pre-war" evokes always a memory of midsummer afternoons. A mimosa bush grew at the garden door of my parents' big sitting-room in their country house. Brick steps, warm in the sunlight, led down from the wide shady room into the hot garden.

Partly, it may be, this is only the memory of the confident security of the child in his parents. For my father, an eager and active man, taking a prominent part in forming the opinions and policies of the British capitalist class, the world of 1900–1914 seemed by no means so secure. Being an intelligent man he saw the dangers, both internal and external, which were threatening to destroy that golden age of the British bourgeoisie. My earliest political memory, for example, is of my father coming home from London with the news

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that Mr. Asquith's liberal government had just enacted an old age pensions bill. My father was profoundly disturbed. The bill, as I remember, granted a pension of five shillings a week to persons who could prove that they had no other means of subsistence and who were over seventy years of age. Not, one would have thought, a very revolutionary measure. But my father was so agitated that I can still remember the feeling of consternation, as if some personal disaster had befallen us, which he impressed upon the household. It was not that he would have objected to having given, himself, five shillings to an old person in need. In his personal relations he was a gentle and humane man. But he was profoundly opposed to the introduction of the principle of eleemosynary state payments. He knew that such payments, whatever might be said for them on humanitarian grounds, were pernicious, since they undermined the declared principles of that capitalist system upon which was built that world which was, for him, so fair.

He was even more disturbed, however, by the external menace to the position and wealth of his class in Britain, represented by the rising power of German capitalism. He was constantly foretelling the war, and he passionately advocated compulsory military service in order to create a great standing army in Britain with which to break the German challenge.

And yet, although my father, and in this I think he was typical of his generation of the English ruling class, intellectually appreciated the growing dangers to the existence of their delightful world, and struggled to combat them, he did not at heart believe that his golden age would ever end. After the war my father often told me that although he had been continually warning the country of the German menace, and had continually preached the necessity of preparedness against it, he had not really believed that war would ever come. August 4, 1914, found him and those who thought like him astounded at the fulfillment of their own prophecy.

The war did not shatter the old world of pre-war England in a day. It took each one of the four and a half grinding, pulverizing years to break up that immense structure. I and my generation of privileged Englishmen spent those war years at school. Now it would be quite untrue to say that the English public school boys of the war years were indifferent to the war. On the contrary, we followed the military and naval operations in the greatest detail. We followed them, however, as we might have followed some gigantic and thrilling game. We were immured in that astonishing world-in-itself, an English public school. We were being taught, for the coming of Armageddon did not modify in any particular the régime of these institutions, that games and athletics were the most important things in life. All English public school masters would have denied this, and do now deny it, in words. But incomparably stronger than any words was the fact, which every boy soon discovered for himself, that his whole school career, his popularity, the esteem of his fellows, his importance in the eyes of both the boys and the masters, depended primarily upon his athletic achievements. I wonder if any one who has undergone in youth this thorough conditioning to games (which, I understand, exists, to some extent at least, at most American colleges also) ever quite readjusts his scale of values. I know, at any rate, that a part of me still believes and always will believe that, after all, games are the most important thing in life. It is a rather pleasant sort of belief to have, but not, perhaps, a very realistic one with which to meet the conditions of the post-war world.

Thus it was that when we emerged into the real world, either directly from our schools, or after three more years of delightful but even more unreal existence at Oxford or Cambridge, we were startlingly unaware of what sort of world it was that we were emerging into. We did not in the least realize that we were stepping out into a new and different world from anything which we or any one else had ever known. It was not so much that the economic foundations of our lives had gone. Although most of us were somewhat poorer, the British capitalists had after all won the war. For a time at least they seemed to have re-established their position, if at an almost incalculable cost in blood and treasure. It was not the material foundations which seemed to have shifted. It was rather the religious and moral superstructure of British upper-class life which had suffered. The high explosives of the war had done no material damage to English soil. Yet somehow or other their detonation had shattered most of the moral and social sanctions by which the British ruling class had guided its life. The moral code of the Victorian epoch, which we can now see so clearly to have been merely the appropriate morality of a great bourgeois class in the flood tide of its expansion, was suddenly and instinctively felt by us all to have nothing whatever to do with the world of the early 1920's.

That whole unparalleled structure of repressions and taboos which the theorists and theologians of the Anglo-Saxon bourgeoisie had managed to build up had been smashed by the war, and for good or ill could not be repaired. It was the same with the religious beliefs upon which these taboos and repressions had ultimately rested. Protestantism, the form of Christianity characteristic of the ascendent capitalist class, had gradually emptied religion of dogmatic faith in the supernatural. Step by step the Protestant theologians had retired before science. Unlike their more experienced Catholic colleagues they had tacitly admitted the criteria of ra-

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tionalism. Anglican Protestantism, in particular, had become a threadbare, if seemly, ceremonial. Faith in its communion could be shattered by the first puff of rationalist criticism. Thus the religious belief which had been imparted to hundreds of young Englishmen of my age was so tenuous that it could be, and was, destroyed by the crudest and simplest of schoolboy or undergraduate arguments.

My generation of Englishmen became conscious of the break-up of our old world, not by realizing that its economic foundations were shattered, but by a sudden and bewildering loss of faith in the whole moral, religious, and social ideology which we had inherited. And this is why our revolt came first of all in these fields. In 1919, for example, when the British capitalist system passed through its moment of maximum danger, when soldiers' and workers' councils were being formed in the army, when Mr. Ramsey MacDonald and Mr. J. H. Thomas were endorsing—it is quaint to remember—the formation of these councils and were calling for "direct action," we were chiefly interested in defending the "bold" descriptions of sex in the novels of Mr. D. H. Lawrence or Mr. Aldous Huxley; or, if we thought of public affairs at all, in the question of birth control! Thus unevenly, irregularly, and out of step as it were, does a great historical process, such as the breaking up of the British capitalist-imperialist system, come to consciousness in the minds of the various social groups which are affected by it. How simple and straightforward a matter would history be if this were not so! How easy it would be to foresee and to shape the future if we realized, in full consciousness, what was happening to us and to our environment in the present!

The victories which my generation realized upon the cultural, the religious, and the moral fronts were, as a matter of fact, resounding. The post-war generation made short work of the whole Victorian ideological structure. The taboos, the moral standards, the religious beliefs of a century were pretty thoroughly shattered. Their defense was feeble and inept in the extreme. The able men of the older tradition were half-hearted in their faith; the stupid were firm but usually chose to fight us on issues so unfavorable to themselves as to do their own cause irreparable harm.

Accordingly, we battered away at doors which, if they were not half open already, were certainly most feebly latched. It is interesting to speculate on why the British ruling class did not put up a stiffer fight to preserve its characteristic ideology. The reason may be the world-weariness of the oldest class, if one of the toughest, that still owns an empire. It may be that ruling classes, as they grow older and less nimble-witted, begin themselves to lose sight of the essential connections between the preservation of their ideology—which they have imposed on the whole community—and the preservation of their class power. As Marx said, the Church of England has always resented an attack upon even one-thirty-ninth part of its income far more deeply than an attack upon every one of its thirty-nine articles. For the connection between the inviolability of its dogmas and the inviolability of its income, though real, is indirect and has to pass through a long chain of cause and effect.

In any event the British capitalists let their characteristic cultural, moral, and religious system collapse in the post-war years, putting up but a lackadaisical defense. Probably they were glad enough that the young war-bred rebels were expending their energies on attacking these lightly held outworks of the old régime. They knew that the British capitalist system could exist for quite a number of years without culture, morals, or religion. And this indeed is how it does exist today, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything—but dividends.

However, there are disadvantages to even the best of policies. The young war-rebels, finding that no one was effectively objecting to their "new freedom," and noticing also that the jettisoning of the old culture, religion, and morals without the substitution of any new ideological system to take their place was not, to put it mildly, a very satisfactory arrangement, looked round like Alexander for new worlds to conquer. They have found the worlds—but they have not yet conquered them.

After the success of our revolt against the already rusted-through shackles of Victorianism, we found ourselves in the embarrassing predicament of having achieved our purpose and yet, somehow or other, of having altered nothing. Or rather, in so far as anything had been altered, it had quite undeniably been altered for the worse. We had knocked one culture (and it had been a considerable one) off its last legs, and had created not a new culture but a cultural vacuum. We had created that dreadful post-war Britain, which has proved so perfect a lethal chamber for every true artist who has had the misfortune to be born into it.

Apparently something more than the easy safe business of showing up the Victorians was needed for a new Elizabethan florescence. A culture, it darkly began to dawn upon us, was not a sort of airy nothing without connection with the real life of its epoch. The fact that our revolt had left the whole economic and social structure of British life untouched might just possibly, we began to guess, have something to do with the fact that it had produced no positive results whatsoever.

And so, haltingly, unwillingly, blunderingly we began to find ourselves propelled out of the ivory tower and toward—conceal the vulgar name as we might—politics! Some of us it is true went easily and naturally

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enough into one kind of politics. In 1924, for example, I stood for Parliament, and there was nothing queer about that. It was just what everybody expected a young fellow of my inclinations and upbringing to do. And the fact that I emerged as a labor candidate was considered no more than a regrettable (though perhaps shrewd) eccentricity. As to my personal, subjective feeling, joining the Labor Party, "becoming a socialist," was no more than the logical political concomitant of the moral, cultural, anti-religious revolt by which I had broken the bonds of tradition.

In my case, it is true, it involved somewhat serious personal consequences. It meant that I could not inherit my father's newspaper *The Spectator,* for it was perfectly clear that to attempt to carry on *The Spectator* as a labor journal would merely have resulted in its immediate extinction. Accordingly my father sold the paper. Perhaps for this reason joining the Labor Party marked for me a serious decision. I did, as a matter of fact, become—insofar as an extremely limited understanding of the nature of social and political phenomena permitted—a socialist. I did, that is to say, genuinely envisage and desire the expropriation of the capitalists and the rule of the working class. But what I did not begin to understand (and in this I should think that I am typical of my generation) was the nature of the social process which could alone overthrow capitalism and create the indispensable pre-conditions for the building up of socialism. Utterly bereft of that indispensable instrument of social analysis, the Marxist and the Leninist critique of capitalism; soaked, on the contrary, in the most specious sophistries of the capitalist economists, I and my type were a prey to every conceivable kind of illusion.

We were not even anti-revolutionary, not even clear-minded reformists. We had not even grasped the nature of the categories "revolutionary" or "reformist." The story of the seven years of political flounderings which I, and some others, endured between 1924 and 1931 is a long and dull one. Suffice it to say that it was only partly a varied practical experience of the British labor movement which opened my eyes. Nursing my constituency, a highly industrialized area of Birmingham; editing *The Socialist Review,* a monthly organ of the independent Labor Party; getting arrested (entirely owing to my own stupidity, as a matter of fact) in the general strike; editing *The Miner,* the official organ of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain (the largest of the British trade unions) during the great six-months' lock-out of the British miners in 1926, and for two years afterward; working during that time with poor Arthur Cook, the leader of the British miners, who had a touch of a queer sort of genius about him, and who, at any rate, broke himself and died when he and his men were beaten and broken; visiting Russia a couple of times; winning my seat in the 1929 election; sitting in the 1929–31 Parliament—all this sort of thing did not in itself teach those hard truths which alone can make a communist out of a bourgeois intellectual. Something more was needed to do that—insofar, and it is but very imperfectly, as it has been done at all.

The collapse of the second British Labor Government in the year 1931 was for me the decisive event. It was necessary for me to see with my own eyes and at close range the mingled impotence and treachery of social democracy in action; to put my fingers upon the stigmata of the poltroonery of Henderson, Lansbury, and Greenwood, and my hand into the gaping spear wound of the turpitude of MacDonald, Thomas, and Snowden, in order to know that this corpse would never rise again. Not until this indisputable evidence had been thrust upon me was I willing to admit that the British Social Democracy was not the friend, but the deadliest enemy, of the interests of the British workers.

I have told the story of my break with the Labor Party, in the company of Sir Oswald Mosley, somewhat fully in a chapter of a book entitled *The Menace of Fascism.* Suffice it here to say that the whole folly (and worse) of the New Party adventure was for me, at bottom, one last desperate and reckless attempt to avoid becoming a communist. For the practical and personal consequences of support of the communist cause are so serious; the readjustment of long-ingrained habits is so difficult to accomplish; the adaptation of the bourgeois to the imperative need of the working-class movement for discipline, and the relegation of personal consideration to a sphere of very secondary importance, are to many people so painful, that every bourgeois intellectual will always try to avoid becoming a communist if he possibly can. More and more we shall all find, however, that the price which we must pay for remaining in the capitalist camp is our complete intellectual and moral prostitution. As it becomes finally clear that capitalism can continue to exist only by becoming more and more fascist in character, by attacking by terror and torture, that is not only the workers, but every one who dares to support the eternal cause of human culture, of science and of civilization itself; as capitalism, loosing its fascist gangsters, turns not only upon Torgler and Thaelman, but upon Einstein, and upon Thomas Mann; as not only the last vestiges of freedom for the masses, but also the books, and the whole possibility of existence, for any who attempt scientific thought, go up in the new autos da fé, we shall all find that we shall be forced to choose between our own mental and moral suicide, and communism.

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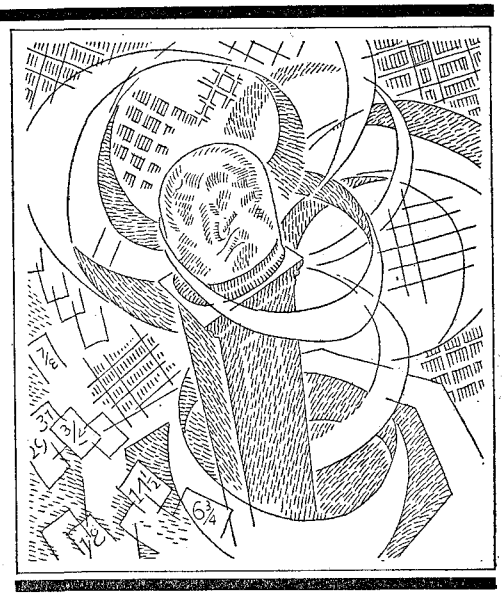
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY



Has the Law a Remedy for Stock Market Abuses?

By Dudley Cammett Lunt

Mr. Lunt examines the record and finds interesting legal decisions in England and America relating to pools and market manipulation.

THE recurrent revelations before the Senate committee now engaged in investigating Wall Street pose some interesting problems in the realms of public psychology, business ethics, politics, and publicity. All of this is ephemeral and temporary. The gentlemen who from time to time appear and testify are accompanied by their staffs. These staffs do not generally appear by name in the public prints. A not unimportant segment of them is composed of counsel learned in the law.

The market has been known to the law ever since the first King's highway debouched in a market-place, and even before. In the ordinary course the legal aspects of the ramified activity which results in an Exchange function quietly and without public notice. But let a public investigation start and the law becomes vitally important. The interest of counsel is the protection of their clients. The interest of the public is, How does the reported activity square with the law and is the law adequate to the demands of the times? Is the public interest secured?

The record starts in the days before the war. The Senate is not alone in summoning Wall Street. In December, 1912, a committee of the House indulged a like inquiry. Those were the days when trusts were the popular *bête noir* and this was the Money Trust or so-called Pujo Investigation. Among the manifold findings of this committee is a head entitled Manipulation.

There was the case of the California Petroleum Company. This company was organized in September, 1912. Thereupon certain bankers purchased the stock. The next step was the formation of a syndicate for underwriting purposes and the stock was sold. On October 5 it was listed on the Exchange. Then the market operations began. The record speaks:

Q. What was the purpose of this market operation engaged in by you four gentlemen, or your four houses, with respect to the stock, when none of you owned any stock?

A. It was in order to make a market for the stock.

Q. Do you mean that it was done in order to make an apparent activity in it?

A. Not in order to make an apparent activity in it but to have somebody there always to buy if anybody wanted to sell and somebody there always to sell if anybody wanted to buy it.

And how was this achieved? The record:

A. They would put in selling orders on a scale up and buying orders on a scale down.

Q. Yes?

A. That is done to steady the price of the stock.

The witness denied that this activity was fictitious and insisted that it was a real market. He also said:

In introducing a new stock, the point you are working at all the time is to have the stock move in accordance with the rest of the market.

Again:

It is important on the market when a stock is not thoroughly digested and especially when it is not strictly an investment stock, but is a semi-speculative stock, that we try to avoid having it held up artificially.

And again:

. . . We did not want the stock to go up as quickly or as violently as it did. We were doing all we could to keep it down. We wanted to have the stock thoroughly digested between 40 and 50. The market took it out of our hands however and ran it up to 70 in spite of us.

Thereafter the quotation declined to 50. So much for "making a market." Then there was the case known to the record as the Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron Pool. This was organized in March, 1909. Ten Stock Exchange firms participated. One James R. Keene was the manager. It appeared that there were 69,304 shares of this stock listed. In February 8000 odd shares were traded. In March this figure exceeded 140,000 and the quotation mounted from 24 to 45. By January, 1910, the price had risen to 92½. Typical orders were to buy 200 shares at 87¼ and at each quarter down and to sell 200 shares at 90 and each quarter up. During this period the company was earning one-half of one per cent

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on its capital. On January 19 the market broke in a few hours from 88 to 25, causing the failure of three participating firms. The specialist in this stock testified that "somebody leaked on the pool":

Q. Did you find out who had sold out the pool?
A. There has always been rather a mystery about it. Eventually Mr. Keene settled.
Q. What is that?
A. Eventually we made a settlement with Mr. Keene, so I had my opinion of the matter.

So much for a "pool." The committee adverted to one other situation as another example of many instances of manipulation encountered. This was the Rock Island Episode. A gentleman whose name was unknown to the record, but whom the committee characterized as one prominent in financial circles, gave directions to his brokers to spread through twenty other houses orders to buy 2000 shares of Rock Island Company Common on the opening. The stock spurted up thirty points in a few minutes and then collapsed. The exchange suspended the brokers for a period.

Now for a look at the current record. On October 31 of last year Albert H. Wiggin, the former head of the Chase National Bank, read a statement before the Senate committee. This statement reflected losses amounting to more than $5,000,000, in part realized and in part on paper, which his three companies, the Sherman Corporation, the Murlyn Corporation, and the Clingston Company, had sustained as the result of sixteen years' participation "in syndicates and joint accounts of which Chase Securities Corporation was either a manager or a co-participant." A few days previous Mr. Pecora had read into the record a list of accounts, described in an Associated Press despatch as pool operations, in which the Chase Securities Corporation had participated from February, 1929, to March, 1931. It will be noted that in Mr. Wiggin's statement these operations are described as "syndicates and joint accounts." Throughout his testimony Mr. Wiggin insisted that these operations were not "pools." The distinction though apparently verbal is of substance and importance.

In addition to the thirty-five securities already mentioned there was testimony with regard to nine successive operations in Chase National Bank shares from 1927 to 1932. One participant was the Chase Securities Corporation. This is the security affiliate of the Chase National Bank. This subsidiary is now in process of liquidation. Then there was the Metopan Corporation, a subsidiary of the Chase Securities Corporation. In some of these syndicates or joint accounts Mr. Wiggin's personal companies shared. The directorates of all of these companies were to some extent interlocked. Finally there were various Stock Exchange firms. According to Mr. Pecora's figures the volume of trading in these accounts exceeded $860,000,000 and the price of the stock rose more than 400 points during the period in question.

What was the purpose of these operations? One aim was to keep a steady market in the stock, or, as it was later stated, "to stabilize" the market on the theory that the market in bank shares always needs stabilization. Another end was to effect a wider distribution of the shares. When asked what interest the various Stock Exchange firms had in these ends, Mr. Wiggin stated that they were in it "to make money."

Now it appears that Sherman, Murlyn, and Clingston, which may be denominated the Wiggin Companies, were also engaged during this period in open-market transactions in Chase shares. The purpose here differed.

Q. What kind of operations did your three companies indulge in?
A. Much longer holdings.

Substantial cash profits were realized, for Federal taxes in excess of $3,000,000 were paid. According to Mr. Pecora's figures these cash profits exceeded $16,000,000.

Late in September, 1929, the Sherman Corporation began to sell the Chase shares short. At this time one of the nine syndicates or joint accounts was in operation with respect to that stock. It was closed out on November 11, 1929. The purpose of these short sales was twofold—to create buying power for the stock and to reduce the Wiggin family holdings. *The New York Times* of November 2 reports the following colloquy:

"In addition to the two motives you stated," asked Senator Gore, "did you kind of sense a chill in the air in the feverish boom?"
"I do not know that I felt a chill," Mr. Wiggin responded, "but I did feel that the prices were very high. Prices of bank stocks were ridiculous."

The profits realized from these short sales exceeded $4,000,000.

So much for the record. Now let us have a look at the law. Early in the decade called mauve some gentlemen in London were interested in a company called the Steam Loop Company, Limited. The set-up was this. There was one McNab. He was a member of the firm of Brown, Doering & McNab, who were the company's brokers. Then there was Dugald Scott. He was a promoter of the company. Then there were Messrs. Slaughter & May. They were the company's solicitors. It appears that the company had issued a prospectus inviting subscriptions to its shares. McNab's firm had underwritten a portion of the shares and held a considerable number of them.

Action begins with a grist of wires and letters back and forth between McNab and Scott and Slaughter & May. The gist of them is sufficiently indicated in a letter from McNab to Scott:

As I wired you today, it is an absolute necessity that somebody sends orders to buy Steam Loop in the market, otherwise who is going to start the market? Slaughter and myself are going 500 shares, Burnham 100, Jack 200 and honestly you ought to go at least 500. There is no risk in the matter. We have absolutely 47,000 £ underwritten, and whatever the public come in for will help the market. Then, again, unless we can get a quotation into the papers, saying that the shares are at a premium on Monday, we will never get the public on. This we can manage with practically no risk to ourselves if we combine and absolutely buy the shares.

And they did combine and they did buy the shares, and the premium of ⅜ to ½ made "all the provincial papers" under the guidance of the cautious McNab.

Then there was trouble at the crossroads. Scott on the one hand and Slaughter & May on the other each brought an action against McNab's firm, seeking to recover the money paid for the shares on the theory, among others, that McNab's firm instead of purchasing the shares for them in the usual course had simply transferred to them its own shares. They went to trial in the Guildhall. All the wires and letters were laid before the court as the basis of the actions. The judge said that there was no evidence that the broker's firm had transferred their own shares and directed the jury to find for McNab *et al.* He also expressed a doubt as to the legality of the

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whole business. Thereupon Brown and Slaughter & May sought a new trial and thus the case of *Scott v. Brown et al.* came before the Court of Appeal.

The judges have left emphatic comments upon their share in the doubt expressed by the trial court.

Thus Lindley, L.J.:

> I am quite aware that what the plaintiff has done is very commonly done; it is done every day. But this is immaterial. Picking pockets and various forms of cheating are common enough and are nevertheless illegal. The plaintiff was not entitled to judgment in the Court below and he has no right to a new trial.

Then Lopes, L.J., tuned in:

> I have read these letters and telegrams to shew what the nature of the transaction was. In my judgment it was an agreement between the plaintiffs and defendants to induce would-be buyers of shares in this company, contrary to the fact, to believe there was a market for its shares, and that the shares were of a greater value than they really were. Putting it shortly—an agreement to cheat the public by leading them to believe the shares had a value, which the plaintiffs and defendants knew they had not, and thus inducing them to become purchasors. Is such a transaction illegal? I am of opinion that it is, and might be made the subject of an indictment for conspiracy.
>
> *Rex v. Berenger* is an authority on this subject. . . .

This cause likewise took its rise in a romantic era—that of the Napoleonic Wars. On a Saturday afternoon in February, 1814, reports were heard in London that Napoleon had been killed and peace was about to be concluded with France. The story spread from mouth to mouth throughout the city and into the surrounding country. It gained wide credence over the week-end.

Five months later six men stood in the dock before the Court of Kings Bench in Westminster Hall to hear their sentences pronounced. A jury had found them guilty on a charge that they had unlawfully contrived, etc., "by false reports, rumours, arts and contrivances" to induce people to believe that peace with France was about to be proclaimed and thus to cause a rise in the Government Funds on Monday, the 21st of February, 1814. The judges listened to an argument but refused to arrest the judgment and pronounced sentence. Thus it is a criminal offense to conspire to spread false rumors to the end of fomenting a change in security values.

This case was followed in 1876 by the Court of Appeal in *Regina v. Aspinwall,* where the parties procured by false pretenses the listing of a stock on the exchange, thereby giving it an enhanced value in the public eye. Thus granting the three ingredients—concerted action; false means, that is, rumors, acts, pretenses or what not; the end of distributing market values and thus inducing public participation—you have criminal activity. Translated into the argot of the modern exchange you have in these cases "making a market," "wash sales," "broker's tips," and all the rest of it, and it is common knowledge that a pool, be it legal or illegal, implies the concerted action of several persons.

But, one may query, these are all English decisions? To the lawyer the significant aspect of these cases, particularly the Berenger and Aspinwall causes, is the fact that convictions were obtained without the aid of a statute. The offense is, in legal parlance, a common-law crime. In this view these English decisions of the Court of Kings Bench and the Court of Appeal provide a prosecutor with very persuasive ammunition in an American court.

A careful search has revealed but one reported decision in this country. It is a curiously interesting case, for it presents the reverse angle of manipulations in a market. This time it was the brokers who were left holding the bag. It appears that in 1866 one Wrigley fraudulently procured a corporate charter. This company, with assets of some $300, created 100,000 shares which were placed in the name of Wrigley and other persons, some of whom were fictitious. Then they proceeded to some brokers' offices in Philadelphia.

Evidently Philadelphia brokers differ from Philadelphia lawyers. They accepted orders from Wrigley and his confreres, real and impersonated, to buy on margin. Through other firms similar orders to sell were placed in the same manner. The orders were executed and the trick lay in the inability of the brokers to collect the balances due on the marginal purchases.

Wrigley was arrested. But he asserted that no crime had been committed. Upon his application for his release that question came before the Court of Quarter Sessions in Philadelphia in *Commonwealth ex. rel. Wrigley v. Supt. of Philadelphia County Prison.* In an extremely well-considered opinion this court refused Wrigley's application for his release. Judge Ludlow relied upon the Berenger case and upon some decisions, also English, which held that the creation of a mock auction with intent to defraud whomsoever shall purchase at it is an indictable offense.

The facts in the Wrigley case give point to an opinion expressed by a witness in the course of the Pujo Investigation. His thought was that if the orders placed with a broker were apparently real and the commissions were paid, there was no reason why they should not be accepted and executed. In other words, it must be obvious that fraudulent manipulation may well have its source in the back row of the seats facing the board, and that the brokers may prove to be innocent agents in the prosecution of the scheme.

While this paper was in preparation there was handed down, in a case of first impression in the Southern District of New York, a decision which establishes an undoubted precedent in this country. In a mail fraud case, *United States v. Brown et al.* (unreported), Judge Woolsey had before him an indictment which recited all of the familiar particulars of the operation of a pool in the stock of the Manhattan Electrical Supply Company. Did this indictment charge a crime? This question, said the Judge, "seems to me of the highest importance." On behalf of the defendants it was urged that the maxim of *caveat emptor* applied to the purchasing public. To this the Court posed the answer—*caveat venditur.* The opinion, which treats the whole subject exhaustively, approves and adopts the principles of the English decisions.

In passing any considered judgment upon the character of market operations which have been called in question, the matter is far from settled by a mere consideration of profits realized or losses sustained. What you arrive at ultimately is a question of intent. What was the real intention of the participants in the pool or joint account? And in determining a man's internal intent you are reduced to two sources—his own statements and his actions regarded in the light of all of the circumstances surrounding them. Upon such a question of fact a difference of opinion is often inevitable.

With regard to Mr. Wiggin's testi-

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mony, whatever one's view on the ethical side, it is fair to say that much of it was elicited under extremely adverse conditions. Many a question in the current inquiry, particularly when tax problems are to the fore, appear to be aimed at the next day's headlines. If conclusions are to be drawn from the record, it should be remembered that they are being drawn upon the basis of evidence which often has an *ex parte* aspect.

Moreover, those who appear to testify are not on trial. The purpose and scope of a congressional inquiry should be considered. Political aspects aside, its primary function is to provide legislators with information upon which legislation may be based. If abuses are disclosed, remedies may be intelligently considered supported by the full force of aroused public opinion.

With regard to manipulation, what remedies may be anticipated? Right here it must be recognized that the line between speculation and manipulation is infinitely difficult to determine. Speculation, in the opinion of the writer, it is neither possible to eliminate, nor, largely on that account, desirable to make the attempt. Past legislative attempts to curb it have universally failed. Either the regulations fail to touch the heart of the matter, in which case they are disregarded, or if they succeed in curbing speculation, trading is adjourned into the streets. Now speculation being admittedly lawful, a joint account merely means the association of more than one person in speculation. But when it comes to the concerted and intentional manipulation of security values in defraud of the purchasing public, a combination of publicity, public opinion, and the common law will be the people's mainstay against abuse.

LUKE TANNER'S DAUGHTER

(BLUE RIDGE)

By Kenneth Allan Robinson

Chase no snake over runnin' water,
  Touch no knot on a deadenin' tree,
Lest you get spelled by Luke Tanner's daughter,
  Spelled an' taken an' can't get free.

There's more that hides in the iron-weed bushes,
  There's more that moves in a poke-berry clump,
Than a copperhead snake with lickin' tushes
  Or squirr'l cuttin' on hickory stump.

There's more in the brush where the creek runs pretty,
  There's more in the fernweed, bindin' her hair,
Than a natural girl with a little bitty
  Of lace, for frolics, an' shoes to wear.

This is the look of Luke Tanner's daughter—
  Her eyes are pickedy; she's been fed
On whisper cake an' on easy water,
  The better to grieve you till you're dead.

She draws you with her like some one seekin',
  She holds your fingers an' draws you slow;
An' something has started the hounds a-speakin'
  Back on the mountain, lonesome an' low.

'Taint over Grindstone, 'taint over Piney,
  'Taint over mountains that any man's know'd,
Where there's grass for critters an' tracks worn shiny—
  Luke Tanner's house lies a different road.

It never was raised at a daytime raisin',
  The chinkin's made of no upright clay,
But Luke Tanner stands in the dooryard gazin'
  An' calls "Come in to th' marryin' play."

Come feast on sheep an' come dance to fiddles—
  Oh swing no girl that you'll ever wish dead—
Till his five tall sons with beards to their middles
  Cry "Come in to th' marryin' bed."

They'll bed you deep an' they'll bed you double,
  They'll bed you richer than red-gold money;
They'll spread you with quilts that they name "Job's Trouble,"
  An' her mouth tastes hot like the bee-gum honey.

Chase no snake over runnin' water,
  Touch no knot on a deadenin' tree;
If you've kissed the mouth of Luke Tanner's daughter,
  You're spelled an' taken an' can't get free.

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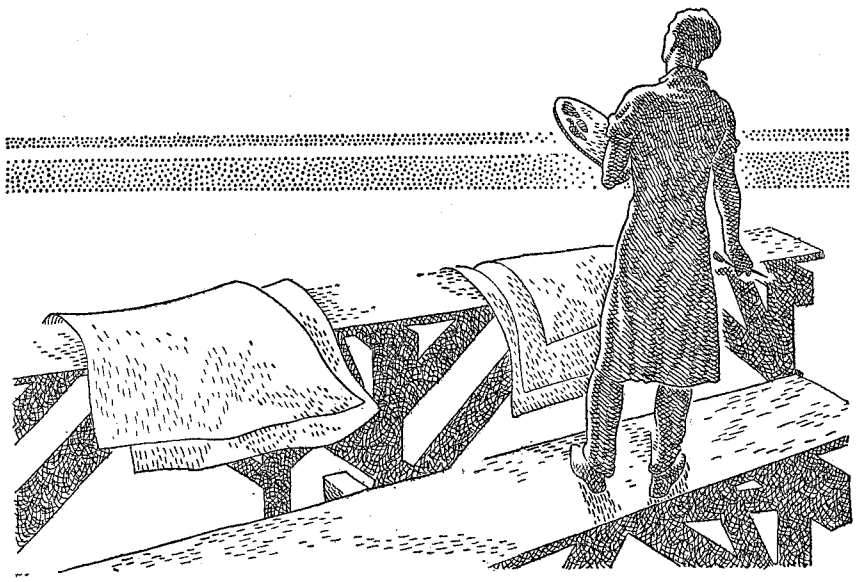
The Government Recognizes Art

By
Suzanne La Follette



WHEN the federal government, some weeks ago, announced its plan of relief for unemployed artists, the conservative art societies set up an agonized wail because they had not been placed in charge of its administration. In fact, the regional directors had been chosen with an intelligence unusual in governmental action on anything having to do with art. The inwardness of the situation and the bitterness of the criticism become easily understandable if one looks beyond the tumult and the shouting to the past development and present state of art in this country. The attitude of the American people toward the fine arts has been one of mingled reverence and indifference; reverence because they have looked upon art as something uplifting and very mysterious; indifference because it did not really touch their lives. The results have been unfortunate. The indifference has isolated the artist. And the reverence has been exploited by the pseudo-artist who caters to a false and sentimental ideal of culture and thus further alienates the public because, having nothing to say, he cannot evoke a genuine response.

This vicious circle might be explained in terms of our position as a pioneer country, preoccupied with material things and lacking a tradition of art. But although these circumstances have retarded the development of our art, they have not been responsible for its having been so largely in the direction of spuriousness. The curse of pseudo-art has also afflicted Europe during the past century, in spite of a long and noble tradition; and both in Europe and in this country it dates from the political and industrial revolutions of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The political revolutions transferred power from the aristocracy, traditionally the patrons of art, to a bourgeoisie which had no such tradition behind it; the industrial revolution destroyed the handicrafts which had been the age-long training-ground of artists, and thus made necessary the substitution of schools of art, into which flocked thousands of small talents, all aspiring to be painters, sculptors, or architects, who in earlier days would have become contented craftsmen. The bourgeoisie, lacking taste, demanded the sentimental and the mediocre in art; the school, dominated by the small talents who were in the majority, supplied it. And so the art-world was split into two warring camps; the genuine artists who fought the school because they hated mediocrity; and the artists of the school who fought the genuine artists because the only way in which mediocrity can pretend to greatness is by seeing to it that true greatness is excluded from opportunity and recognition.

With these important facts in mind, one can understand why it is that precisely that branch of art which has had the most lavish patronage has been the most backward: the art of public buildings. The artist working in his studio was free, within his means, to develop his art without reference to the demands of patrons. The artist who executed public commissions was obliged to please owners and art commissions who were almost invariably ignorant and therefore timid. The attitude of the parvenu toward culture is one of painful correctness; he is too much preoccupied with avoiding false steps to have any of that spirit of adventure which spurs to new discovery. The century which saw the most daring adventure in science and industry witnessed, paradoxically, in the arts the most slavish deference to the past. The architects kept their noses buried in books of archæology; the pseudo-artists alternated between the museums, whose masterpieces they completely misunderstood, and the classical dictionary. The result was an appalling number of imitation Gothic or classic buildings adorned with acres of mural paintings either misrepresenting history in styles borrowed from the old masters or peopled with sweet young things in classic draperies all looking alike and labelled to taste with the names of cities, sentiments, or seasons. As for the sculpture, its difference from the painting lay chiefly in the fact that, in John Sloan's words, it was "bad drawing that you could stumble over in the dark."

The only comfort to be had out of this collective cultural idiocy is that, between the timidity of patrons and the complaisance of so-called artists, art has been brought so low that the self-preserving instinct has at last begun to assert itself. In architecture,

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new needs and new materials have powerfully furthered the efforts of a few able architects to release that art from its addiction to archæology. The architecture of our time is well on the way to becoming an honest expression of our way of life. But decorative art still lags—a fact well illustrated in the recently completed group of buildings at Rockefeller Center in New York City. Here is an architecture freed from archæological trappings, and devised honestly in terms of materials and uses. One may question the uses, but one cannot deny that it serves them admirably and impressively. But if one except Diego Rivera's fine fresco which was rejected and concealed, one might say that the scheme of its decoration was designed with a view to awarding commissions to artists in the inverse order of their ability. The most conspicuous places are precisely those which have been alloted to the most worthless productions, from the sculptured figures by Lee Lawrie over the main entrance of the central building to the vast and meaningless canvas by Ezra Winter in the lobby of the Music Hall.

Still, that genuine artists were admitted even by the back door is significant. It means that the last stronghold of academicism has been breached; and when the genuine has forced an entrance, the spurious cannot long hold out against it.

But there are more definite signs than this of a change for the better. And chief among these is a new attitude toward life among the artists of our time; a growing concern with social forces, and a growing determination to express those forces in their own way. This spirit has received powerful impetus from the decorative painting of Diego Rivera and Jose Clemente Oroszco, whose influence has been felt among our artists during the past ten years and has been greatly increased by their work in this country. Nor is it by any means unimportant that a large public has shared the interest of the artists in these men. If this interest has been stimulated by the publicity provoked by Diego Rivera's insistence upon expressing revolutionary ideas, that only goes to show that as soon as art becomes vital it produces a definite reaction, and reaction means interest if not approval. Let an artist express his age, and his age will respond in one way or another; it cannot remain indifferent.

The chief obstacle to a vital and contemporaneous art remains the conservatism of those who award the commissions. When they spend from five to fifty thousand dollars for a decorative work, they naturally want to play safe. So they look for big names—and Diego Rivera is the only contemporary decorative painter who is at once a big name and a big artist. A way out of this difficulty was suggested by John Sloan not long ago. The patrons, said Mr. Sloan, took their walls too seriously. They expended huge sums, and therefore expected the results to be immortal. Only the quality of a work could make it immortal, and the way to produce artists who might one day achieve immortal works was to pay them a decent wage, furnish them with materials, and set them to work. Since no large expense would be involved, their works could be torn out in a few years, or whitewashed over as the works of the Italian primitives were whitewashed by later painters, and the whole thing done over. By working in this way we might develop artists who would be masters and patrons who would recognize art when they saw it.

At about the same time George Biddle had a similar idea. In a letter to President Roosevelt he remarked that Mexico had developed the greatest national school of mural painting since the Renaissance because President Obregon "allowed Mexican artists to work at plumbers' wages in order to express on the walls of government buildings the social ideals of the Mexican revolution," and suggested that American artists be given the same opportunity to express the ideals of their time and country. The President's reply was prompt and specific: "I am interested in your suggestion in regard to the expression of modern art through mural paintings. I wish you would have a talk some day with Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Robert, who is in charge of the Public Buildings work."

Thus the administration of the new deal in politics and economics declared itself in favor of a new deal in art. Assistant Secretary Robert appointed an Advisory Committee to the Treasury on Fine Arts; and his first act, with the advice of this committee, was to secure from Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, Civil Works Administrator and a member of the committee, an allotment from relief funds sufficient to employ some 2500 painters, sculptors, and craftsmen in the decoration of federal and other publicly owned buildings, at wages of from thirty to forty-five dollars a week. So the ideas of Mr. Sloan and Mr. Biddle are being carried out, although perhaps in a way somewhat different from that which either of them envisaged. No doubt much that is produced will be bad, but if those in charge do not interfere with the freedom of the artists there is every reason to expect that much of it will be good, and that it will contribute to the development of a really important decorative art.

In his announcements concerning this movement, Secretary Robert has made it clear that the administration recognizes the value of art to the community. In setting so many artists to work at journeymen's wages, he has removed a large amount of decorative work from the politics that inevitably attends the award of large commissions. If in awarding such commissions he and his committee sedulously avoid artists trailing clouds of letters after their names, and bear in mind Mr. Sloan's remark that A. N. A. is short for Ananias, we may not only see our nationally owned art redeemed from the opprobrium of the epithet "a national disgrace" applied to it in 1876 and merited ever since; but we may see the development of an art which can in a larger sense be termed national, and which our people will be neither too indifferent nor too ashamed to claim for their own.

In coming numbers—"Art and Propaganda" by Thomas Craven, "America's Future Music" by Roy Harris, "What's Wrong with American Culture?" by Robert Briffault.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

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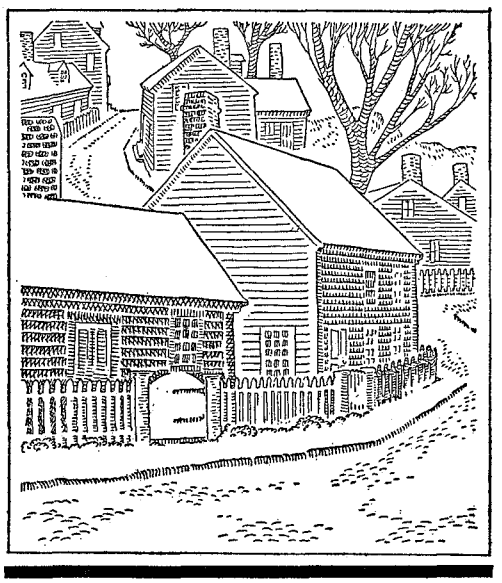

When We Get Rich Again

By Mary Morison

Two New Yorkers seeking to economize by living in a New England village find a life beyond their expectation.

THERE was no cheery optimism in our hearts, but bleak despair as we set out one dark November day to economize the winter through in a small New England town.

We were New Yorkers, my husband and I, born and bred within the sound of the Metropolitan tower bells—cockneys at heart. Autumn to us meant the opening of new plays and brisk walks down a teeming avenue; and spring meant the first hurdy-gurdy playing "Silver Threads Among the Gold" under our apartment window. We preferred the spire of the Chrysler Building on a misty morning to a field of daffodils. We didn't like Wordsworth, anyway. Our Italian grocer, German butcher, little Russian tailor, Chinese laundryman were necessary threads in the complicated fabric of our lives.

A picture emerged from the dim recesses of memory—a visit at the age of eleven to my grandmother who had lived in the same town, the same house, where the Wall Street crash and its ensuing slump (so like the long, long tail of a comet) were now sending us. The picture was that of a large, square room filled with rosewood furniture over which an open fire cast flickering shadows. Outside the square-paned windows snow had piled up—a vast, unbroken vista of white where the lawn stretched out toward the arbor-vitæ hedge that divided us from the road. Even at that age I had wondered at the whiteness, vaguely missing the sound of shovels against asphalt and the darkening piles in the gutter. My grandfather had taken me down to the village in the sleigh. I closed my eyes and heard again the tinkle of sleigh bells and the feel of cold, still air against my face; I saw again that little country store, smelling of peppermint candy, oil cloth, codfish, kerosene, and new shoes in pasteboard boxes. Then the ride home again when it had seemed as if the old man, the running horses, and myself were the only things alive in that silent, falling snow. What would we find there now, I wondered—what changes in this shifting world of ours?

I will not give the name of the New England town where we were going. It is just one of hundreds of similar towns with a main street shaded, in the summer, by a double row of elms, a white-spired church (after Christopher Wren) at one end, the post office and a few stores in the middle, and a placid assortment of dwellings at the upper end. Our house stood upon a little hill just outside the village. It had started out in life as a Colonial homestead, but in my grandfather's time it had acquired a Victorian wing which made it resemble an elderly New England spinster wearing a handsome black jet cape and earrings. It was open and ready for us when we arrived. Fires burned on the hearths. The rosewood furniture caught the light of the flames just as it had done years before. Our little maid who had preceded us from New York by train brought in a tea tray. We had chosen her for her small size, so that she might more easily fit into our miniature apartment kitchen; and here, in these big shadowy rooms, she looked smaller than ever.

"It is nice, here, madam," she smiled. "They have the movies twice a week."

"You won't be lonely," I asked, my heart in my mouth.

"No, madam"—coyly—"I have made a friend already. He calls for the ashes every morning."

"What's his name?" I asked.

She told us and left the room. My husband laughed, the first spontaneous laugh he had given for weeks. The ashman's name was the same as my own before I married.

I will never forget our first walk to the village. The air was crisp and clear and the broad silent street stretched ahead of us more like a Eugene O'Neill stage setting than anything else I could name. As if to accent the stage quality, just outside the gate a countryman in blue overalls waved his long whip at us

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in greeting. He was driving a team of six oxen, and his Gee and Haw rang out strangely.

We met a number of people as we walked along. They all spoke to us, calling us by name. It was evident that we were no longer part of an unseeing and uncaring multitude such as had composed our background in New York, but Persons. Individual persons. I had the queer feeling that they not only knew our business but our inherited qualities.

"I feel like something in a goldfish bowl," muttered my husband. "My protective coloring is all gone."

We were bewildered by a subtle difference in these people. At first we thought it lay in the calmness and matter-of-factness of their manner, in the lack of strain and worry in their faces. But it went deeper than that. They were, up to one hundred per cent, Anglo-Saxon. No melting pot here—no year's-lease-and-then-move-on population—but echoes of the men and women who established New England and its ways back in the sixteen and seventeen hundreds. If the roots of the old elms that bordered the street went down deep into the soil, the roots of these people went down even deeper. They belonged, and had belonged for centuries.

There is nothing, probably, more upsetting to a loyal New Yorker than to discover that he has been worshipping local, rather than standard, gods all his life. That, in short, he is a provincial. It had never occurred to us that others might see our lives as unenviable and rather ridiculous. Yet that is how the locksmith of our village (whom we stopped in to see about the opening of a trunk to which we had lost the key) made us feel. He was so unimpressed by us, so tolerant. He said he had heard we were coming back to live in the old house. "They all come back," he chuckled. "Spend years in the city making money enough to come back here and do what we've been doing all our lives." He took us into his shop. It was a cobwebby, one-room affair, much in need of paint. In it were bicycles of all makes and ages, and clocks—from grandfather clocks to a beautiful little French piece made of blue enamel with cupids on it. As he shuffled over an immense mass of keys he told us about his clocks, how he had been doctoring some of them for months. He grinned with ill-concealed pride when, suddenly, almost every clock in the place began to strike the hour. We waited, breathlessly, until the last note had struck. "Nice, ain't it?" was all he said; but we knew that those eleven strikes marked an achievement in this man's life.

We had stopped in at the funny little relic of a shop to request a lock to be opened. We remained to talk about keys and trunks, about bicycles and automobiles, about clipper ships and the Japanese in China. And when we left all the big clocks and all the little clocks that lined the walls and the dusty shelves were merrily striking noon, echoed by the clear bell from the Christopher Wren church farther down the street. As we stepped forth into the sunlight, somewhat dazed by the conversational horizons we had just seen, our friend assured us he would be up to fix our trunk as soon as he could get around to it. That happened to be two days afterward, and on his arrival he said he had hurried because he thought we might be wanting the things inside.

This measurement of time impressed us very much, used as we were to running for a subway, catching a bus, or dashing to an appointment. Here one never ran, caught, or dashed. Tomorrow was always another day. Today meant a necessary amount of leisure, and time with which to enjoy it. I felt rather like a modern, cheap alarm clock that has just started to run down. Perhaps a few weeks on a dusty shelf in the bicycle shop would do me good!

Our next discovery was the way Progress is absorbed by villages like this one of ours. The thing was there—movies, radios, electric iceboxes. But instead of taking possession of and labelling the town 1932, it is itself absorbed and made a part of, rather than the whole of, daily life. A good example of what I mean is the way the chain grocery stores appeared in the main street. One of these chains is known everywhere by a bright red façade, arresting, unmistakable. I had been told that it was established in the village, but when I went to look for it I could not find it. There was the little general store of my grandparents' day, its ancient horse and delivery wagon hitched outside ready for the morning round, its windows full of coffee pots, aluminum ware, men's suspenders, and stepladders. (I could smell the peppermint candy sticks even through the closed door.) But where was my cash store? Then I discovered it. No red façade here. A small sign above the door modestly announced it. But so small was the sign that to the uninitiated this was just another old white building with bluish green shutters and well worn wooden steps that had known the imprint of generations of footsteps. This had been done at the request of the village fathers who had considered it more important to the town to have their beautiful street preserved as it always had been than to let in Blatant Progress. With good business sense Progress had conceded. And so it flourished with its cash-and-carry policy.

One night, not long after our arrival, an incident occurred that gave our sense of humor a severe test.

We were waked out of a deep sleep by a persistent, muffled knocking on our door and our little maid's frightened whisper.

"Burglars," she managed to articulate. "Downstairs. They are moving things —" She had no need to finish her sentence, for an unmistakable sound of heavy furniture being moved over hardwood floors reached us. Excitedly throwing on our dressing gowns we started down the hall and stairs. Lurid tales of predatory vans backing up to a defenseless house and relieving it of all its furnishings rushed through my mind. Passing the umbrella stand, I grabbed two old and dusty umbrellas—and thus armed we crept along in the direction of what used to be the downstairs guest room but now was used as a sort of a catch-all because of its lack of bed, bureau, and chairs.

Grasping our anti-pluvian weapons firmly in our hands, we pushed open the door of the room and confronted the "burglars." They were busy setting up an old four-poster bed, and doing a very workmanlike job, too. They straightened as we entered and, after an awkward pause, during which we recognized them as two men who lived nearby and did odd jobs for the neighborhood, they grinned sheepishly.

"Evenin'," one of them said, pulling off his battered felt hat. He nudged his companion to do likewise. "We didn't mean ter wake yer. We were jest returnin' this old bed and bureauy we borrowed last winter when you weren't usin' them. We figured we might as well set 'em up for you while we was at it."

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His eyes had an unmistakable glint of humor in them. They made us realize how ridiculous we must appear with our white faces and our umbrellas. They put us altogether in the wrong, somehow.

"We'll jest go ahead and finish if you don't mind," he continued. Then, as an afterthought, "We'll lock up as we go out."

He was as good as his word. In the morning we found the old room no longer a catch-all but a guest-chamber—the four-poster in its right corner, the bureau and chairs in theirs, and the linen sheets and pillow-cases, embroidered with my grandmother's initials, carefully laundered and put away in the chest of drawers where they belonged. There was even a small faded bag of lavender laid in with them.

It took us quite a while to learn the code of ethics underlying this village "borrowing." The bed and bureau episode were pretty near the borderline of what's-not-done—only their immaculate return saved them and the borrower's self-respect. But things like garden tools were almost common property. The technic of getting them back, we learned, was to broadcast the fact that we needed them—and in no time they reappeared in the tool house. We had to learn that tolerance made the world revolve easily on its axle and that hard feeling was both bad taste and foolish.

We were learning many things. New York seemed far away and to matter little. We began to see that we could live well, very well, on a fraction of what we used to consider a necessary income. There were several still wealthy families in the neighborhood, but the fact of their wealth was not apparent. Most of the houses were old and blessed with a certain dignity, most of the people in them had read and travelled and seen—and a few extra courses at dinner or a few more servants were all that seemed to mark the difference. We no longer dreaded the first of the month as a day of reckoning. There was really very little to spend money on; we would go for days without touching our pocketbooks. Companionship and laughter had no price on them in this village of ours. Lines of harassment began to leave my husband's face and he took to whistling in his bath—a carefree habit he had not indulged in for several hard years.

We learned what democracy might mean.

Probably the most democratic form of public gathering is a New England town meeting. It is held in the Town Hall with a Moderator on the platform to try and keep personalities out of it and to see that every one has his say without interference. The meeting may be stormy; but if the Moderator happens to be witty, it is always interspersed with good-natured laughter. At our first meeting of this kind there was a matter of great importance coming up—the matter of mosquitoes. The town had always been famous for its mosquitoes. On account of them the summer months had become almost impossible to many inhabitants and visitors, and real estate and town business had suffered perceptibly on their account. The question brought up before the meeting was whether or not certain moneys should be appropriated for ditching and draining the salt marshes, putting oil on stagnant ponds in the vicinity, and making every effort to discourage and annihilate the pest. The first gun was fired when an elderly and very respected member of the community rose and made a pleasant word picture of how enjoyable July and August would be without the mosquito—one could go salt haying without torture, could play golf without a bottle of citronella in one's pocket, could enjoy sitting outdoors on a moonlight night. This was answered by a man from the back of the hall whose weather-beaten face stood witness to many years spent in the open. He said he had been salt haying down on the marshes all his life and the mosquitoes had never bothered him. "Can't bite through your hide, Amos," a friend from across the room jovially reminded him. Laughter and cat-calls from the gallery, silenced by the Moderator's gavel. Heads were twisted this way and that, and speakers rose from all sections of the hall. One old coutryman rose and solemnly announced that he reckoned the Lord had put the mosquito in our town for some good reason and as far as he was concerned only the Lord could take the mosquito away. "Saw you swattin' a few last August," heckled some one from the front row. Again cat-calls, again the Moderator's gavel.

After three hours of discussion, an appropriation was made to try to rid the town of mosquitoes. One more gold star for Progress.

These town meetings were eye-openers to us. We got to know the men who were running the politics of the town, we looked forward to the day when we could become voters there. Here when you went to the polls on election day to vote for town officers, the names were not those suggested by your favorite newspaper but men whom you knew personally and whose policies you favored. With a population of eleven hundred people, your vote counted. Sometimes four or five votes would swing a close election. Voting became a very personal matter.

Once in New York I had picked up a rural magazine while waiting in my dentist's office. The article that had first met my eyes was one extolling neighbors. I had put it down quickly, with the same sort of distaste I used to feel when some one spoke of Mrs. So-and-So having "such a pretty home." With pride, a sense of superior sophistication, I scorned neighbors—I liked to say I knew NO ONE in our apartment house. We had no time for such casual entanglements. But now if any one should mention neighbors, I would think of the little old lady who lived across the road from us. She had the most supreme tact of any one I had ever met—some instinct that told her when to be and when not to be "neighborly." Delicious fresh eggs, a plate of cookies, a mound of cottage cheese would appear at our side door every so often. And I seldom lighted our lights at night without thinking of her, because she told us how she enjoyed seeing our house bright after being dark for so many years, and how every evening at dusk she would stand at her window just to see the lights come on. It made her think of a birthday cake she once had had—her ninth birthday. There were just nine lighted windows visible to her lonely but contented site across the road.

Our lives took on a certain rhythm and serenity. And, as winter wore on toward spring, it was disturbing to receive letters from our friends in the city saying that business looked better and suggesting that we return. But their optimism was contagious; and one day we had the old car cleaned and filled with oil, gas, and water and set forth down the Post Road.

As we drove down the Concourse and

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saw ahead of us the towers of Manhattan we felt a glow of excitement. There was something mysterious, a touch of Arabian Nights, about those distant spires. But the closer we came to them, the more mirage-like they appeared. We began to dodge pedestrians and stop for lights. We were hemmed in by the hard, high walls of innumerable apartment houses with "Apartments to Rent—two, three, four rooms and Frigidaire" signs. We saw Slavic faces, Latin faces, and Scandinavian faces—but few Anglo-Saxons. We longed for our old New York immunity, so that we could hurry along with the crowd and not see it.

That night a few of our friends came to see us at our hotel. They welcomed us as the Prodigal must have been welcomed. They had been sorry for us all winter, we could see that. One and all, they asked us the same question—What on earth had we done with ourselves all these months up in the sticks? They, none of them, waited for an answer, so sure were they we had none to give. The entire conversation was about money—"overhead" from the men, cost of apartments from the women. When they left, my mind was awhirl, my thoughts went round and round like squirrels in a cage.

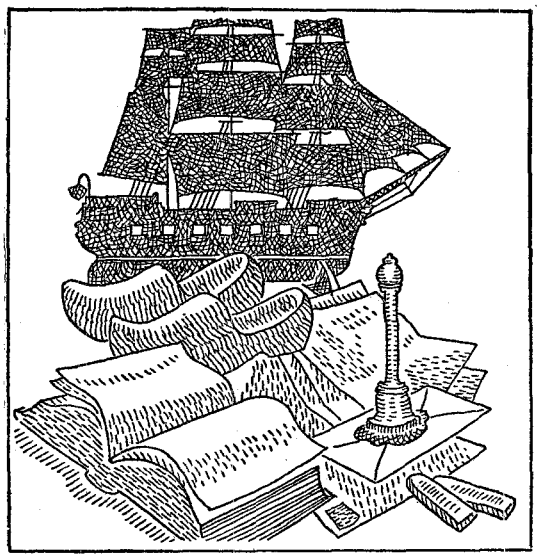
Sleep was out of the question, for both of us. In our small hotel room, far above the street, we sat by the window until that mysterious hour when New York rests, when the street lights gleam dimly, and a vague lonely clatter of milk cans is to be heard in the distance.

In that chill, spring dawning we rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. New York was a grand place in which to work.

"Let's come down and go to work," we decided, "Let's save and scrimp and, if necessary, live in three rooms and a Frigidaire. Then when we have a little money in the bank, let's go back to our funny, old-fashioned house in the country—and live."

AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



News on the Four Gospels . . . Tax on Learning . . . New Novels and Poetry . . . Thrillers . . . Lewis Carroll and the Queen . . . Recollection of Things Past, Mark Sullivan, Fairfax Downey, Lloyd George.

Of all the literary problems of the past, present, and presumably of the future, the most important and the most exciting is the origin of the four Gospels. Not only is the literature they contain supreme in beauty—for the best of Shakespeare is inferior—but to a certain extent the fate of mankind hangs upon the solution of this problem. If these Gospel narratives are correctly described by their title—the Good News—then they should forever banish despair. And whatever may be their origin, they mark the highest point ever reached in the expression of the spiritual aspiration of man. That we have them at all is a fact of tremendous significance.

Inasmuch as they are the most important documents in the history of the human race, any real contribution to the solution of the problem they present is more welcome than any other work of scholarship. Hence I call the attention of my readers to a new book which will interest every person who has ever read the Bible. This is *The Four Gospels, A New Translation,* and is by Charles Cutler Torrey, Professor of Semitic Languages at Yale.

There are many—far too many, I think—new translations of the Bible; so if this were all that could be said of Doctor Torrey's work, I should call it a little worse than superfluous. Most intelligent readers will be pleased with a sentence in the preface, "Distinctly modern idioms and colloquialisms are studiously avoided." No, this is emphatically not one more attempt to write the Bible down for morons.

This is not one more translation—*it is a translation from a different original.*

Professor Torrey believes that all four Gospels were written originally not in Greek, but in Aramaic, that branch of the Semitic languages which was certainly spoken by Jesus. He believes that our "original" Greek text is a translation; a translation from the Aramaic. The Aramaic originals are lost; but the editor gives many reasons—made perfectly clear to those, who, like me, are ignorant of Hebrew—for believing that the Greek idioms follow an Aramaic text. One of the most remarkable features of this book is the writer's ability to make obscure and difficult questions easy of comprehension; so that, whether one agrees with him or not, one sees what he is attempting to prove, and why.

Most learned works on the text of the Bible are written by scholars who are specialists either in Hebrew or in Greek. Now such a work as the one before us could not have been convincingly written except by one who is a specialist in *both* Hebrew and Greek.

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Fortunately this accurately describes the range of Professor Torrey's learning. He is professor of the Semitic languages, but he has also spent years of research on Greek.

One of the most striking results of the investigations represented in this little book is the author's statement that all four Gospels were written before the year 70. Every one who has looked into the matter knows that modern scholarship has been steadily bringing the writing of the Gospels nearer to the times they describe—what an enormous difference from the conclusions commonly announced forty years ago! But Doctor Torrey believes he can prove that the *Gospel of St. John* was written before the year 70—which is not yet a majority opinion among those qualified to have any opinion. But if his theory of the Semitic origin is accurate——

He has translated the four Gospels from what he believes the Greek indicates to have been the original Aramaic; in general, his text is not very different from what we have. That is, in its general import. But a large number of individual passages—some of which, and although hitherto correctly translated from the Greek, are puzzling, and others incomprehensible or absurd—are made clear because Doctor Torrey believes the Aramaic was clear.

Here are a few: for "Lead us not into temptation" he gives "let us not yield to temptation"—reasons for which are given in his Notes. A tormenting passage in St. Luke 16:8, 9, where the rich man commended the unjust steward and Jesus supported him (I have always believed he said it ironically) is here turned into a question, "Do *I* say to *you?*" The rendering of the statement at the end of St. John 14, "Arise, let us go hence," which taken with the context, is nonsense, is here given "I will arise and go hence"—tremendous import of *hence!* There are many other changes, all interesting.

There are two minor points I should like to change; in the beautiful close of the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden," Doctor Torrey reads "Come to me," thus missing the lovely rhythm. And in the beginning of the famous chapter St. John 14, where he follows the accepted versions in reading "you believe in God, believe also in me," I like much better "Believe in God, believe also in me." The Greek is as right for one as for the other.

Doctor Torrey's essay, "The Origin of the Gospels," covering a little over fifty pages, is exceedingly interesting and valuable.

Altogether, this is a work that is as exciting as it is valuable. One should have it at hand when reading the incomparable English of the Authorized Version, in order to explain passages that are otherwise opaque.

And now, although many scholars will attack this work, many will also accept it. As Esdras remarked, *Great is Truth, and mighty above all things.*

Those who, like me, have spent a small fortune in the acquisition of THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY, will also rejoice with me in *The Supplement* which appeared in November, and which I now have safely on my shelves. Although it came to me free, as I am one of the subscribers to the original dictionary, the United States of America made me pay nearly seven dollars customs duty on it; new learning is not going to be allowed to enter America, not if our Government can prevent. This huge volume contains many new words and a large amount of American slang. It is good to see that the O.E.D. is now published in a popular and much cheaper edition.

A book that every lover of poetry should own is *Collected Poems* of W. B. Yeats, a volume of nearly 500 pages, with the contents arranged in chronological order by the author. Many competent critics believe that Mr. Yeats is the greatest poet (in English) that Ireland has ever produced. I wish that all professors (*quorum pars sum*) would read the poem on page 160, *The Scholars.* I have often thought of the strange paradox of a young poet writing verse full of passion and ecstasy, and of an old dried-up college professor annotating it. *Eheu!*

Incidentally, although I have the honor of an intimate acquaintance with A.E., I have never quite dared to ask him why he pronounces Yeats to rhyme with Keats. He knows Yeats I suppose better than any man now living; and Yeats rhymes himself with Gates.

A.E.'s mystical novel, *The Avatar,* is called by its author *A Futurist Fantasy.* Its prose is finer poetry than most of the verse of other poets.

One of the interesting things to think about in reading Sheila Kaye-Smith's admirable novel, *Gipsy Waggon,* where the young farmer and his wife leave a fixed dwelling for good and all, and take by choice a movable home drawn by a horse, is whether that is what all the agriculturists are coming to. What several hundreds of thousands of Americans are doing for a vacation—living in a "trailer"—is becoming in England the only way in which many can afford to live permanently. A large number of places in America have now forbidden trailers to enter their precincts; they have become so numerous as to become a nuisance.

Dorothy Canfield's *Bonfire* and Sigrid Undset's *Ida Elisabeth* are by no means the best novels by their respective authors. They have, however, the same virtues and the same faults. Their virtues consist in accurate reporting of the lives of ordinary people; their faults are that in these books the reporting is too circumstantial. Dorothy Canfield's novel, however, suddenly becomes exciting on page 200; which is more than can be said for the other book.

Fairfax Downey's biography, *Richard Harding Davis: His Day,* I found decidedly interesting from first page to last. It is also a kind of history of our times, like those by Mark Sullivan. No one has ever given a more accurate and at the same time sympathetic portrait of Davis, who was so handsome that he could not help noticing it himself, for which he has never been forgiven. Davis was a great journalist and the numerous wars which came off during his lifetime were made to his hand; humanity's extremity was his opportunity. I believe that two of his short stories, *Gallegher* and *The Bar Sinister,* will live.

Talifer, by our leading American poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson, proves that his powers of character-drawing are increasing, although they have always been remarkable. This poem has not the passion, imagination, and high color of *Tristram;* but the four persons, two men and two women, are exquisitely differentiated.

A magnificent new edition of Dostoevski's masterpiece, the novel *The Brothers Karamazov,* in Constance Garnett's incomparable English translation, has just appeared. The feature of this new edition is that it is copiously

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and dramatically illustrated by Boardman Robinson. The volume has been chosen as one of seventeen illustrated books to be exhibited by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. It is the first illustrated edition of this novel; and although there are 822 pages in the tall handsome volume, I am going to read them all again. Years ago, some one (I've forgotten his name, F.P.A.,) said that if the Gospel of Saint John should be lost, *The Brothers Karamazov* would come nearer to taking its place than any other work.

I can't get any one to agree with me, but isn't *The Karamazov Brothers* better *English* than T.B.K.? We don't say "The Brothers Marx."

The publishers are to be congratulated on the reprint in fifteen attractive volumes and at a greatly reduced price of *The Cambridge History of English Literature* and *The Cambridge History of American Literature* in three volumes. These monumental works are now within the financial reach of thousands of persons who could not buy them in their original form. I will add that I personally would rather have them in this style, as the volumes are slender and easy to read, the type is very large, and the appearance of the sets positively alluring. The history begins before *Beowulf* and ends in the twentieth century. The Index fills the entire fifteenth volume—413 pages.

The three volumes of American literature with a good index at the end were edited by William P. Trent, John Erskine, Carl Van Doren, and Stuart Sherman.

Mark Sullivan's fifth volume of *Our Times* is called *Over Here* and is, like its predecessors, indispensable to all who are interested in reading the social, political, artistic, musical history of America in the twentieth century. When Mr. Sullivan produced his first volume, he certainly "started something"; for a great many books, both in England and in America, have treated recent history in a somewhat similar manner. Just as we turn first in the morning newspaper to an account of some important event of which we were eye-witnesses the day before, so no historical narrative is so interesting as the story of facts that have come within our own experience. The enormous number of illustrations in these volumes—and especially in this most recent one, which contains some 250 pictures—doubles the value of the work. This entire volume is about the war, 1914–1918.

Along with it may profitably be read the first two volumes of *War Memoirs* by Lloyd George (1914–1916), with more to follow. He was the only man in England who had a sufficiently strong combination of iron health, iron determination, iron nerves, to get the utmost out of her people. His appointment to the supreme power was bad news for Germany; for from that moment every form of preparation in Great Britain was "speeded up." What interests me the most, however, in these first two volumes, is his skill in writing character-sketches of the leading men in England. And to him, though he saw him constantly, Kitchener still remains an insoluble riddle. The extreme frankness with which Lloyd George discusses his contemporaries, especially the military men, will stir up a fresh tempest of hatreds; but he is used to that and seems rather to thrive on it.

THRILLERS

The Dragon Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine, is his best since *The Greene Murder Case; Four Days Wonder* is a mystery plus, by the beloved A. A. Milne; *Murder on Tour,* by Todd Downing, shivery; *Thirteen at Dinner,* by Agatha Christie, one of her best and she has no bad ones; *The Siamese Twin Mystery,* by the ingenious Mr. Ellery Queen; and how hungry I am for more of Bulldog Drummond's adventures, and for any new book by Carroll J. Daly!

THE FAERY QUEENE CLUB

Lucile Bushardt of Milwaukee read the entire poem at the suggestion of her freshman English teacher at Downer College. She enjoyed it and says it has established "tenacious hooks of fascinated interest." She has already applied the battle-stories to the struggles of the NRA with modern dragons.

Another freshman girl in the same college, Betty Nelson, read the work at the suggestion of the same teacher, Miss Grace Calder (whom I salute). Miss Nelson read it last summer in a bathing suit by the lake, and because of this poem she regards that summer as one of the most fruitful of her life. She finished the poem shortly before her eighteenth birthday, and now she has its treasures to draw from all her life.

I have recently learned from an article in *The Nation* that a distinguished person is eligible to membership, and here he is dragged in, whether he likes it or not. James Branch Cabell read the entire work long ago, and I am afraid he is sorry he did; but it is too late to repent. It is a *fait accompli* or something like that. I wonder if it were not because he remembered the F.Q. that his most recent book, *Special Delivery,* is much the best thing he has written for some time. I liked the first half of the book better than the second, and I admire its humor and its artistry. I had good talk with Mr. Cabell last May in Richmond and I wish I had known of his eligibility for this Club.

The Reverend Doctor Frank Fitt, pastor of the Grosse Pointe (Michigan) Memorial Presbyterian Church, told me that he *read aloud to his wife* the whole of *Anthony Adverse!* This seemed so astounding a feat that I mentioned it in a public lecture; whereupon I received a letter from Doctor Walter F. Minnerly, a dental surgeon of Port Chester, N. Y., in which he says he has just read the whole book aloud to *his* wife. Shall we form THE ANTHONY ADVERSE CLUB, open only to those who have read aloud its 1240 pages?

One man, being asked if he had read *Anthony Adverse,* replied, "I am waiting until it comes out in *The Reader's Digest!*"

I am grateful to J. DeLancey Ferguson, of Western Reserve University, for the following letter:

> In the Scott letter the missing word is unquestionably "pit." "Pit and gallows" was a feudal right frequently mentioned by Scott himself as well as by other Scottish antiquarians.
>
> In the Burns document the word queried in brackets should be "pence." "A four pence stamp" would be a sheet of legal stamped paper taxed for that amount—in other words one of the fruits of the Stamp Tax which helped to bring on our Revolution. Misunderstanding of handwriting probably accounts for the name "Garvis." The person referred to is, of course, Gavin Hamilton, lawyer in Mauckline and Burns landlord during his stormy years at Mossgiel.

Miss Grace Cramer of Bedford, Mass., believes that plates are pushed away after eating to leave space for familiar discourse. Well, her letter is charming. But let me say that I also believe in eating rather than in feeding; that we have invariably pleasant

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discourse at table; and yet do I never push away a plate.

In another connection I remarked that I did not believe the *Alice in Wonderland* story, though I do not know how many times I have heard it and seen it in print, that when Queen Victoria asked its author for another of his books, he was rude enough to send her one of his works on mathematics. I am grateful to W. D. Witt, of Philadelphia, who writes :

In the second edition of his *SYMBOLIC LOGIC, PART I,* Elementary, published by Macmillan and Co.. Ltd., London, 1896, there appears on the page immediately following the title-page, an *Advertisement,* which is in effect an announcement of the preparation of parts II and III of the same work. At the bottom of the page appears the following:

P.S.

I take this opportunity of giving what publicity I can to my contradiction of a silly story, which has been going the round of the papers, about my having presented certain books to Her Majesty the Queen. It is so constantly repeated, and is such absolute fiction, that I think it worth while to state, once for all, that it is utterly false in every particular: nothing even resembling it has ever occurred.

I received the following letter from the Reverend Claude J. Pernin, of the Department of English, Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio:

Will you not turn the influence of your Pulpit of Purity and Precision to censure an error in English diction, quite common throughout the newspaper and periodical press? Yet it has received scant attention from purists who grow purple in the face over such venial eccentricities as "It is me," or "Someone else's."

I refer to the prevalent misuse of the word "literally." Of course it means the use of a word in its bald, unfanciful significance, without any figurative implication, even that of hyperbole.

Yet we are constantly offended by such indefensible phrases as the following:

"The waves were literally mountain high,"

"He literally took his life in his hands,"

"The army literally stood with its back to the wall."

The only wall which could literally serve as a back rest for an army would be the great wall of China.

But the latest offender is SCRIBNER'S. In the September issue, in the article: "Thomas Alva Edison, The Biography of a Symbol," by C. Hartley Grattan, I read p. 153, col. 2, ll. 9, seqq.:

"But when stationed at Boston . . . he bought and literally devoured the works of Michael Faraday."

And *that,* I submit, is a more astounding feat than the invention of the phonograph and the incandescent lamp.

BOOKS MENTIONED WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are recommended for discussion by reading clubs

*"The Four Gospels," by C. C. Torrey. Harpers. $3.

"The Oxford English Dictionary." Supplement.

*"Collected Poems," by W. B. Yeats. Macmillan. $2.50.

*"The Avatar," by A. E. Macmillan. $1.50.

*"Gipsy Waggon," by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harpers. $2.50.

*"Bonfire," by Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt Brace. $2.50.

*"Ida Elisabeth," by Sigrid Undset. Knopf. $2.50.

*"Richard Harding Davis: His Day," by Fairfax Downey. Scribners. $3.

*"Talifer," by E. A. Robinson. Macmillan. $1.75.

*"The Brothers Karamazov," by Feodor Dostoevski. Illustrated. Random House, N. Y. $3.50.

"Cambridge History of English Literature," 15 vols. Macmillan. $20.

"Cambridge History of American Literature," 3 vols. Macmillan. $4.

*"Over Here," by Mark Sullivan. Scribners. $3.75.

*"War Memoirs," by Lloyd George, 2 vols. Little Brown. $4 a vol.

"Special Delivery," by Branch Cabell. McBride. $2.50.

"The Dragon Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Scribners. $2.

"Four Days Wonder," by A. A. Milne. Dodd Mead. $2.

"Murder on Tour," by Todd Downing. Putnam's. $2.

"Thirteen at Dinner," by Agatha Christie. Dodd Mead. $2.

"The Siamese Twin Mystery," by Ellery Queen. Stokes. $2.

TENDER IS THE NIGHT

Continued from page 95

He shook his head and waved his forefinger at her in a quicker rhythm.

"He was in Paris last night. He is registered here but his room is not occupied. They told me I had better ask at this room."

"Sounds very peculiar to me—we saw him off yesterday morning on the boat train."

"Be that as it may, he has been seen here this morning. Even his *carte d'identité* has been seen. And there you are."

"We know nothing about it," she proclaimed in amazement.

He considered. He was an ill-smelling, handsome man.

"You were not with him at all last night?"

"But no."

"We have arrested a Negro. We are convinced we have at last arrested the correct Negro."

"I assure you that I haven't an idea what you're talking about. If it's the Mr. Abraham North, the one we know, well, if he was in Paris last night we weren't aware of it."

The man nodded, sucked his upper lip, convinced but disappointed.

"What happened?" Nicole demanded.

He showed his palms, puffing out his closed mouth. He had begun to find her attractive and his eyes flickered at her.

"What do you wish, Madame? A summer affair. Mr. Afghan North was robbed and he made a complaint. We have arrested the miscreant. Mr. Afghan should come to identify him and make the proper charges."

Nicole pulled her dressing-gown closer around her and dismissed him briskly. Mystified she took a bath and dressed. By this time it was after ten and she called Rosemary but got no answer—then she phoned the hotel office and found that Abe had indeed registered, at six-thirty this morning. His room, however, was still unoccupied. Hoping for a word from Dick she waited in the parlor of the suite; just as she had given up and decided to go out, the office called and announced:

"Meestaire Crawshow, un nègre."

"On what business?" she demanded.

"He says he knows you and the doctaire. He says there is a Meestaire Freeman into prison that is a friend of all the world. He says there is injustice and he wishes to see Meestaire North before he himself is arrested."

"We know nothing about it." Nicole disclaimed the whole business with a vehement clap of the receiver. Abe's bizarre reappearance made it plain to her how fatigued she was with his dissipation. Dismissing him from her mind she went out, ran into Rosemary at the dressmaker's, and shopped with her for artificial flowers and head

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strings of all colors on the Rue de Rivoli. She helped Rosemary choose a diamond for her mother, and some scarfs and novel cigarette cases to take home to business associates in California. For her son she bought Greek and Roman soldiers, a whole army of them, costing over a thousand francs. Once again they spent their money in different ways, and again Rosemary admired Nicole's method of spending. Nicole was sure that the money she spent was hers—Rosemary still thought her money was miraculously lent to her and she must consequently be very careful of it.

It was fun spending money in the sunlight of the foreign city, with healthy bodies under them that sent streams of color up to their faces; with arms and hands, legs and ankles that they stretched out confidently, reaching or stepping with the confidence of women lovely to men.

When they got back to the hotel and found Dick, all bright and new in the morning, both of them had a moment of complete childish joy.

He had just received a garbled telephone call from Abe who, so it appeared, had spent the forenoon in hiding.

"It was one of the most extraordinary telephone conversations I've ever held."

Dick had talked not only to Abe but to a dozen others. On the phone these supernumeraries had been typically introduced as: "—man wants to talk to you is in the teput dome, well he says he was in it—what is it?

"Hey, somebody, shut up—anyhow, he was in some shandel-scandal and he kaa *pos*sibly go home. My own *per*sonal is that—my personal is he's had a—" Gulps sounded and thereafter what the party had, rested with the unknown.

The phone yielded up a supplementary offer:

"I thought it would appeal to you anyhow as a psychologist." The vague personality who corresponded to this statement was eventually hung on to the phone; in the sequence he failed to appeal to Dick, as a psychologist, or indeed as anything else. Abe's conversation flowed on as follows:

"Hello."

"Well?"

"Well, hello."

"Who are you?"

"Well." There were interpolated snorts of laughter.

"Well, I'll put somebody else on the line."

Sometimes Dick could hear Abe's voice, accompanied by scufflings, droppings of the receiver, far-away fragments such as, "No, I don't, Mr. North. . . ." Then a pert decided voice had said: "If you are a friend of Mr. North you will come down and take him away."

Abe cut in, solemn and ponderous, beating it all down with an overtone of earth-bound determination.

"Dick, I've launched a race riot in Montmartre. I'm going over and get Freeman out of jail. If a Negro from Copenhagen that makes shoe polish—hello, can you hear me—well, look, if anybody comes there—" Once again the receiver was a chorus of innumerable melodies.

"Why you back in Paris?" Dick demanded.

"I got as far as Evreux, and I decided to take a plane back so I could compare it with St. Sulpice. I mean I don't intend to bring St. Sulpice back to Paris. I don't even mean Baroque! I meant St. Germain. For God's sake, wait a minute and I'll put the chasseur on the wire."

"For God's sake, don't."

"Listen—did Mary get off all right?"

"Yes."

"Dick, I want you to talk with a man I met here this morning, the son of a naval officer that's been to every doctor in Europe. Let me tell you about him——"

Dick had rung off at this point—perhaps that was a piece of ingratitude for he needed grist for the grinding activity of his mind.

"Abe used to be so nice," Nicole told Rosemary. "So nice. Long ago—when Dick and I were first married. If you had known him then. He'd come to stay with us for weeks and weeks and we scarcely knew he was in the house. Sometimes he'd play—sometimes he'd be in the library with a muted piano, making love to it by the hour—Dick, do you remember that maid? She thought he was a ghost and sometimes Abe used to meet her in the hall and moo at her, and it cost us a whole tea service once—but we didn't care."

So much fun—so long ago. Rosemary envied them their fun, imagining a life of leisure unlike her own. She knew little of leisure but she had the respect for it of those who have never had it. She thought of it as a resting, without realizing that the Divers were as far from relaxing as she was herself.

"What did this to him?" she asked. "Why does he have to drink?"

Nicole shook her head right and left, disclaiming responsibility for the matter: "So many smart men go to pieces nowadays."

"And when haven't they?" Dick asked. "Smart men play close to the line because they have to—some of them can't stand it, so they quit."

"It must lie deeper than that." Nicole clung to her conservatism; also she was irritated that Dick should contradict her before Rosemary. "Artists like—well, like Fernand don't seem to have to wallow in alcohol. Why is it just Americans who dissipate?"

There were so many answers to this question that Dick decided to leave it in the air, to buzz victoriously in Nicole's ears. He had become intensely critical of her. Though he thought she was the most attractive human creature he had ever seen, though he got from her everything he needed, he scented battle from afar, and subconsciously he had been hardening and arming himself, hour by hour. He was not given to self-indulgence and he felt comparatively graceless at this moment of indulging himself, blinding his eyes with the hope that Nicole guessed at only an emotional excitement about Rosemary. He was not sure—last night at the theater she had referred pointedly to Rosemary as a child.

The trio lunched downstairs in an atmosphere of carpets and padded waiters, who did not march at the stomping quick-step of those men who brought good food to the tables whereon they had recently dined. Here there were families of Americans staring around at families of Americans, and trying to make conversation with one another.

There was a party at the next table that they could not account for. It consisted of an expansive, somewhat secretarial, would-you-mind-repeating young man, and of a score of women. The women were neither young nor old nor of any particular social class; yet the party gave the impression of a unit, held more closely together for example

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than a group of wives stalling through a professional congress of their husbands. Certainly it was more of a unit than any conceivable tourist party.

An instinct made Dick suck back the grave derision that formed on his tongue; he asked the waiter to find out who they were.

"Those are the gold-star muzzers," explained the waiter.

Aloud and in low voices they exclaimed. Rosemary's eyes filled with tears.

"Probably the young ones are the wives," said Nicole.

Over his wine Dick looked at them again; in their happy faces, the dignity that surrounded and pervaded the party, he perceived all the maturity of an older America. For a while the sobered women who had come to mourn for their dead, for something they could not repair, made the room beautiful. Momentarily he sat again on his father's knee, riding with Moseby while the old loyalties and devotions fought on around him. Almost with an effort he turned back to his two women at the table and faced the whole new world in which he believed.

—Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?

Abe North was still in the Ritz bar, where he had been since nine in the morning. When he arrived seeking sanctuary the windows were open and great beams were busy at pulling up the dust from smoky carpets and cushions. Chasseurs tore through the corridors, liberated and disembodied, moving for the moment in pure space. The sit-down bar for women, across from the bar proper, seemed very small—it was hard to imagine what throngs it could accommodate in the afternoon.

The famous Paul, master of ceremonies, had not arrived, but Claude, who was checking stock, broke off his work with no improper surprise to make Abe a pick-me-up. Abe sat on a bench against a wall and examined the empty room more thoroughly than ever he had before—the faded rose carpet, the olive frame of a great mirror, the green upholstery, the yellow pillars matching the yellow walls, the clock, disregarded now as it ticked away the morning.

The drink Claude served him was a "Dashdeller," invented one day, years ago, for himself and Herman Dashdeller—it consisted of a jigger of gin shaken up with a jigger of cuantro with the addition of minor perfumes and charged water. Abe took two of them and began to feel better—so much better that he mounted to the barber's shop and was shaved. When he returned to the bar Paul had arrived—in his custom-built car, from which he had disembarked correctly at the Boulevard des Capucines. Paul liked Abe and came over to talk.

"I was supposed to ship home this morning," Abe said. "I mean yesterday morning, or whatever this is."

"Why din you?" asked Paul.

Abe considered, and happened finally to a reason: "I was reading a serial in Liberty and the next instalment was due here in Paris—so if I'd sailed I'd have missed it—then I never would have read it."

"It must be a very good story."

"It's a terr-r-rible story."

Paul arose chuckling and paused, leaning on the back of a chair:

"If you really want to get off, Mr. North, there are friends of yours going tomorrow on the France—Mister what is his name—and Slim Pearson. Mister—I'll think of it—tall with a new beard."

"Yardly," Abe supplied.

"Mr. Yardly. They're both going on the France."

He was on his way to his duties but Abe tried to detain him: "If I didn't have to go by way of Cherbourg. The baggage went that way."

"Get your baggage in New York," said Paul, receding.

The logic of the suggestion fitted gradually into Abe's pitch—he grew rather enthusiastic about being cared for, or rather of prolonging his state of irresponsibility.

Other clients had meanwhile drifted in to the bar: first came a huge Dane whom Abe had somewhere encountered. The Dane took a seat across the room, and Abe guessed he would be there all the day, drinking, lunching, talking or reading newspapers. He felt a desire to out-stay him.

It was eleven and the college boys had begun to drift in, stepping gingerly lest they tear one another bag from bag—Abe saw Collis Clay among them.

He watched Collis's conduct with amusement: Collis strode to the bar looking neither to left nor to right; he commanded a drink, and only then did he turn to search the room for friends. Out of the corner of his eye, he perceived Abe, but apparently decided that he did not know him well enough to come over; however an equivalent young man, who had entered with equivalent caution, was recognized as a pal, and with diffidence forgotten and confidence restored the pair of them sat down in the centre of the room—even bawled for a prominent barman to come and shake dice with them.

Many people were entering now. Meanwhile Abe was kept busy inventing excuses for the chasseur as to why he could not go to the phone to answer calls from a Mr. Crawshaw. Then he had the chasseur telephone to the Divers; by the time he was in touch with them he was in touch also with other friends—was feeling the bite of the "Dashdellers." His hunch was to put them all on the phone at once—the result was somewhat general. From time to time his mind reverted to the fact that he ought to go over and get Freeman out of jail but he shook off all facts as parts of the nightmare.

By one o'clock the bar was jammed; there were coteries of alcoholics, journalists, South Americans, innumerable collegians, a sprinkling of sponges; every table was occupied—clients stood in double ranks at the bar. An American gossip sheet was hawked through the room, but before the vender had completed his round, he was knifing through sardines; amidst the consequent mixture of voices the staff of waiters functioned, pinning down their clients to the facts of drink and money.

"That makes two stingers . . . and

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one more . . . two martinis and one . . . nothing for you, Mr. Quarterly . . . that makes three rounds. That makes seventy-five francs, Mr. Quarterly. Mr. Schaeffer said he had this —you had the last . . . I can only do what you say . . . thanks veramuch."

In the confusion Abe had lost his seat; now he stood gently swaying and talking to some of the people with whom he had involved himself. A terrier ran a leash around his legs but Abe managed to extricate himself without upsetting and became the recipient of profuse apologies. Presently he was invited to lunch, but declined. It was almost Briglith, he explained, and there was something he had to do at Briglith. A little later, with the exquisite manners of the alcoholic that are like the manners of a prisoner or a family servant, he said good-bye to an acquaintance, and turning around discovered that the bar's great moment was over as precipitately as it had begun.

Across from him the Dane and his companions had ordered luncheon. Abe followed the pattern except that he paid his check. After lunch—that he scarcely touched, though he envied the appetite of the correspondent Scandinavian—he watched the preparations for the afternoon. The glasses for champagne cocktails were banked in battalions on the bar—a majority of them destined for the women's side across the hall. At three-thirty the staff would begin to fill these glasses; a hundred could be served while another hundred was made up. The barman serving the women's side had an extraordinary face—hard and handsome.

Drifters came in the off hours, two to four, and there were a few business meetings. The Dane sat alone with his paper, deserted, speaking only to the waiters. Abe had not a paper; he sat, and each time he found a glass empty before him he ordered a new drink concocted from a brandy base that he called "L'Elixir Aux Nids d'Irondell." He was happy living in the past. The drink made past happy things contemporary with the present, as if they were still going on, contemporary even with the future as if they were about to happen again.

At four the chasseur approached him:

"You wish to see a colored fellow of the name Jules Peterson?"

"God! How did he find me?"

"I didn't tell him you were present."

"Who did?" Abe fell over his glasses but recovered himself.

"Says he's already been around to all the American bars and hotels."

"Tell him I'm not here—" As the chasseur turned away Abe asked: "Can he come in here?"

"I'll find out."

Receiving the question Paul glanced over his shoulder; he shook his head, then seeing Abe he came over.

"I'm sorry; I can't allow it."

Abe got himself up with an effort and went out to the Rue Cambon.

With his miniature leather brief-case in his hand Richard Diver walked from the seventh arrondisement—where he left a note for Maria Wallis signed "Dicole," the word with which he and Nicole had signed communications in the first days of love—to his shirtmakers where the clerks made a fuss over him out of proportion to the money he spent. Ashamed at promising so much to these poor Englishmen, with his fine manners, his air of having the key to security, ashamed of making a tailor shift an inch of silk on his arm. Afterwards he went to the bar of the Crillon and drank a small coffee and two fingers of gin.

As he entered the hotel the halls had seemed unnaturally bright; when he left he realized that it was because it had already turned dark outside. It was a windy four-o'clock night with the leaves on the Champs Elysées singing and failing, thin and wild. Dick turned down the Rue de Rivoli, walking two squares under the arcades to his bank where there was mail. Then he took a taxi and started up the Champs Elysées through the first patter of rain, sitting alone with his love.

Back at two o'clock in the Roi George corridor the beauty of Nicole had been to the beauty of Rosemary as the beauty of Leonardo's girl was to that of the girl of an illustrator. Dick moved on through the rain, demoniac and frightened, the passions of many men inside him and nothing simple that he could see.

Rosemary opened her door full of emotions no one else knew of. She was now what is sometimes called "a little wild thing"—by twenty-four full hours she was not yet unified and she was absorbed in playing around with chaos; as if her destiny were a picture puzzle —counting benefits, counting hopes, telling off Dick, Nicole, her mother, the director she met yesterday, like stops on a string of beads.

When Dick knocked she had just dressed and been watching the rain, thinking of some poem, and of full gutters in Beverly Hills. When she opened the door she saw him as something fixed and Godlike as he had always been, as older people are to younger, rigid and unmalleable. Dick saw her with an inevitable sense of disappointment. It took him a moment to respond to the faint dust of powder over her freshness, the unguarded sweetness of her smile, her body calculated to a millimeter to suggest a bud yet guarantee a flower. He was most conscious of the print of her wet foot on a rug through the bathroom door.

"Miss Television," he said with a lightness he did not feel. He put his gloves, his brief-case on the dressing-table, his stick against the wall. His chin dominated the lines of pain around his mouth, forcing them up into his forehead and the corner of his eyes, like fear that cannot be shown in public.

"Come and sit on my lap close to me," he said softly, "and let me see about your lovely mouth."

She came over and sat there and while the dripping slowed down outside—drip—dri-i-ip, she laid her lips to the beautiful cold image she had created.

Presently she kissed him several times in the mouth, her face getting big as it came up to him; he had never seen anything so dazzling as the quality of her skin, and since sometimes beauty gives back the images of one's best thoughts he thought of his responsibility about Nicole, and of the possibility of her being two doors down across the corridor.

"The rain's over," he said. "Do you see the sun on the slate?"

Rosemary stood up and leaned down and said her most sincere thing to him:

"Oh, we're such *act*ors—you and I."

She went to her dresser and the moment that she laid her comb flat against her hair there was a slow persistent knocking at the door.

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They were shocked motionless; the knock was repeated insistently, and in the sudden realization that the door was not locked Rosemary finished her hair with one stroke, nodded at Dick who had quickly jerked the wrinkles out of the bed where they had been sitting, and started for the door. Dick said in quite a natural voice, not too loud:

"—so if you don't feel up to going out, I'll tell Nicole and we'll have a very quiet last evening."

The precautions were needless for the situation of the parties outside the door was so harassed as to preclude any but the most fleeting judgments on matters not pertinent to themselves. Standing there was Abe, aged by several months in the last twenty-four hours, and a very frightened, concerned colored man whom Abe introduced as Mr. Peterson of Stockholm.

"He's in a terrible situation and it's my fault," said Abe. "We need some good advice."

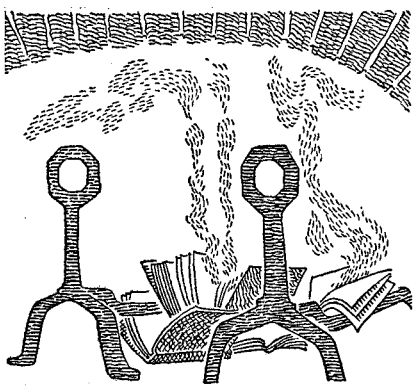
"Come in our rooms," said Dick.

Abe insisted that Rosemary come too and they crossed the hall to the Divers' suite. Jules Peterson, a small, respectable Negro, on the suave model that heels the Republican party in the border States, followed.

It appeared that the latter had been a witness to the early morning dispute in Montparnasse—even a legal witness, for he had accompanied Abe to the police station and supported his assertion that a thousand-franc note had been seized out of his hand by a Negro, whose identification was one of the points of the case. Abe and Jules Peterson, accompanied by an agent of police, returned to the bistrot and too hastily identified as the criminal a Negro, who, so it was established after an hour, had only entered the place after Abe left. The police had further complicated the situation by arresting the prominent Negro restaurateur, Freeman, who had only drifted through the alcoholic fog at a very early stage and then vanished. The true culprit, one Crawshaw, whose case, as reported by his friends, was that he had merely commandeered a fifty-franc note to pay for drinks that Abe had ordered, had only recently and in a somewhat sinister rôle, reappeared upon the scene.

In brief, Abe had succeeded in the space of an hour in entangling himself with the personal lives, consciences, and emotions of one Afro-European and three Afro-Americans inhabiting the French Latin quarter. The disentanglement was not even faintly in sight and the day had passed in an atmosphere of unfamiliar Negro faces bobbing up in unexpected places and around unexpected corners, and insistent Negro voices on the phone.

In person, Abe had succeeded in evading all of them, save Jules Peterson. Peterson was rather in the position of the friendly Indian who had helped a white. The Negroes who suffered



from the betrayal were not so much after Abe as after Peterson, and Peterson was very much after what protection he might get from Abe.

Up in Stockholm Peterson had been a small manufacturer of shoe polish; he had failed and now possessed only his formula and sufficient trade tools to fill a small box; however, his new protector had promised in the early hours to set him up in business in Versailles. Abe's former chauffeur was a shoemaker there and Abe had handed Peterson two hundred francs on account.

Rosemary listened with distaste to this rigmarole; to appreciate its grotesquerie required a more robust sense of humor than hers. The little man with his portable manufactory, his insincere eyes that, from time to time, rolled white semi-circles of panic into view; the figure of Abe, his face as blurred as the gaunt fine lines of it would permit—all this was as remote from her as sickness.

"I ask only a chance in life," said Peterson with the sort of precise yet distorted intonation peculiar to colonial countries. "My methods are simple, my formula is so good that I was drove away from Stockholm, ruined, because I did not care to dispose of it."

Dick regarded him politely—interest formed, dissolved, he turned to Abe:

"You go to some hotel and go to bed—I'll close up your account. After you're all straight Mr. Peterson will come and see you."

"But don't you appreciate the mess that Peterson's in?" Abe protested.

Dick stood up: "After all we're not college boys."

"I shall wait in the hall," said Mr. Peterson with delicacy. "It is perhaps hard to discuss my problems in front of me."

He withdrew after a short travesty of a French bow; Abe pulled himself to his feet with the deliberation of a locomotive.

"I don't seem highly popular today."

"Popular but not probable," Dick advised him. "My advice is to leave this hotel—by way of the bar, if you want. Go to the Chambord, or if you'll need a lot of service, go over to the Majestic."

"Could I annoy you for a drink?"

"There's not a thing up here," Dick lied.

Resignedly Abe shook hands with Rosemary; he composed his face slowly, holding her hand a long time and forming sentences that did not emerge.

"You are the most—one of the most——"

She was sorry, and rather revolted at his dirty hands, but she laughed in a well-bred way, as though it were nothing unusual to her to watch man walking in a slow dream. Often people display a curious respect for a man drunk, rather like the respect of simple races for the insane. Respect rather than fear. There is something awe-inspiring in one who has lost all inhibitions, who will do anything. Of course we make him pay afterward for his moment of superiority, his moment of impressiveness. Abe turned to Dick with a last appeal.

"If I go to a hotel and get all steamed and curry-combed, and sleep awhile, and fight off these Senegalese—could I come and spend the evening by the fireside?"

Dick nodded at him, less in agreement than in mockery and said: "You have a high opinion of your current capacities."

"I bet if Nicole was here she'd let me come back."

"All right." Dick went to a trunk tray and brought a box to the central

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table; inside were innumerable cardboard letters.

"You can come if you want to play anagrams."

Abe eyed the contents of the box with physical revulsion, as though he had been asked to eat them like oats.

"What are anagrams? Haven't I had enough strange——"

"It's a quiet game. You spell words with them—any word except alcohol."

"I bet you can spell alcohol," Abe plunged in his hand among the counters. "Can I come back if I can spell alcohol?"

"You can come back if you want to play anagrams."

Abe shook his head resignedly.

"If you're in that frame of mind there's no use—I'd just be in the way." He waved his finger reproachfully at Dick. "But remember what George the third said, that if Grant was drunk he wished he would bite the other generals."

With a last desperate glance at Rosemary from the golden corners of his eyes, he went out. To his relief Peterson was no longer in the corridor. Feeling lost and homeless he went back to the Ritz bar.

He had been absent an hour, and during that time a change had taken place: the chatter from the women's side now reached out to the Rue Cambon, it roared into Abe's ears in the hall—and as he turned into the men's bar, he came upon its very personification: a woman, half concealed by the protecting screen, stood looking uncertainly toward the jam of males and wobbling an unconfident finger at it. She was conscious of being out of place; she could see the coldly disgusted looks in such eyes as she managed to meet; yet she was not able to muster the grace to quit. Only Claude's loud "Excuse *me!*" as he passed her with a tray served to discourage her—by the time Abe had collapsed on a bench she was gone.

A man had entered in a battered derby with a cane improvised from wire and was playing Charlie Chaplin; Paul gave orders that he was not to be served. After another pair of "Elixirs" Abe himself was in shining shape; he told his next companions an Odyssean version of how he had missed his ship. He was not having a good time but across the room his Danish antagonist was at his mellowest, telling stories and snickering aloud at them exactly as if he were a real person, instead of Hamlet's father in a few short minutes that approximated life.

A little before seven began the drift away. The chasseur was constantly on the telephone making last-minute engagements or consoling deserted wives. The blue, brown and slate had faded from the picture, and the tone was black and white. There was no further noise across the hall. The Dane, once more alone, had ordered dinner—a certain relation had sprung up between them, including some petulance on the part of the Dane about Abe's staying so long without even a newspaper. The Dane had read parts of his own newspapers many times over.

At eight an American came in, looked at Abe, and then at the Dane, and took a table as far as possible removed from either. When, presently, another man joined him he arose and bowed. The acoustics were such that Abe overheard the beginning of the conversation:

"I asked you to meet me here because——"

"Cut out the preliminaries. What's it all about?"

"Just this—I'll mix it up with you anywhere, at any time, with any weapons. But I didn't like it last night."

"Well, why didn't you say?"

"I'm not standing it any more. What you and Nancy do is——"

They saw simultaneously that they were overheard and their voices dropped back into obscurity.

It was dull in the bar—a few men in evening clothes came in wanting quick cocktails. Even the Dane was demanding a check, which he signed, and joked meanwhile with a not especially receptive waiter. He gave Abe a viking stare as he went out; after a few minutes Abe tried to leave but his legs would not support him, so he settled as inconspicuously as he could in the corner of his bench and fell asleep. Paul had long departed. The room was again a faded rose and two yellow pillars matching the walls. The one attendant was in the service room adjoing, so Abe was alone.

When Abe tottered out of the room in the Roi George, Dick and Rosemary embraced fleetingly. There was a dust of Paris over both of them through which they scented each other: the rubber guard on Dick's fountain pen, the faintest odor of warmth from Rosemary's neck and shoulders. For another half-minute Dick clung to the situation; Rosemary was first to return to reality.

"I must go, youngster," she said.

They blinked at each other across a widening space, and Rosemary made an exit that she had learned young, and on which no director had ever tried to improve.

She opened the door of her room and went directly to her desk where she had suddenly remembered leaving her wrist-watch. It was there; slipping it on she glanced down at the daily letter to her mother, finishing the last sentence in her mind. Then, rather gradually, she realized without turning about that she was not alone in the room.

In an inhabited room there are refracting objects only half noticed: varnished wood, more or less polished brass, silver and ivory, and beyond these a thousand conveyers of light and shadow so mild that one scarcely thinks of them as that, the tops of picture-frames, the edges of pencils or ash-trays, of crystal or china ornaments; the totality of this refraction—appealing to equally subtle reflexes of the vision as well as to those associational fragments in the subconscious that we seem to hang on to, as a glass-fitter keeps the irregularly shaped pieces that may do some time—this fact might account for what Rosemary afterwards mystically described as "realizing" that there was some one in the room, before she could determine it. But when she did realize it she turned swift in a sort of ballet step and saw that a dead Negro was stretched upon her bed.

As she cried "aaouu!" and her still unfastened wrist-watch banged against the desk she had the preposterous idea that it was Abe North. Then she dashed for the door and across the hall.

Dick was straightening up; he had examined the gloves worn that day and thrown them into a pile of soiled gloves in a corner of a trunk. He had hung up coat and vest and spread his shirt on another hanger—a trick of his own. "You'll wear a shirt that's a little dirty where you won't wear a mussed shirt." Nicole had come in and was dumping one of Abe's extraordinary ash-trays into the waste-basket when Rosemary tore into the room.

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"*Dick! Dick!* Come and see!"

Dick jogged across the hall into her room. He knelt to Peterson's heart, and felt the pulse—the body was warm, the face, harassed and indirect in life, was gross and bitter in death; the box of materials was held under one arm but the shoe that dangled over the bedside was bare of polish and its sole was worn through. By French law Dick had no right to touch the body but he moved the arm a little to see something—there was a stain on the green coverlet, there would be faint blood on the blanket beneath.

Dick closed the door and stood thinking; he heard cautious steps in the corridor and then Nicole calling him by name. Opening the door he whispered: "Bring the couverture and top blanket from one of our beds—don't let any one see you."

The body, as he lifted it, was light and ill-nourished. Dick held it so that further hemorrhages from the wound would flow into the man's clothes. Laying it beside the bed he stripped off the coverlet and top blanket and then opening the door an inch, listened—there was a clank of dishes down the hall followed by a loud patronizing "Mer*ci*, Madame," but the waiter went in the other direction, toward the service stairway. Quickly Dick and Nicole exchanged bundles across the corridor; after spreading this covering on the bed Dick went to the phone and called the manager-owner of the hotel.

"McBeth?—it's Doctor Diver speaking—something very important. Are we on a more or less private line?"

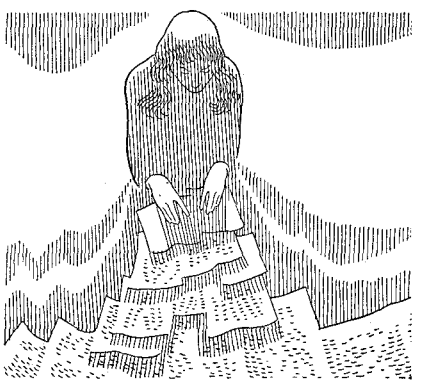
It was good that he had made that extra effort with Mr. McBeth which had firmly entrenched him—together with the money and prestige that the Divers commanded. Here was one use for all the pleasingness that Dick had expended over a large area he would never retrace . . .

"Going out of the suite Miss Hoyt and I came on a dead Negro . . . in the hall . . . no, no, he's a civilian. Wait a minute now—I knew you didn't want a scene so——"

What exquisite consideration for the hotel! Only because Mr. McBeth, with his own eyes, had seen these traits in Doctor Diver two nights before, could he credit what was to follow.

"—So Miss Hoyt opened *her* door and I pulled the man inside it . . . we never laid eyes on him—he has some kind of box—now McBeth, let's not get excited . . . you call a gendarme, and by the time you're up here I'll get the body back into the original position."

Sweating in the warm twilight in his undershirt Dick hung up the telephone. Certain points had become apparent to him in the moment following his examination of the body; first, that Abe's hostile Indian had tracked the friendly Indian and discovered him in the corridor, and when the latter had taken



desperate refuge in Rosemary's room, had hunted down and slain him; second, that if the situation were allowed to develop naturally, no power on earth could keep the smear off Rosemary—the paint was scarcely dry on the Arbuckle case. Her contract was contingent upon an obligation to continue rigidly and unexceptionally as "Daddy's Girl."

Automatically Dick made the old motion of turning up his sleeves though he wore a sleeveless undershirt, and bent over the body. Getting a purchase on the shoulders of the coat he kicked open the door with his heel, and dragged the body quickly into a plausible position in the corridor. He came back into Rosemary's room, smoothed back the grain of the plush floor rug, and waited.

In a minute Mr. McBeth with his chief clerk and a gendarme hurried out of the elevator and down the hall. Before coming upstairs Mr. McBeth had taken steps that may only be imagined, but that had greatly influenced the gendarme, as to make him pull his mustaches in a frenzy of peasant greed mixed with peasant uneasiness. He made perfunctory notes and sent a telephone call to his poste. Meanwhile with a celerity that Jules Peterson, as a business man, would have quite understood, the remains were carried into still another apartment of one of the most fashionable hotels in the world.

Dick went back to his salon.

"What *hap*pened?" cried Rosemary. "Do all the Americans in Paris just shoot at each other all the time?"

"This seems to be the open season," he answered. "Where's Nicole?"

"I think she's in the bathroom."

She adored him for saving her—disasters that could have attended upon the event had passed in prophecy through her mind; and she had listened in wild worship to his strong, sure, polite voice making it all right. But before she reached him in a sway of soul and body his attention focused on something else: he went into the bedroom and toward the bathroom. And now Rosemary, too, could hear, louder and louder, a verbal inhumanity that penetrated the keyholes and the cracks in the doors, swept into the suite and in the shape of horror took form again.

With the idea that Nicole had fallen in the bathroom and hurt herself, Rosemary followed Dick. That was not the condition of affairs at which she stared before Dick shouldered her back and brusquely blocked her view.

Nicole knelt beside the tub swaying sidewise and sidewise. "It's you!" she cried, "—it's you come to intrude on the only privacy I have in the world—with your spread with red blood on it. I'll wear it for you—I'm not ashamed, though it was such a pity. On All Fools Day we had a party on the Zurichsee, and all the fools were there, and I wanted to come dressed in a spread but they wouldn't let me——"

"Control yourself!"

"—so I sat in the bathroom and they brought me a domino and said wear that. I did. What else could I do?"

"Control yourself, Nicole!"

"I never expected you to love me—it was too late—only don't come in the bathroom, the only place I can go for privacy, dragging spreads with red blood on them and asking me to fix them."

"Control yourself. Get up——"

Rosemary, back in the salon, heard the bathroom door bang, and stood trembling: now she knew what Violet McKisco had seen in the bathroom at Villa Diana. She answered the ringing

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phone and almost cried with relief when she found it was Collis Clay, who had traced her to the Divers' apartment. She asked him to come up while she got her hat, because she was afraid to go in her room alone.

V

In the spring of 1917, when Doctor Richard Diver first arrived in Zurich, he was twenty-six years old, a fine age for a man, indeed the very acme of bachelorhood. Even in war-time days, it was a fine age for Dick, who was already too valuable, too much of a capital investment to be shot off in a gun. Years later it seemed to him that even in this sanctuary he did not escape lightly, but about that he never fully made up his mind—in 1917 he laughed at the idea, saying apologetically that the war didn't touch him at all. Instructions from his local board were that he was to complete his studies in Zurich and take a degree as he had planned.

Switzerland was an island, washed on one side by the waves of thunder around Gorizia and on another by the cataracts along the Somme and the Aisne. For once there were more intriguing strangers than sick in the cantons, but that had to be guessed at—the men who whispered in the little cafés of Berne and Geneva were as likely to be diamond salesmen or commercial travellers. However, no one had missed the long trains of blinded or one-legged men, or dying trunks, that crossed each other between the bright lakes of Constance and Neuchatel. In the bier-halls and shop windows were bright posters presenting the Swiss defending their frontiers in 1914—with inspiring ferocity young men and old men glared down from the mountains at phantom French and Germans; the purpose was to assure the Swiss heart that it had shared the contagious glory of those days. As the massacre continued the posters withered away, and no country was more surprised than its sister republic when the United States bungled its way into the war.

Doctor Diver had seen around the edges of the war by that time: he was an Oxford Rhodes Scholar from Connecticut in 1914. He returned home for a final year at Johns Hopkins, and took his degree. In 1916 he managed to get to Vienna under the impression that, if he did not make haste, the great Freud would eventually succumb to an aeroplane bomb. Even then Vienna was old with death but Dick managed to get enough coal and oil to sit in his room in the Damenstiff Strasse and write the pamphlets that he later destroyed, but that, rewritten, were the backbone of the book he published in Zurich in 1920.

Most of us have a favorite, a heroic period, in our lives and that was Dick Diver's. For one thing he had no idea that he was charming, that the affection he gave and inspired was anything unusual among healthy people. In his last year at New Haven some one referred to him as "lucky Dick"—the name lingered in his head.

"Lucky Dick, you big stiff," he would whisper to himself, walking around the last sticks of flame in his room. "You hit it again, my boy. Nobody knew it was there before you came along."

At the beginning of 1917, when it was becoming difficult to find coal, Dick burned for fuel almost a hundred textbooks that he had accumulated; but only, as he laid each one on the fire, with an assurance chuckling inside him that he was himself a digest of what was within the book, that he could brief it five years from now, if it deserved to be briefed. This went on at any odd hour, if necessary, with a floor rug over his shoulders, with the fine quiet of the scholar which is nearest of all things to heavenly peace—but which, as will presently be told, had to end.

For its temporary continuance he thanked his body that had done the flying rings at New Haven, and now swam in the winter Danube. With Elkins, second secretary at the Embassy, he shared an apartment, and there were two nice girl visitors—which was that and not too much of it, nor too much of the Embassy either. His contact with Ed Elkins aroused in him a first faint doubt as to the quality of his mental processes; he could not feel that they were profoundly different from the thinking of Elkins—Elkins, who would name you all the quarterbacks in New Haven for thirty years.

"—And Lucky Dick can't be one of these clever men; he must be less intact, even faintly destroyed. If life won't do it for him it's not a substitute to get a disease, or a broken heart, or an inferiority complex, though it'd be nice to build out some broken side till it was better than the original structure."

He mocked at his reasoning, calling it specious and "American"—his criteria of uncerebral phrase-making was that it was American. He knew, though, that the price of his intactness was incompleteness.

"The best I can wish you, my child," so said the Fairy Blackstick in Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring,* "is a little misfortune."

In some moods he griped at his own reasoning: Could I help it that Pete Livingstone sat in the locker-room Tap Day when everybody looked all over hell for him? And I got an election when otherwise I wouldn't have got Elihu, knowing so few men. He was good and right and I ought to have sat in the locker-room instead. Maybe I would, if I'd thought I had a chance at an election. But Mercer kept coming to my room all those weeks. I guess I knew I had a chance all right, all right. But it would have served me right if I'd swallowed my pin in the shower and set up a conflict.

After the lectures at the University he used to argue this point with a young Rumanian intellectual who reassured him: "There's no evidence that Goethe ever had a 'conflict' in the modern sense, or a man like Jung, for instance. You're not a romantic philosopher—you're a scientist. Memory, force, character—especially good sense. That's going to be your trouble—judgment about yourself—once I knew a man who worked two years on the brain of an armadillo, with the idea that he would sooner or later know more about the brain of an armadillo than any one. I kept arguing with him that he was not really pushing out the extension of the human range—it was too arbitrary. And sure enough, when he sent his work to the medical journal they refused it—they had just accepted a thesis by another man on the same subject."

Dick got up to Zurich on less Achilles heels than would be required to equip a centipede, but with plenty—the illusions of eternal strength and health, and of the essential goodness of people; illusions of a nation, the lies of generations of frontier mothers who

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had to croon falsely, that there were no bears outside the cabin door. After he took his degree, he received his orders to join a neurological unit forming in Bar-sur-Aube.

In France, to his disgust, the work was executive rather than practical. In compensation he found time to complete the short textbook and assemble the material for his next venture. He returned to Zurich in the spring of 1919 discharged.

The foregoing has the ring of a biography, without the satisfaction of knowing that the hero, like Grant, lolling in his general store in Galena, is ready to be called to an intricate destiny. Moreover it is confusing to come across a youthful photograph of some one known in a rounded maturity and gaze with a shock upon a fiery, wiry, eagle-eyed stranger. Best to be reassuring—Dick Diver's moment now began.

It was a damp April day, with long diagonal clouds over the Albishorn and water inert in the low places. Zurich is not unlike an American city. Missing something ever since his arrival two days before, Dick perceived that it was the sense he had had in finite French lanes that there was nothing more. In Zurich there was a lot besides Zurich—the roofs upled the eyes to tinkling cow pastures, which in turn modified hilltops further up—so life was a perpendicular starting off to a postcard heaven. The Alpine lands, home of the toy and the funicular, the merry-go-round and the thin chime, were not a being *here,* as in France, with French vines growing over one's feet on the ground.

In Salzburg once Dick had felt the superimposed quality of a bought and borrowed century of music; once in the laboratories of the university in Zurich, delicately poking at the cervical of a brain, he had felt like a toy-maker rather than like the tornado who had hurried through the old red buildings of Hopkins, two years before, unstayed by the irony of the gigantic Christ in the entrance hall.

Yet he had decided to remain another two years in Zurich, for he did not underestimate the value of toy-making, of infinite precision, of infinite patience.

Today he went out to see Franz Gregorovious at Dohmler's clinic on the Zurichsee. Franz, resident pathologist at the clinic, a Vaudois by birth, a few years older than Dick, met him at the tram stop. He had a dark and magnificent aspect of Cagliostro about him, contrasted with holy eyes; he was the third of the Gregoroviouses—his grandfather had instructed Krapaelin when psychiatry was just emerging from the darkness of all time. In personality he was proud, fiery, and sheep-like—he fancied himself as a hypnotist. If the original genius of the family had grown a little tired, Franz would without doubt become a fine clinician.

On the way to the clinic he said: "Tell me of your experiences in the war. Are you changed like the rest? You have the same stupid and unaging American face, except I know you're not stupid, Dick."

"I didn't see any of the war—you must have gathered that from my letters, Franz."

"That doesn't matter—we have some shell-shocks who merely heard an air raid from a distance. We have a few who merely read newspapers."

"It sounds like nonsense to me."

"Maybe it is, Dick. But, we're a rich person's clinic—we don't use the word. Frankly, did you come down to see me or to see that girl?"

They looked sideways at each other; Franz smiled enigmatically.

"Naturally I saw all the first letters," he said in his official basso. "When the change began, delicacy prevented me from opening any more. Really it had become your case."

"Then she's well?" Dick demanded.

"Perfectly well. I have charge of her, in fact I have charge of the majority of the English and American patients. They call me Doctor Gregory."

"Let me explain about that girl," Dick said. "I only saw her one time, that's a fact. When I came out to say good-bye to you just before I went over to France. It was the first time I put on my uniform and I felt very bogus in it—went around saluting private soldiers and all that."

"Why didn't you wear it today?"

"Hey! I've been discharged three weeks. Here's the way I happened to see that girl. When I left you I walked down toward that building of yours on the lake to get my bicycle."

"—toward the 'Cedars'?"

"—a wonderful night, you know—moon over that mountain——"

"The Krenzegg."

"—I caught up with a nurse and a young girl. I didn't think the girl was a patient; I asked the nurse about tram times and we walked along. The girl was about the prettiest thing I ever saw."

"She still is."

"She'd never seen an American uniform and we talked, and I didn't think anything about it." He broke off, recognizing a familiar perspective, and then resumed: "—except, Franz, I'm not as hard-boiled as you are yet; when I see a beautiful shell like that I can't help feeling a regret about what's inside it. That was absolutely all—till the letters began to come."

"It was the best thing that could have happened to her," said Franz dramatically, "a transference of the most fortuitous kind. That's why I came down to meet you on a very busy day. I want you to come into my office and talk a long time before you see her. In fact, I sent her into Zurich to do errands." His voice was tense with enthusiasm. "In fact, I sent her without a nurse, with a less stable patient. I'm intensely proud of this case, which I handled, with your accidental assistance."

The car had followed the shore of the Zurichsee into a fertile region of pasture farms and low hills, steepled with chalets. The sun swam out into a blue sea of sky and suddenly it was a Swiss valley at its best—pleasant sounds and murmurs and a good fresh smell of health and cheer.

Professor Dohmler's plant consisted of three old buildings and a pair of new ones, between a slight eminence and the shore of the lake. At its founding, ten years before, it had been the first modern clinic for mental illness; at a casual glance no layman would recognize it as a refuge for the broken, the incomplete, the menacing, of this world,

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though two buildings were surrounded with vine-softened walls of a deceptive height. Some men raked straw in the sunshine; here and there, as they rode into the grounds, the car passed the white flag of a nurse waving beside a patient on a path.

After conducting Dick to his office, Franz excused himself for half an hour. Left alone Dick wandered about the room and tried to reconstruct Franz from the litter of his desk, from his books and the books of and by his father and grandfather; from the Swiss piety of a huge claret-colored photo of the former on the wall. There was smoke in the room; pushing open a French window, Dick let in a cone of sunshine. Suddenly his thoughts swung to the patient, the girl.

He had received about fifty letters from her, written over a period of eight months. The first one was apologetic, explaining that she had heard from America how girls wrote to soldiers whom they did not know. She had obtained the name and address from Doctor Gregory and she hoped he would not mind if she sometimes sent word to wish him well, etc., etc.

So far it was easy to recognize the tone—from "Daddy-Long-Legs" and "Molly-Make-Believe," sprightly and sentimental epistolary collections enjoying a vogue in the States. But there the resemblance ended.

The letters were divided into two classes, of which the first class, up to about the time of the armistice, was of a marked pathological turn, and of which the second class, running from thence up to the present, was entirely normal, and displayed a richly maturing nature. For these latter letters Dick had come to wait eagerly in the last dull months at Bar-sur-Aube—yet even from the first letters he had pieced together more than Franz would have guessed of the story.

Mon Capitaine:

I thought when I saw you in your uniform you were so handsome. Then I thought Je m'en fiche French too and German. You thought I was pretty too but I've had that before and a long time I've stood it. If you come here again with that attitude base and criminal and not even faintly what I had been taught to associate with the rôle of gentleman then heaven help you. However, you seem quieter than the others, all soft

(2)

like a big cat. I have only gotten to like boys who are rather sissies. Are you a sissy? There were some somewhere.

Excuse all this it is the third letter I have written you and will send immediately or will never send. I've thought a lot about moonlight too and there are many witnesses I could find if I could only be out of here.

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They said you were a doctor but so long as you are a cat it is different. My head aches so so excuse this walking there like an ordinary with a white cat will explain I think. I can speak three languages, four with English and am sure I could be useful interpreting if you arrange such thing in France I'm sure I could control everything with the belts all bound around everybody like it was Wednesday. It is now Saturday and you are far away perhaps killed.

(4)

Come back to me some day for I will be here always on this green hill. Unless they will let me write my father whom I loved dearly.

Excuse this. I am not myself today. I will write when I feel better.

Cherio

NICOLE WARREN.

Excuse all this.

Captain Diver:

I know introspection is not good for a highly nervous state like mine but I would like you to know where I stand. Last year or whenever it was in Chicago when I got so I couldn't speak to servants or walk in the street I kept waiting for some one to tell me. It was the duty of some one who understood. The blind must be led. Only no one would tell me everything—they would just tell me half and I was already too muddled to put two and two together. One man was nice—he was a French officer and he understood. He gave me a flower

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and said it was "plus petite et moins entendu." We were friends. Then he took it away. I grew sicker and there was no one to explain to me. They had a song about Joan of Arc that they used to sing at me but that was just mean—it would just make me cry, for there was nothing the matter with my head then. They kept making reference to sports too but I didn't care by that time. So there was that day I went walking on Michigan Boulevard on and on for

(3)

miles and finally they followed me in an automobile but I wouldn't get in. Finally they pulled me in and there were nurses. After that time I began to realize it all because I could feel what was happening in others. So you see how I stand. And what good can it be for me to stay here with the doctors harping constantly on the things I was here to get over. So today I have written my father to come and take me

(4)

away. I am glad you are so interested in examining people and sending them back. It must be so much fun.

And again, from another letter:

You might pass up your next examination and write me a letter. They just sent me some phonograph records in case I should forget my lesson and I broke them all so the nurse won't speak to me. They were in English so that the nurses would not understand. One doctor in Chicago said I was bluffing but what he really meant was that I was a twin six and he had never seen one before. But I was very busy being mad then so I didn't care what he said, when I am very busy being mad I don't usually care what they say not if I were a million girls.

You told me that night you'd teach

(2)

me to play. Well I think love is all there is or should be. Anyhow I am glad your interest in examinations keeps you busy.

Tout a vous,

NICOLE WARREN.

There were other letters among whose helpless cæsuras lurked darker rhythms.

Dear Captain Diver,

I write to you because there is no one else to whom I can turn and it seems to me if this farcicle situation is apparent to one as sick as me it should be appar-

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ent to you. The mental trouble is all over and besides that I am completely broken and humiliated if that was what they wanted. My family have shamefully neglected me, there's no use asking them for help or pity. I have had enough and it is simply ruining my

(2)

health and wasting my time pretending that what is the matter with my head is curable.

Here I am in what appears to be a semi-insane-asylum all because nobody saw fit to tell me the truth about anything. If I had only known what was going on like I know now I could have stood it I guess for I am pretty strong but those who should have did not see fit to enlighten me. And now when I

(3)

know and have paid such a price for knowing they sit there with their dogs lives and say I should believe what I did believe. Especially one does but I know now.

I am lonesome all the time far away from friends and family across the Atlantic I roam all over the place in a half daze. If you could get me a position as

(4)

interpreter (I know French and German like a native, fair Italian and a little Spanish) or in the Red Cross Ambulance or as a train nurse, though I would have to train you would prove a great blessing.

And again:

Since you will not accept my explanation of what is the matter you could at least explain to me what you think because you have a kind cat's face, and not that funny look that seems to be so fashionable here. Dr. Gregory gave me a snapshot of you, not as handsome as you are in your uniform, but younger looking.

Mon Capitaine

It was fine to have your postcard. I am so glad you take such interest in disqualifying nurses—oh, I understood your note very well indeed. Only I thought from the moment I met you that you were different.

Dear Capitaine

I think one thing today and another tomorrow. That is really all that's the matter with me except a crazy defiance and a lack of proportion. I would gladly welcome any alienist you might suggest. Here they lie in their bath tubs and sing Play in Your Own Backyard as if I had any back yard to play in or any hope which I can find by looking

(2)

either backward or forward. They tried it again in the candy store again and I almost hit the man with the weight but they held me.

I am not going to write you any more. I am too unstable.

And then a month with no letters. And then suddenly the change.

—I am slowly coming back to life . . .

—Today the flowers and the clouds . . .

—The war is over and I scarcely knew there was a war . . .

—How kind you have been! You must be very wise behind your face like a white cat, except you don't look like that in the picture Dr. Gregory gave me . . .

—Today I went to Zurich, how strange a feeling to see a city again.

—Today we went to Berne, it was so nice with the clocks.

—Today we climbed high enough to find asphodel and edelweiss . . .

After that the letters were fewer, but he answered them all. There was one:

I wish someone were in love with me like boys were ages ago before I was sick. I suppose it will be years though before I could think of anything like that.

But when Dick's answer was delayed for any reason, there was a fluttering burst of worry—like a worry of a lover: "Perhaps I have bored you," and: "Afraid I have presumed," and: "I keep thinking at night you have been sick."

In actuality Dick was sick with the flu. When he recovered, all except the formal part of his correspondence was sacrificed to the consequent fatigue, and shortly afterward the memory of her became overlaid by the vivid presence of a Wisconsin telephone girl at headquarters in Bar-sur-Aube. She was red-lipped like a poster, and known obscenely in the messes as "The Switchboard."

Franz came back into his office feeling self-important. Dick thought he would probably be a fine clinician, for the sonorous or staccato cadences by which he disciplined nurse or patient came not from his nervous system but from a tremendous and harmless vanity. His true emotions were more ordered and kept to himself.

"Now about the girl, Dick," he said. "Of course, I want to find out about you and tell you about myself, but first about the girl, because I have been waiting to tell you about it so long."

He searched for and found a sheaf of papers in a filing cabinet but after shuffling through them he found they were in his way and put them on his desk. Instead he told Dick the story.

About a year and a half before, Doctor Dohmler had some vague correspondence with an American gentleman living in Lausanne, a Mr. Devereux Warren, of the Warren family of Chicago. A meeting was arranged and one day Mr. Warren arrived at the clinic with his daughter Nicole, a girl of sixteen. She was obviously not well and the nurse who was with her took her to walk about the grounds while Mr. Warren had his consultation.

Warren was a strikingly handsome man looking less than forty. He was a fine American type in every way, tall, broad, well-made—*"un homme très chic,"* as Doctor Dohmler described him to Franz. His large gray eyes were sun-veined from rowing on Lake Geneva, and he had that special air about him of having known the best of this world. The conversation was in German, for it developed that he had been educated at Göttingen. He was nervous and obviously very moved by his errand.

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"Doctor Dohmler, my daughter isn't right in her head. I've had lots of specialists and nurses for her and she's taken a couple of rest cures but the thing has grown too big for me and I've been strongly recommended to come to you."

"Very well," said Doctor Dohmler. "Suppose you start at the beginning and tell me everything."

"There isn't any beginning, at least there isn't any insanity in the family that I know of, on either side. Nicole's mother died when she was eleven and I've sort of been father and mother both to her, with the help of governesses—father and mother both to her."

He was very moved as he said this. Doctor Dohmler saw that there were tears in the corners of his eyes and noticed for the first time that there was whiskey on his breath.

"As a child she was a darling thing—everybody was crazy about her, everybody that came in contact with her. She was smart as a whip and happy as the day is long. She liked to read or draw or dance or play the piano—anything. I used to hear my wife say she was the only one of our children who never cried at night. I've got an older girl, too, and there was a boy that died, but Nicole was—Nicole was—Nicole——"

He broke off and Doctor Dohmler helped him.

"She was a perfectly normal, bright, happy child."

"Perfectly."

Doctor Dohmler waited. Mr. Warren shook his head, blew a long sigh, glanced quickly at Doctor Dohmler and then at the floor again.

"About eight months ago, or maybe it was six months ago or maybe ten—I try to figure but I can't remember exactly where we were when she began to do funny things—crazy things. Her sister was the first one to say anything to me about it—because Nicole was always the same to me," he added rather hastily, as if some one had accused him of being to blame, "—the same loving little girl. The first thing was about a valet."

"Oh, yes," said Doctor Dohmler, nodding his venerable head, as if, like Sherlock Holmes, he had expected a valet and only a valet to be introduced at this point.

"I had a valet—been with me for years—Swiss, by the way." He looked up for Doctor Dohmler's patriotic approval. "And she got some crazy idea about him. She thought he was making up to her—of course, at the time I believed her and I let him go, but I know now it was all nonsense."

"What did she claim he had done?"

"That was the first thing—the doctors couldn't pin her down. She just looked at them as if they ought to know what he'd done. But she certainly meant he'd made some kind of indecent advances to her—she didn't leave us in any doubt of that."

"I see."

"Of course, I've read about women getting lonesome and thinking there's a man under the bed and all that, but why should Nicole get such an idea? She could have all the young men she wanted. We were in Lake Forest—that's a summer place near Chicago where we have a place—and she was out all day playing golf or tennis with boys. And some of them pretty gone on her at that."

All the time Warren was talking to the dried old package of Doctor Dohmler, one section of the latter's mind kept thinking intermittently of Chicago. Once in his youth he could have gone to Chicago as fellow and docent at the University, and perhaps become rich there and owned his own clinic instead of being only a minor share-holder in a clinic. But when he had thought of what he considered his own thin knowledge spread over that whole area, over all those wheat fields, those endless prairies, he had decided against it. But he had read about Chicago in those days, about the great feudal families of Armour, Palmer, Field, Crane, Warren, Swift, and McCormick and many others, and since that time not a few patients had come to him from that stratum of Chicago and New York.

"She got worse," continued Warren. "She had a fit or something—the things she said got crazier and crazier. Her sister wrote some of them down—" He handed a much-folded piece of paper to the doctor. "Almost always about men going to attack her, men she knew or men on the street—anybody——"

He told of their alarm and distress, of the horrors families go through under such circumstances, of the ineffectual efforts they had made in America, finally of the faith in a change of scene that had made him run the submarine blockade and bring his daughter to Switzerland.

"—on a United States cruiser," he specified with a touch of hauteur. "It was possible for me to arrange that, by a stroke of luck. And, may I add," he smiled apologetically, "that as they say: money is no object."

"Certainly not," agreed Dohmler dryly.

He was wondering why and about what the man was lying to him. Or, if he was wrong about that, what was the falsity that pervaded the whole room, the handsome figure in tweeds sprawling in his chair with a sportsman's ease? That was a tragedy out there, in the February day, the young bird with wings crushed somehow, and inside here it was all too thin, thin and wrong.

"I would like—to talk to her—a few minutes now," said Doctor Dohmler, going into English as if it would bring him closer to Warren.

Afterwards when Warren had left his daughter and returned to Lausanne, and several days had passed, the doctor and Franz entered upon Nicole's card:

*Diagnostic: Schizophrénie. Phase aigue en décroissance. Le peur des hommes est un symptôme de la maladie, et n'est point constitutionnel . . . Le pronostic doit rester réserve.**

And then they waited with increasing interest as the days passed for Mr. Warren's promised second visit.

It was slow in coming. After a fortnight Doctor Dohmler wrote. Confronted with further silence he committed what was for those days "une folie," and telephoned to the Grand Hotel at Vevey. He learned from Mr. Warren's valet that he was at the moment packing to sail for America. But reminded that the forty francs Swiss for the call would show up on the clinic books, the blood of the Tuileries Guard rose to Doctor Dohmler's aid and Mr. Warren was got to the phone.

"It is—absolutely necessary—that you come. Your daughter's health—all depends. I can take no responsibility."

"But look here, Doctor, that's just what you're for. I have a hurry call to go home!"

Doctor Dohmler had never yet

**Diagnosis: Divided Personality. Acute and down-hill phase of the illness. The fear of men is a symptom of the illness and is not at all constitutional . . . The prognosis must be reserved.*

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spoken to any one so far away but he sent his ultimatum so firmly into the gutta percha that the agonized American at the other end yielded. Half an hour after this second arrival on the Zurichsee, Warren had broken down, his fine shoulders shaking with awful sobs inside his easy-fitting coat, his eyes redder than the very sun on Lake Geneva, and they had the awful story.

"It just happened," he said hoarsely. "I don't know—I don't know . . ."

As he listened, Dohmler's mind reverted again to Chicago, and to a mild, pale gentleman who had looked him over in Zurich thirty years before. As the story concluded he sat back in the focal armchair of the middle class and said to himself sharply, "Peasant!"—it was one of the few absolute worldly judgments that he had permitted himself for twenty years. Then he said:

"I would like for you to go to a hotel in Zurich and spend the night and come see me in the morning."

"And then what?"

Doctor Dohmler spread his hands wide enough to carry a young pig.

"Chicago," he suggested.

"Then we knew where we stood," said Franz. "Dohmler told Warren we would take the case if he would agree to keep away from his daughter indefinitely, with an absolute minimum of three years. After Warren's first collapse, he seemed chiefly concerned as to whether the story would ever leak back to America.

"We mapped out a routine for her and waited. The prognosis was bad—as you know, the percentage of cures, even so-called social cures, is very low at that age."

"These first letters looked bad," agreed Dick.

"Very bad—very typical. I hesitated about letting the first one get out of the clinic. Then I thought it will be good for Dick to know we're carrying on here. It was generous of you to answer them."

Dick sighed. "She was such a pretty thing—she enclosed a lot of snapshots of herself. And for a month there I didn't have anything to do. All I said in my letters was 'Be a good girl and mind the doctors.'"

"That was enough—it gave her somebody to think of outside. For a while she didn't have anybody—only one sister that she doesn't seem very close to. Besides, reading her letters helped us here—they were a measure of her condition."

"I'm glad."

"You see now what happened? She felt complicity—that's neither here nor there, except as we want to revalue her ultimate stability and strength of character. First came this shock. Then she went off to boarding-school and heard the girls talking—so from sheer self-protection she developed the idea that she had had no complicity—and from

there it was easy to slide into a phantasy world where all men, the more you liked them and trusted them, the more evil——"

"Did she ever go into the—the horror directly?"

"No, and as a matter of fact when she began to seem normal, about October, we were in a predicament. If she had been thirty years old we would have let her make her own adjustment, but she was so young we were afraid she might harden with it all twisted inside her. So Doctor Dohmler said to her frankly, 'Your duty now is to yourself. This doesn't by any account mean the end of anything for you—your life is just at its beginning,' and so forth and so forth. She really has an excellent mind, so he gave her a little Freud to read, not too much, and she was very interested. In fact, we've made rather a pet of her around here. But she is reticent," he added; he hesitated: "We have wondered if in her recent letters to you which she mailed herself from Zurich, she has said anything that would be illuminating about her state of mind and her plans for the future."

Dick considered.

"Yes and no—I'll bring the letters out here if you want. She seems hopeful and normally hungry for life—even rather romantic. Sometimes she speaks of 'the past' as people speak who have been in prison. But you never know whether they refer to the crime or the imprisonment or the whole experience. After all I'm only a sort of stuffed figure in her life."

"Of course, I understand your position exactly, and I express our gratitude once again. That was why I wanted to see you before you see her."

Dick laughed.

"You think she's going to make a flying leap at my person?"

"No, not that. But I want to ask you to go very gently. You are attractive to women, Dick."

"Then God help me! Well, I'll be gentle and repulsive—I'll chew garlic whenever I'm going to see her and wear a stubble beard. I'll drive her to cover."

"Not garlic!" said Franz, taking him seriously. "You don't want to compromise your career. But you're partly joking."

"—and I can limp a little. And there's no real bathtub where I'm living anyhow."

"You're entirely joking," Franz relaxed—or rather assumed the posture of one relaxed. "Now tell me about yourself and your plans?"

"I've only got one, Franz, and that's to be a good psychologist—maybe to be the greatest one that ever lived."

Franz laughed pleasantly, but he saw that this time Dick wasn't joking.

"That's very good—and very American," he said. "It's more difficult for us." He got up and went to the French window. "I stand here and I see Zurich—there is the steeple of the Gross-Münster. In its vault my grandfather is buried. Across the bridge from it lies my uncle Gottfried Keller who would not be buried in any church. Nearby is the statue of my ancestor, Heinrich Pestalozzi, and one of Doctor Alfred Escher. And over everything there is always Zwingli—I am continually confronted with a pantheon of heroes."

"Yes, I see." Dick got up. "I was only talking big. Everything's just starting over. Most of the Americans in France are frantic to get home, but not me—I draw military pay all the rest of the year if I only attend lectures at the University. How's that for a government on the grand scale that knows its future great men? Then I'm going

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home for a month and see my father. Then I'm coming back—I've been offered a job."

"Where?"

"Your rivals—Gisler's Clinic on Interlachen."

"Don't touch it," Franz advised him. "They've had a dozen young men there in a year. Gisler's a manic-depressive himself, his wife and her lover run the clinic—of course, you understand that's confidential."

"How about your old scheme for America?" asked Dick lightly. "We were going to New York and start an up-to-date establishment for billionaires."

"That was students' talk."

Dick dined with Franz and his bride in their cottage on the edge of the grounds. He felt vaguely oppressed, not by the atmosphere of modest retrenchment, nor by Frau Gregorovious, who might have been prophesied, but by the sudden contracting of horizons to which Franz seemed so reconciled. For him the boundaries of asceticism were differently marked—he could see it as a means to an end, even as a carrying on with a glory it would itself supply, but it was hard to think of deliberately cutting life down to the scale of an inherited suit. The domestic gestures of Franz and his wife as they turned in a cramped space lacked grace and adventure. The post-war months in France, and the lavish liquidations taking place under the ægis of American splendor, had affected Dick's outlook. Also, men and women had made much of him, and perhaps what had brought him back to the centre of the great Swiss watch, was an intuition that this was not too good for a serious man.

He made Kaethe Gregorovious feel charming, meanwhile becoming increasingly restless at the all-pervading cauliflower—simultaneously hating himself too for this incipience of he knew not what superficiality.

"God, am I like the rest after all?" —So he used to think starting awake at night—"Am I like the rest?"

This was poor material for a socialist but good material for those who do much of the world's rarest work. The truth was that for some months he had been going through that partitioning of the things of youth wherein it is decided whether or not to die for what one no longer believes. In the dead white hours in Zurich staring into a stranger's pantry across the upshine of a street lamp, he used to think that he wanted to be good, he wanted to be kind, he wanted to be brave and wise, but it was all pretty difficult. He wanted to be loved, too, if he could fit it in.

The veranda of the central building was illuminated from open French windows, save where the black shadows of stripling walls and the fantastic shadows of iron chairs slithered down into a gladiola bed. From the figures that shuffled between the rooms Miss Warren emerged first in glimpses and then sharply when she saw him and crossed the threshold. As she came out her face caught the room's last light and brought it outside with her. She walked to a rhythm—all that week there had been singing in her ears, summer songs of ardent skies and wild shade, and with his arrival the singing had become so loud she could have joined in with it.

"How do you do, Captain," she said, unfastening her eyes from his with difficulty, as though they had become entangled. "Shall we sit out here?" She stood still, her glance moving about for a moment. "It's summer practically."

A woman had followed her out, a dumpy woman in a shawl, and Nicole presented Dick: "Señora——"

Franz excused himself and Dick grouped three chairs together.

"The lovely night," the Señora said.

"Muy bella," agreed Nicole; then to Dick, "Are you here for a long time?"

"I'm in Zurich for a long time, if that's what you mean."

"This is really the first night of real spring," the Señora suggested.

"To stay?"

"At least till July."

"I am leaving in June."

"June is a lovely month here," the Señora commented. "You should stay for June and then leave in July when it gets really too hot."

"You're going where?" Dick asked Nicole.

"Somewhere with my sister—somewhere exciting, I hope, because I've lost so much time. But perhaps they'll think I ought to go to a quiet place at first—perhaps Como. Why don't you come to Como?"

"Ah, Como—" began the Señora.

Within the building a trio broke into Suppe's "Light Cavalry." Nicole took advantage of this to stand up and the impression of her youth and beauty grew on Dick until it welled up inside him in a compact paroxysm of emotion. She smiled, a moving childish smile that was like all the lost youth in the world.

"The music's too loud to talk against —suppose we walk around. Buenas noches, Señora."

"G't night—g't night."

They went down two steps to the path—where in a moment a shadow cut across it. She took his arm.

"I have some phonograph records my sister sent me from America," she said. "Next time you come here I'll play them for you—I know a place to put the phonograph where no one can hear."

"That'll be nice."

"Do you know 'Hindustan'?" she asked wistfully. "I'd never heard it before, but I like it. And I've got 'Why Do They Call Them Babies?' and 'I'm Glad I Can Make You Cry.' I suppose you've danced to all those tunes in Paris?"

"I haven't been to Paris."

Her cream-colored dress, alternately blue or gray as they walked, and her very blonde hair, dazzled Dick—whenever he turned toward her she was smiling a little, her face lighting up like an angel's when they came into the range of a roadside arc. She thanked him for everything, rather as if he had taken her to some party, and as Dick became less and less certain of his relation to her, her confidence increased —there was that excitement about her that seemed to reflect all the excitement of the world.

"I'm not under any restraint at all," she said. "I'll play you two good tunes called 'Wait Till the Cows Come Home' and 'Good-bye, Alexander.'"

He was late the next time, a week later, and Nicole was waiting for him at a point in the path which he would pass walking from Franz's house. Her hair drawn back of her ears brushed her shoulders in such a way that the face seemed to have just emerged from it, as if this was the exact moment when she was coming from a wood into clear moonlight. The unknown yielded her up; Dick wished she had no background, that she was just a girl lost with no address save the

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night from which she had come. They went to the cache where she had left the phonograph, turned a corner by the workshop, climbed a rock, and sat down behind a low wall, facing miles and miles of rolling night.

They were in America now, even Franz with his conception of Dick as an irresistible Lothario would never have guessed that they had gone so far away. They were so sorry, dear; they went down to meet each other in a taxi, honey; they had preferences in smiles and had met in Hindustan, and shortly afterwards they must have quarrelled, for nobody knew and nobody seemed to care—yet finally one of them had gone and left the other crying, only to feel blue, to feel sad.

The thin tunes, holding lost times and future hopes in liaison, twisted upon the Valois night. In the lulls of the phonograph a cricket held the scene together with a single note. By and by Nicole stopped playing the machine and sang to him.

"Lay a silver dollar
On the ground
And watch it roll
Because it's round—"

On the pure parting of her lips no breath hovered. Dick stood up suddenly.

"What's the matter, you don't like it?"

"Of course I do."

"Our cook at home taught it to me:

A woman never knows
What a good man she's got
Till after she turns him down . . .

"You like it?"

She smiled at him, making sure that the smile gathered up everything inside her and directed it toward him, making him a profound promise of herself for so little, for the beat of a response, the assurance of a complimentary vibration in him. Minute by minute the sweetness drained down into her out of the willow trees, out of the dark world.

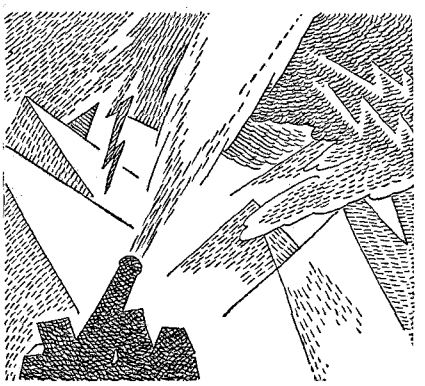
She stood up too, and stumbling over the phonograph, was momentarily against him, leaning into the hollow of his rounded shoulder.

"I've got one more record," she said. "—Have you heard 'So Long, Letty'? I suppose you have."

"Honestly, you don't understand—I haven't heard a thing."

Nor known, nor smelt, nor tasted, he might have added; only hot-cheeked girls in hot secret rooms. The young maidens he had known at New Haven in 1914 kissed men, saying "There!," hands at the man's chest to push him away. Now there was this scarcely saved waif of disaster bringing him the essence of a continent . . .

. . . It was May when he next found her. The luncheon in Zurich was a counsel of caution; obviously the logic



of his life tended away from the girl; yet when a stranger stared at her from a nearby table, eyes burning disturbingly like an uncharted light, he turned to the man with an urban version of intimidation and broke the regard.

"You have so many different clothes," he argued cheerfully. "Why do you have so many clothes?"

"Sister says we're very rich," she offered humbly. "Since Grandmother is dead."

"I forgive you."

He was enough older than Nicole to take pleasure in her youthful vanities and delights, the way she paused fractionally in front of the hall mirror on leaving the restaurant, so that the incorruptible quicksilver could give her back to herself; he delighted in her stretching out her hands to new octaves now that she found herself beautiful and rich. He tried honestly to divorce her from any obsession that he had stitched her together—glad to see her build up happiness and confidence apart from him; the trouble was that, eventually, Nicole brought everything to his feet, gifts of sacrificial ambrosia, of worshipping myrtle.

The first week of summer found Dick re-established in Zurich. He had arranged his pamphlets and what work he had done in the Service into a pattern from which he intended to make his revise of "A Psychology for Psychiatrists." He thought he had a publisher; he had established contact with a poor student who would iron out his errors in German. Franz considered it a rash business, but Dick pointed out the disarming modesty of the theme.

"This is stuff I'll never know so well again," he insisted. "I have a hunch it's a thing that only fails to be basic because it's never had material recognition. The weakness of this profession is its attraction for the man a little crippled and broken. Within the walls of the profession he compensates by tending toward the clinical, the 'practical'—he has won his battle without a struggle.

"On the contrary, you are a good man, Franz, because fate selected you for your profession before you were born. You better thank God you had no 'bent'—I got to be a psychiatrist because there was a girl at St. Hilda's in Oxford that went to the same lectures. Maybe I'm getting trite but I don't want to let my current ideas slide away with a few dozen glasses of beer."

"All right," Franz answered. "You are an American. You can do this without professional harm. I do not like these generalities. Soon you will be writing little books called 'Deep Thoughts for the Layman,' so simplified that they are positively guaranteed not to cause thinking. If my father were alive he would look at you and grunt, Dick. He would take his napkin and fold it so, and hold his napkin ring, this very one—" he held it up, a boar's head was carved in the brown wood—"and he would say 'Well my impression is—' then he would look at you and think suddenly 'What is the use?' then he would stop and grunt again; then we would be at the end of dinner."

"I am alone today," said Dick testily. "But I may not be alone tomorrow. After that I'll fold up my napkin like your father and grunt."

Franz waited a moment.

"How about our patient?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Well, you should know about her by now."

"I like her. She's attractive. What do you want me to do—take her up in the edelweiss?"

"No, I thought since you go in for

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scientific books you might have an idea."

"—devote my life to her?"

Franz called his wife in the kitchen: "Du lieber Gott! Bringen Sie Dick eine andere Glas-bier."

"I don't want any more if I've got to see Dohmler."

"We think it's best to have a program. Four weeks have passed away—apparently the girl is in love with you. That's not our business if we were in the world, but here in the clinic we have a stake in the matter."

"I'll do whatever Doctor Dohmler says," Dick agreed.

But he had little faith that Dohmler would throw much light on the matter; he himself was the incalculable element involved. By no conscious volition of his own, the thing had drifted into his hands. It reminded him of a scene in his childhood when every one in the house was looking for the lost key to the silver closet, Dick knowing he had hid it under the handkerchiefs in his mother's top drawer; at that time he had experienced a philosophical detachment, and this was repeated now when he and Franz went together to Professor Dohmler's office.

The professor, his face beautiful under straight whiskers, like a vine-overgrown veranda of some fine old house, disarmed him. Dick knew some individuals with more talent, but no person of a class qualitatively superior to Dohmler.

—Six months later he thought the same way when he saw Dohmler dead, the light out on the veranda, the vines of his whiskers tickling his stiff white collar, the many battles that had swayed before the chink-like eyes stilled forever under the frail delicate lids——

". . . Good morning, sir." He stood formally, thrown back to the army.

Professor Dohmler interlaced his tranquil fingers. Franz spoke in terms half of liaison officer, half of secretary, till his senior cut through him in mid-sentence.

"We have gone a certain way," he said mildly. "It is you, Doctor Diver, who can best help us now."

Routed out, Dick confessed: "I'm not so straight on it myself."

"I have nothing to do with your personal reactions," said Dohmler. "But I have much to do with the fact that this so-called 'transference,'" he darted a short ironic look at Franz which the latter returned in kind, "must be terminated. Miss Nicole does well indeed, but she is in no condition to survive what she might interpret as a tragedy."

Again Franz began to speak, but Doctor Dohmler motioned him silent.

"I realize that your position has been difficult."

"Yes, it has."

Now the professor sat back and laughed, saying on the last syllable of his laughter, with his sharp little gray eyes shining through: "Perhaps you have got sentimentally involved yourself."

Aware that he was being drawn on, Dick, too, laughed.

"She's a pretty girl—anybody responds to that to a certain extent. I have no intention——"

Again Franz tried to speak—again Dohmler stopped him with a question directed pointedly at Dick. "Have you thought of going away?"

"I can't go away."

Doctor Dohmler turned to Franz: "Then we can send Miss Warren away."

"As you think best, Professor Dohmler," Dick conceded. "It's certainly a situation."

Professor Dohmler raised himself like a legless man mounting a pair of crutches.

"But it is a professional situation," he cried quietly.

He sighed himself back into his chair, waiting for the reverberating thunder to die out about the room. Dick saw that Dohmler had reached his climax, and he was not sure that he himself had survived it. When the thunder had diminished Franz managed to get his word in.

"Doctor Diver is a man of fine character," he said. "I only felt that he has to appreciate the situation in order to deal correctly with it. In my opinion Dick can co-operate right here, without any one going away."

"How do you feel about that?" Professor Dohmler asked Dick.

Dick felt churlish in the face of the situation; at the same time he realized in the silence after Dohmler's pronouncement that the state of inanimation could not be indefinitely prolonged; suddenly he spilled everything.

"I'm half in love with her—the question of marrying her has passed through my mind."

"Tch! Tch!" uttered Franz.

"Wait." Dohmler warned him. Franz refused to wait: "What! And devote half your life to being doctor and nurse and all—never! I know what these cases are. One time in twenty it's finished in the first rush—better never see her again!"

"What do you think?" Dohmler asked Dick.

"Of course Franz is right."

It was late afternoon when they wound up the discussion as to what Dick should do, he must be most kind and yet eliminate himself. When the doctors stood up at last Dick's eyes fell outside the window to where a light rain was falling—Nicole was waiting, expectant, somewhere in that rain. When, presently, he went out buttoning his oil-skin at the throat, pulling down the brim of his hat, he came upon her immediately under the roof of the main entrance.

"I know a new place we can go," she said. "When I was ill I didn't mind sitting inside with the others in the evening—what they said seemed like everything else. Naturally now I see them as ill and it's—it's——"

"You'll be leaving soon."

"Oh, soon. My sister, Beth, but she's always been called Baby, she's coming in a few weeks to take me somewhere; after that I'll be back here for a last month."

"The older sister?"

"Oh, quite a bit older. She's twenty-four—she's very English. She lives in London with my father's sister. She was engaged to an Englishman but he was killed—I never saw him."

Her face, ivory gold against the blurred sunset that strove through the rain, had a promise Dick had never seen before: the high cheek-bones, the faintly wan quality, cool rather than feverish, was reminiscent of the frame of a promising colt—a creature whose life did not promise to be only a projection of youth upon a grayer screen, but instead, a true growing; the face would be handsome in middle life; it would be handsome in old age: the essential structure and the economy were there.

"What are you looking at?"

"I was just thinking that you're going to be rather happy."

Nicole was frightened: "Am I? All right—things couldn't be worse than they have been."

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In the covered woodshed to which she had led him, she sat cross-legged upon her golf shoes, her burberry wound about her and her cheeks stung alive by the damp air. Gravely she returned his gaze, taking in his somewhat proud carriage that never quite yielded to the wooden post against which he leaned; she looked into his face that always tried to discipline itself into molds of attentive seriousness, after excursions into joys and mockeries of its own. That part of him which seemed to fit his reddish Irish coloring she knew least; she was afraid of it, yet more anxious to explore—this was his more masculine side: the other part, the trained part, the consideration in the polite eyes, she expropriated without question, as most women did.

"At least this institution has been good for languages," said Nicole. "I've spoken French with two doctors, and German with the nurses, and Italian, or something like it, with a couple of scrub-women and one of the patients, and I've picked up a lot of Spanish from another."

"That's fine."

He tried to arrange an attitude but no logic seemed forthcoming.

"—Music too. Hope you didn't think I was only interested in ragtime. I practise every day—the last few months I've been taking a course in Zurich on the history of music. In fact it was all that kept me going at times—music and the drawing." She leaned suddenly and twisted a loose strip from the sole of her shoe, and then looked up. "I'd like to draw you just the way you are now."

It made him sad when she brought out her accomplishments for his approval.

"I envy you. At present I don't seem to be interested in anything except my work."

"Oh, I think that's fine for a man," she said quickly. "But for a girl I think she ought to have lots of minor accomplishments and pass them on to her children."

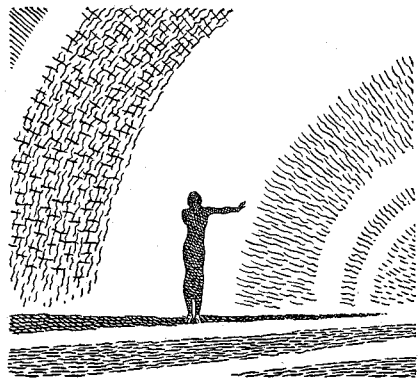
"I suppose so," said Dick with deliberated indifference.

Nicole sat quiet. Dick wished she would speak so that he could play the easy rôle of wet blanket, but now she sat quiet.

"You're all well," he said. "Try to forget the past; don't overdo things for a year or so. Go back to America and be a débutante and fall in love—and be happy."

"I couldn't fall in love." Her injured shoe scraped a cocoon of must from the log on which she sat.

"Sure you can," Dick insisted. "Not for a year maybe, but sooner or later." Then he added brutally: "You can have a perfectly normal life with a houseful of beautiful descendants. The very fact that you could make a complete comeback at your age proves that the precipitating factors were pretty near



everything. Young woman, you'll be pulling your weight long after your friends are carried off screaming."

—But there was a look of pain in her eyes as she took the rough dose, the harsh reminder.

"I know I wouldn't be fit to marry any one for a long time," she said humbly.

Dick was too upset to say any more. He looked out into the grain field trying to recover his hard brassy attitude. "You'll be all right—everybody here believes in you. Why, Doctor Gregory is so proud of you that he'll probably——"

"I hate Doctor Gregory."

"Well, you shouldn't."

Nicole's world had fallen to pieces, but it was only a flimsy and scarcely created world; beneath it her emotions and instincts fought on. Was it an hour ago she had waited by the entrance, wearing her hopes like a corsage at her belt?

. . . Dress stay crisp for him, button stay put, bloom narcissus—air stay still and sweet.

"It will be nice to have fun again," she fumbled on. For a moment she entertained a desperate idea of telling him how rich she was, what big houses she lived in, that really she was a valuable property—for a moment she made herself into old Sid Warren, the horse-trader. But she survived the temptation to confuse all values and shut these matters into their Victorian side-chambers—even though there was no home left to her, save emptiness and pain.

"I have to go back to the clinic. It's not raining now."

Dick walked beside her, feeling her unhappiness, and wanting to drink the rain that touched her cheek.

"I have some new records," she said. "I can hardly wait to play them. Do you know——"

After supper that evening, Dick thought, he would finish the break; also he wanted to kick Franz's bottom for having partially condemned him to such a sordid business. He waited in the hall. His eyes followed a beret, not wet with waiting like Nicole's beret, but covering a skull recently operated on. Beneath it human eyes peered, found him and came over:

"Bon jour, Docteur."

"Monsieur."

"Il fait beau temps."

"Merveilleux."

"Vous êtes ici maintenant?"

"Pour la journée seulement."

"Ah, bon. Alors—au revoir, Monsieur."

Glad at having survived another contact, the wretch in the beret moved away. Dick waited. Presently a nurse came down-stairs and delivered him a message.

"Miss Warren asks to be excused, Doctor. She wants to lie down. She wants to have dinner upstairs tonight."

The nurse hung on his response, half expecting him to imply that Miss Warren's attitude was pathological.

"Oh, I see. Well—" He rearranged the flow of his own saliva, the pulse of his heart. "I hope she feels better. Thanks."

He was puzzled and discontent. At any rate it freed him.

Leaving a note for Franz begging off from supper, he walked through the countryside to the tram station. As he reached the platform, with spring twilight gilding the rails and the glass in the slot machines, he began to feel that the station, the hospital, was hovering between being centripetal and centrifugal. He felt frightened. He was glad when the substantial cobblestones of

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Zurich clicked once more under his shoes.

He expected to hear from Nicole next day but there was no word. Wondering if she was ill, he called the clinic and talked to Franz.

"She came down-stairs to luncheon yesterday and today," said Franz. "She seemed a little abstracted and in the clouds. How did it go off?"

Dick tried to plunge over the Alpine crevice between the sexes.

"We didn't get to it—at least I didn't think we did. I tried to be distant, but I didn't think enough happened to change her attitude if it ever went deep."

Perhaps his vanity had been hurt that there was no *coup de grâce* to administer.

"From some things she said to her nurse I'm inclined to think she understood."

"All right."

"It was the best thing that could have happened. She doesn't seem over-agitated—only a little in the clouds."

"All right, then."

"Dick, come soon and see me."

During the next weeks Dick experienced a vast dissatisfaction. The pathological origin and mechanistic defeat of the affair left a flat and metallic taste. Nicole's emotions had been used unfairly—what if they turned out to have been his own? Necessarily he must absent himself from felicity a while—in dreams he saw her walking on the clinic path swinging her wide straw hat. . .

One time he saw her in person as he walked past the Palace Hotel, a magnificent Rolls curved into the half-moon entrance. Small within its gigantic proportions, and buoyed up by the power of a hundred superfluous horses, sat Nicole and a young woman who he assumed was her sister. Nicole saw him and momentarily her lips parted in an expression of fright. Dick shifted his hat and passed, yet for a moment the air around him was loud with the circlings of all the goblins on the Gross-Münster. He tried to write the matter out of his mind in a memorandum that went into detail as to the solemn regime before her; the possibilities of another "push" of the malady under the stresses which the world would inevitably supply—in all a memorandum that would have been convincing to any one save to him who had written it.

The total value of this effort was to make him realize once more how far his emotions were involved; thenceforth he resolutely provided antidotes. One was the telephone girl from Bar-sur-Aube, now touring Europe from Nice to Coblenz, in a desperate round-up of the men she had known in her never-to-be-equalled holiday; another was the making of arrangements to get home on a government transport in July; a third was a consequent intensification of work on his proofs for the book that this autumn was to be presented to the German-speaking world of psychiatry.

Dick had outgrown the book; he wanted now to do more spade work; if he got an exchange fellowship he could count on plenty of routine.

Meanwhile he had projected a new work: *An Attempt at a Uniform and Pragmatic Classification of the Neuroses and Psychoses, Based on an Examination of Fifteen Hundred Pre-Krapaelin and Post-Krapaelin Cases as They Would Probably Be Diagnosed in the Terminology of Different Contemporary Schools*—and another sonorous paragraph—*Together with a Chronology of Such Subdivisions of Opinion as Have Arisen Independently.*

This title would look monumental in German.

Going into Montreux Dick pedalled slowly, gaping at the Jugenhorn whenever possible, and blinded by glimpses of the lake through the alleys of the shore hotels. He was conscious of the groups of English, emergent after four years and walking with detective-story suspicion in their eyes, as though they were about to be assaulted in this questionable country by German trained bands. There were building and awakening everywhere on the mound of debris formed by a mountain torrent. At Berne and at Lausanne on the way south, Dick had been eagerly asked if there would be Americans this year. "By August, if not in June?"

He wore leather shorts, an army shirt, mountain shoes. In his knapsack were a cotton suit and a change of underwear. At the Glion funicular he checked his bicycle and took a small beer on the terrace of the station buffet, meanwhile watching the little bug crawl down the eighty-degree slope of the hill. His ear was full of dried blood from La Tour de Pelz, where he had sprinted under the impression that he was a spoiled athlete. He asked for alcohol and cleared up the exterior while the funicular slid down port. He saw his bicycle embarked, slung his knapsack into the lower compartment of the car, and followed it in.

Mountain-climbing cars are built on a slant somewhat similar to the angle of a hat-brim of a man who doesn't want to be recognized, but with the slant pointed up. As water gushed from the chamber under the car Dick was impressed with the ingenuity of the whole idea—a complementary car was now taking on mountain water at the top and would pull the lightened car up by gravity, as soon as the brakes were released. It must have been a great inspiration. In the seat across from Dick a couple of British were discussing the cable itself.

"The ones made in England always last five or six years. Two years ago the Germans underbid us, and how long do you think their cable lasted?"

"How long?"

"A year and ten months. Then the Swiss sold it to the Italians. They don't have rigid inspections of cables."

"I can see it would be a terrible thing for Switzerland if a cable broke."

The conductor shut a door; he telephoned his confrere among the undulati, and with a jerk the car was pulled upward, heading for a pinpoint on an emerald hill above. After it cleared the low roofs, the skies of Vaud, Valois, Swiss Savoy, and Geneva spread around the passengers in cyclorama. On the centre of the lake, cooled by the piercing current of the Rhone, lay the true centre of the Western World. Upon it floated swans like boats and boats like swans, both lost in the nothingness of the heartless beauty.

When Chillon and the island palace of Salagnon came into view Dick turned his eyes inward. The funicular was above the highest houses of the shore; on both sides a tangle of foliage and flowers culminated at intervals in masses of color. It was a rail-side garden, and in the car was a sign: *Défense de cueillir les fleurs.*

Though one must not pick flowers on the way up, the blossoms trailed in as they passed—Dorothy Perkins roses

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dragged patiently through each compartment slowly waggling with the motion of the funicular, letting go at the last to swing back to their rosy cluster. Again and again these branches went through the car.

In the compartment above and in front of Dick's, a group of English were standing up and exclaiming upon the back-drop of sky, when suddenly there was a confusion among them—they parted to give passage to a couple of young people who made apologies and scrambled over into the rear compartment of the funicular—Dick's compartment. The young man was a Latin with the eyes of a stuffed deer; the girl was Nicole.

The two climbers gasped momentarily from their efforts; as they settled into seats, laughing and crowding the English to the corners, Nicole said, "Hel*lo.*" She was lovely to look at; immediately Dick saw that something was different; in a second he realized it was her fine-spun hair, bobbed like Irene Castle's and fluffed into curls. She wore a sweater of powder blue and a white tennis skirt—she was the first morning in May and every taint of the clinic was departed.

"Plunk!" she gasped. "Whoo-oo that guard! They'll arrest us at the next stop. Doctor Diver, the Conte de Marmora."

"Gee-imminy!" She felt her new hair, panting. "Sister bought first-class tickets—it's a matter of principle with her." She and Marmora exchanged glances and shouted: "Then we found that first-class is the hearse part behind the chauffeur—shut in with curtains for a rainy day, so you can't see anything. But Sister's very dignified—" Again Nicole and Marmora laughed with young intimacy.

"Where you bound?" asked Dick.

"Caux. You, too?" Nicole looked at his costume. "That your bicycle they got up in front?"

"Yes. I'm going to coast down Monday."

"With me on your handle-bars? I mean, really—will you? I can't think of more fun."

"But I will carry you down in my arms," Marmora protested intensely. "I will roller-skate you—or I will throw you and you will fall slowly like a feather."

The delight in Nicole's face—to be a feather again instead of a plummet, to float and not to drag. She was a carnival to watch—at times primly coy, posing, grimacing and gesturing—sometimes the shadow fell and the dignity of old suffering flowed down into her finger tips. Dick wished himself away from her, fearing that he was a reminder of a world well left behind. He resolved to go to the other hotel.

When the funicular came to rest those new to it stirred in suspension between the blues of two heavens. It was merely for a mysterious exchange between the

conductor of one car going up and the conductor of one car coming down. Then up and up over a forest path and a gorge—then again up a hill that became solid with narcissus, from passengers to sky. The people in Montreux playing tennis in the lakeside courts were pinpoints now. Something new was in the air; freshness—freshness embodying itself in music as the car slid into Glion and they heard the orchestra in the hotel garden.

When they changed to the mountain train the music was drowned by the rushing water released from the hydraulic chamber. Almost overhead was Caux, where the thousand windows of a hotel burned in the late sun.

But the approach was different—a leather-lunged engine pushed the passengers round and round in a corkscrew, mounting, rising; they chugged through low-level clouds and for a moment Dick lost Nicole's face in the spray of the slanting donkey engine; they skirted a lost streak of wind with the hotel growing in size at each spiral, until with a vast surprise they were there, on top of the sunshine.

In the confusion of arrival, as Dick slung his knapsack and started forward on the platform to get his bicycle, Nicole was beside him.

"Aren't you at our hotel?" she asked.

"I'm economizing."

"Will you come down and have dinner?" Some confusion with baggage ensued. "This is my sister—Doctor Diver from Zurich."

Dick bowed to a young woman of twenty-five, tall and confident. She was both formidable and vulnerable, he decided, remembering other women with flower-like mouths grooved for bits.

"I'll drop in after dinner," Dick promised. "First I must get acclimated."

He wheeled off his bicycle, feeling Nicole's eyes following him, feeling her helpless first love, feeling it twist around inside him. He went three hundred yards up the slope to the other hotel, he engaged a room and found himself washing without a memory of the intervening ten minutes, only a sort of drunken flush pierced with voices, unimportant voices that did not know how much he was loved.

They were waiting for him and incomplete without him. He was still the incalculable element; Miss Warren and the young Italian wore their anticipation as obviously as Nicole. The salon of the hotel, a room of fabled acoustics, was stripped for dancing but there were only two score guests there to watch or dance. Miss Warren and Marmora were at a corner table—Nicole was diagonally across from them forty yards away, and as Dick arrived he heard her voice:

"Can you hear me? I'm speaking naturally."

"Perfectly."

"Hello, Doctor Diver."

"What's this?"

"You realize the people in the centre of the floor can't hear what I say, but you can?"

"A waiter told us about it," said Miss Warren. "Corner to corner—it's like wireless."

It was exciting up on the mountain, like a ship at sea. Presently Marmora's parents joined them, a man attractively lecherous, a woman with seething eyes. They treated the Warrens with respect—Dick gathered that their fortunes had something to do with a bank in Milan that had something to do with the Warren fortunes. But Baby Warren wanted to talk to Dick, wanted to talk to him with the impetus that sent her out vagrantly toward all new men, as

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though she were on an inelastic tether and considered that she might as well get to the end of it as soon as possible. She crossed and recrossed her knees frequently in the manner of tall restless virgins.

"—Nicole told me that you took part care of her, and had a lot to do with her getting well. What I can't understand is what *we're* supposed to do—they were so indefinite at the sanitarium; they only told me she ought to be natural and gay. I knew the Marmoras were up here so I asked Tino to meet us at the funicular. And you see what happens—the very first thing Nicole has him crawling over the sides of the car as if they were both insane——"

"That was absolutely normal," Dick laughed. "I'd call it a good sign."

"But how can *I* tell? Before I knew it, almost in front of my eyes she had her hair cut off, in Zurich, because of a picture in 'Vanity Fair.'"

"That's all right. She's a schizoid—a permanent eccentric. You can't change that."

"What is it?"

"Just what I said—an eccentric."

"Well, how can any one tell what's eccentric and what's crazy?"

"Nothing is going to be crazy—Nicole is all fresh and happy, you needn't be afraid."

Baby shifted her knees about—she was a compendium of all the discontented women who had loved Byron a hundred years before, yet, in spite of the tragic affair with the guards' officer there was something wooden and onanistic about her.

"I don't mind the responsibility," she declared, "but I'm in the air. We've never had anything like this in the family before—we know Nicole had some shock and my opinion is it was about a boy, but we don't really know. Father says he would have shot him if he could have found out."

The orchestra was playing 'Poor Butterfly'; young Marmora was dancing with his mother. It was a tune new enough to them all. Listening, and watching Nicole's shoulders as she chattered to the elder Marmora, whose hair was dashed with white like a piano keyboard, Dick thought of the shoulders of a violin, and then he thought of the dishonor, the secret. Oh, butterfly—by the blossoms waiting, the moments pass into hours——

"Actually *I* have a plan," Baby continued with apologetic hardness. "It may seem absolutely impractical to you but they say Nicole will need to be looked after for a few years. I don't know whether you know Chicago or not——"

"I don't."

"Well, there's a North Side and a South Side and they're very much separated. The North Side is *chic* and all that, and we've always lived over there, at least for many years, but lots of old families, old Chicago families, if you know what I mean, still live on the South Side. The University is there. I mean it's stuffy to some people, but anyhow it's different from the North Side. I don't know whether you understand."

He nodded. With some concentration he had been able to follow her.

"Now of course we have lots of connections there—Father controls certain chairs and fellowships and so forth at the University, and I thought if we took Nicole home and threw her with that crowd—you see she's quite musical and speaks all these languages—what could be better in her condition than if she fell in love with some good doctor——"

A burst of hilarity surged up in Dick, the Warrens were going to buy Nicole a doctor— You got a nice doctor you can let us use? There was no use worrying about Nicole when they were in the position of being able to buy her a nice young doctor, the paint scarcely dry on him.

"But how about the doctor?" he said automatically.

"There must be many who'd jump at the chance."

The dancers were back, but Baby whispered quickly:

"This is the sort of thing I mean. Now where is Nicole—she's gone off somewhere. Is she upstairs in her room? What am *I* supposed to do? I never know whether it's something innocent or whether I ought to go find her."

"Perhaps she just wants to be by herself—people living alone get used to loneliness." Seeing that Miss Warren was not listening he stopped. "I'll take a look around."

For a moment all the outdoors shut in with mist was like spring with the curtains drawn. Life was gathered near the hotel. Dick passed some cellar windows where bus boys sat on bunks and played cards over a litre of Spanish wine. As he approached the promenade, the stars began to come through the white crests of the high Alps. On the horse-shoe walk overlooking the lake Nicole was the figure motionless between two lamp stands, and he approached silently across the grass. She turned to him with an expression of: "Here *you* are," and for a moment he was sorry he had come.

"Your sister wondered."

"Oh!" She was accustomed to being watched. With an effort she explained herself: "Sometimes I get a little—it gets a little too much. I've lived so quietly. Tonight that music was too much. It made me want to cry——"

"I understand."

"This has been an awfully exciting day."

"I know."

"I don't want to do anything antisocial—I've caused everybody enough trouble. But tonight I wanted to get away."

It occurred to Dick suddenly, as it might occur to a dying man that he had forgotten to tell where his will was, that Nicole had been "re-educated" by Dohmler and the ghostly generations behind him; it occurred to him also that there would be so much she would have to be told. But having recorded this wisdom within himself, he yielded to the insistent face-value of the situation and said:

"You're a nice person—just keep using your own judgment about yourself."

"You like me?"

"Of course."

"Would you—" They were strolling along toward the dim end of the horse-shoe, two hundred yards ahead. "If I hadn't been sick would you—I mean, would I have been the sort of girl you might have—oh, slush, you know what I mean."

He was in for it now, possessed by a vast irrationality. She was so near that he felt his breathing change but again his training came to his aid in a boy's laugh and a trite remark.

"You're teasing yourself, my dear. Once I knew a man who fell in love with his nurse—" The anecdote rambled on, punctuated by their footsteps. Suddenly Nicole interrupted in succinct Chicagoese: "Bull!"

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"That's a very vulgar expression."

"What about it?" she flared up. "You don't think I've got any common sense—before I was sick I didn't have any, but I have now. And if I don't know you're the most attractive man I ever met you must think I'm still crazy. It's my hard luck, all right—but don't pretend I don't *know*—I know everything about you and me."

Dick was at an additional disadvantage. He remembered the statement of the elder Miss Warren as to the young doctors that could be purchased in the intellectual stockyards of the South Side of Chicago, and he hardened for a moment. "You're a fetching kid, but I couldn't fall in love."

"You won't give me a chance."

"What!"

The impertinence, the right to invade implied, astounded him. Short of anarchy he could not think of any chance that Nicole Warren deserved.

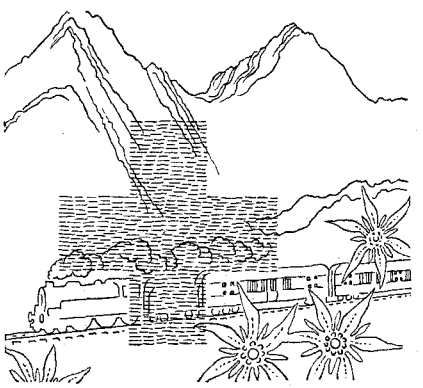
"Give me a chance now."

The voice fell low, sank into her breast and stretched the tight bodice over her heart as she came up close. He felt the young lips, her body sighing in relief against the arm growing stronger to hold her. There were now no more plans than if Dick had arbitrarily made some indissoluble mixture, with atoms joined and inseparable; you could throw it all out but never again could they fit back into atomic scale. As he held her and tasted her, and as she curved in further and further toward him, with her own lips, new to herself, drowned and engulfed in love, yet solaced and triumphant, he was thankful to have an existence at all, if only as a reflection in her wet eyes.

"My God," he gasped, "you're fun to kiss."

That was talk, but Nicole had a better hold on him now and she held it; she turned coquette and walked away, leaving him as suspended as in the funicular of the afternoon. She felt: There, that'll show him, how conceited; how he could do with me; oh, wasn't it wonderful! I've got him, he's mine. Now in the sequence came flight, but it was all so sweet and new that she dawdled, wanting to draw all of it in.

She shivered suddenly. Two thousand feet below she saw the necklace and bracelet of lights that were Montreux and Vevey, beyond them a dim pendant of Lausanne. From down there somewhere ascended a faint sound of dance music. Nicole was up in her head now, cool as cool, trying to collate the sentimentalities of her childhood, as deliberate as a man getting drunk after battle. But she was still afraid of Dick, who stood near her, leaning, characteristically, against the iron fence that rimmed the horse-shoe; and this prompted her to say: "I can remember how I stood waiting for you in the garden—holding all my self in my arms like a basket of flowers. It was



that to me anyhow—I thought I was sweet—waiting to hand that basket to you."

He breathed over her shoulder and turned her insistently about; she kissed him several times, her face getting big every time she came close, her hands holding him by the shoulders.

"It's raining hard."

Suddenly there was a booming from the wine slopes across the lake; cannons were shooting at hail-bearing clouds in order to break them. The lights of the promenade went off, went on again. Then the storm came swiftly, first falling from the heavens, then doubly falling in torrents from the mountains and washing loud down the roads and stone ditches; with it came a dark, frightening sky and savage filaments of lightning and world-splitting thunder, while ragged, destroying clouds fled along past the hotel. Mountains and lake disappeared—the hotel crouched amid tumult, chaos and darkness.

By this time Dick and Nicole had reached the vestibule, where Baby Warren and the three Marmoras were anxiously awaiting them. It was exciting coming out of the wet fog—with the doors banging, to stand and laugh and quiver with emotion, wind in their ears and rain on their clothes. Now in the ballroom the orchestra was playing a Strauss waltz, high and confusing.

. . . For Doctor Diver to marry a mental patient? How did it happen? Where did it begin?

"Won't you come back after you've changed?" Baby Warren asked after a close scrutiny.

"I haven't got any change, except some shorts."

As he trudged up to his hotel in a borrowed raincoat he kept laughing derisively in his throat.

"Big chance—oh, yes. My God!—they decided to buy a doctor? Well, they better stick to whomever they've got in Chicago." Revolted by his harshness he made amends to Nicole, remembering that nothing had ever felt so young as her lips, remembering rain like tears shed for him that lay upon her softly shining porcelain cheeks . . .

He climbed two thousand meters to Rochers du Naye the following morning, amused by the fact that his conductor of the day before was using his day off to climb also—he passed him going up and coming down.

Then Dick descended all the way to Montreux for a swim, got back to his hotel in time for dinner. Two notes awaited him.

"I'm not ashamed about last night—it was the nicest thing that ever happened to me and even if I never saw you again, Mon Capitaine, I would be glad it happened."

That was disarming enough—the heavy shade of Dohmler retreated as Dick opened the second envelope: *Dear Doctor Diver: I phoned but you were out. I wonder if I may ask you a great big favor. Unforeseen circumstances call me back to Paris, and I find I can make better time by way of Lausanne. Can you let Nicole ride as far as Zurich with you, since you are going back Monday? and drop her at the sanitarium? Is this too much to ask?*

Sincerely,

BETH EVAN WARREN.

Dick was furious—Miss Warren had known he had a bicycle with him; yet she had so phrased her note that it was impossible to refuse. Throw us together! Sweet propinquity and the Warren money!

He was wrong; Baby Warren had

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no such intentions. She had looked Dick over with worldly eyes, she had measured him with the warped rule of an Anglophile and found him wanting —in despite of the fact that she found him toothsome. But for her he was too "intellectual" and she pigeon-holed him with a shabby-snobby crowd she had once known in London—he put himself out too much to be really of the correct stuff. She could not see how he could be made into her idea of an aristocrat.

In addition to that he was stubborn —she had seen him leave her conversation and get down behind his eyes in that odd way that people did, half a dozen times. She had not liked Nicole's "free and easy" manner as a child and now she was sensibly habituated to thinking of her as a "gone coon"; and anyhow Doctor Diver was not the sort of medical man she could envisage in the family.

She only wanted to use him innocently as a convenience.

But her request had the effect that Dick assumed she desired. A ride in a train can be a terrible, heavy-hearted or comic thing; it can be a trial flight; it can be a prefiguration of another journey just as a given day with a friend can be long, from the taste of hurry in the morning up to the realization of both being hungry and taking food together. Then comes the afternoon with the journey fading and dying, but quickening again at the end. Dick was sad to see Nicole's meager joy; yet it was a relief for her, going back to the only home she knew. They made no love that day, but when he left her outside the sad door on the Zurichsee and she turned and looked at him he knew her problem was one they had together for good now.

IN RESIDENCE, FIFTEENTH STREET

By Lawrence Lee

THE branches drip, black with a week-long rain.
We are home again. This was the early place
From which we started our adventuring—
You to judge and I to sing words of the race.

This day the mud is on our shoes, and wet
Clouds gather yet, heavy against the hill.
Your wife is large with your first leaping child.
Through this wild month I must sleep singly still.

We have come quickly to this—to house and yard—
And it is hard upon our vanities
To move so simply in these little streets
Where one meets friends no more impressed than these.

But little of such pride is left, and I
Turn at the cry of suddenly startled geese
Nearby. That noise has changed my mind.
I find that I am newly filled with peace.

These birds are unascending, shaped for no
Blue lakes of air, silly and somewhat squat;
But here is not ugliness only. They are earth,
In its plain worth, grown fecund, meek, and fat.

Here we shall try what strength is in our backs.
The cloud that blacks the mountain with its load
Of water blows again; yet I am glad
Our lives are laid upon this clayey road.

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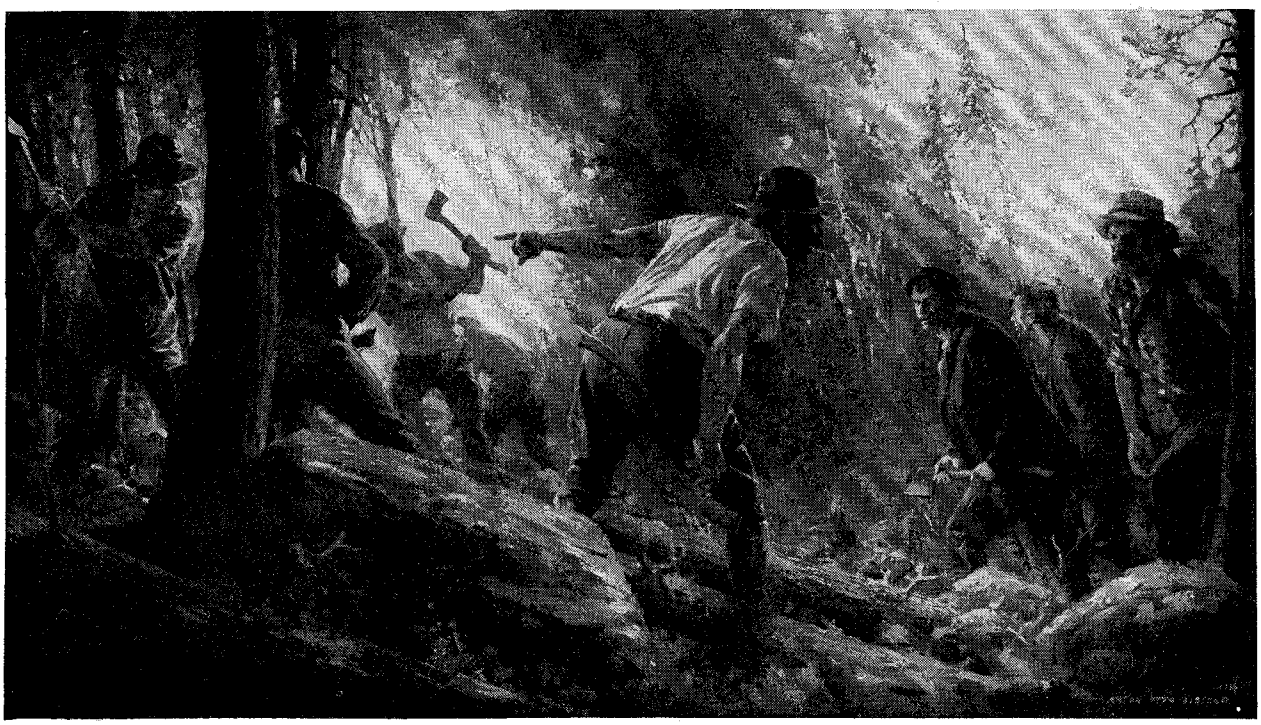
Fight Pneumonia—

It ravages with the speed of a forest fire



PNEUMONIA causes the death of approximately 100,000 people in this country every year. Many of these deaths result because the speed with which it attacks the patient is not matched by promptness of defense.

In rare instances, a person apparently in the best of health is stricken with pneumonia. But usually the disease is contracted by one whose vitality has been lowered by exhaustion or exposure, or who has been dragging himself around for several days through sheer will power or stubbornness, while suffering from a protracted cold.

During the critical stages of an attack of pneumonia the patient's chance of recovery often depends largely upon well-trained, faithful nursing.

There is a serum which is of great assistance in some types of pneumonia. It has helped to save many lives. If your doctor advises its use, have it administered at the earliest possible moment. Time is vital. A fire may be quenched when small, but becomes uncontrollable as a conflagration.

While victory over some diseases can be achieved only by months and sometimes years of patient resistance, the battle against pneumonia is usually won or lost in a comparatively short space of time—sometimes it is a matter of days or merely hours. Meet the speed of pneumonia's attack with greater speed in defense.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Just a Cold? Or"— Address Booklet Dept. 234-S.

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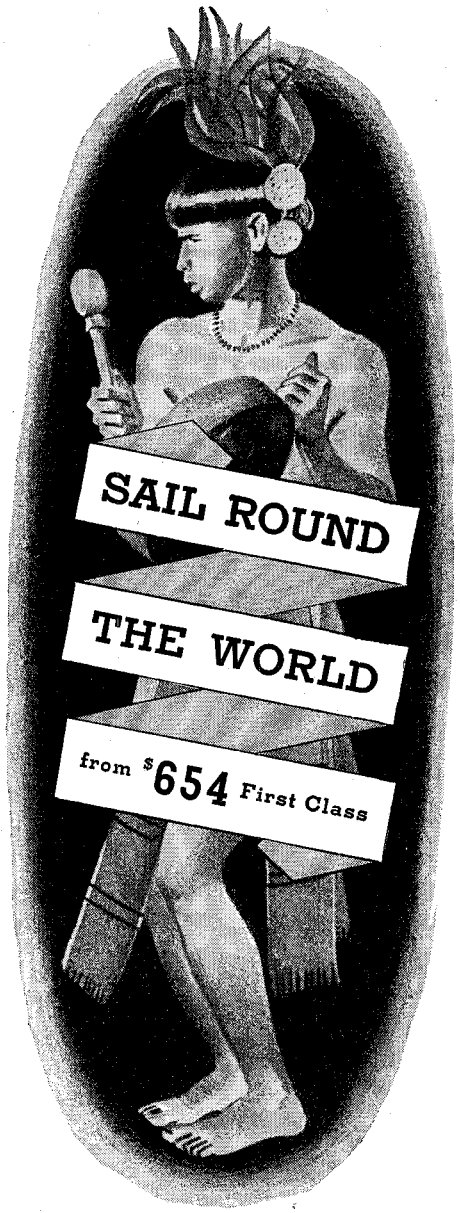

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BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

The Retort Youthful — So Much Religion
Shall We Have Pogroms? — The Authors Themselves

A. A. Berle, Jr., has just accepted an appointment to the post of Chamberlain in the cabinet of Mayor LaGuardia of New York City, doing so in the unique hope that he may eventually be able to abolish the post altogether. Despite this new task and his important activities as a member of Mr. Roosevelt's Brains Trust, to wit, playing the part of special adviser to the R. F. C., and of legal counsel for the A. A. A., he still manages to continue his teaching at the Columbia Law School and his own law practice. His "spare" time he devotes to his writings, which have done much to clarify the philosophy of the New Deal.

F. Scott Fitzgerald in the first instalment of his "Tender Is the Night" laid out the general background of his story. In this instalment he brings his characters sharply into focus and sets them moving rapidly on his stage. It is interesting that Gertrude Stein in her *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* writes: "Gertrude Stein had been very much impressed by *This Side of Paradise*. She read it when it came out and before she knew any of the young American writers. She said of it that it was this book that really created for the public the new generation. She has never changed her opinion about this. She thinks this equally true of *The Great Gatsby*. She thinks Fitzgerald will be read when many of his well-known contemporaries are forgotten."

Eugene G. Grace is probably best known as the president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. He is also chairman of the executive committee of the American Iron and Steel Institute. In this capacity he was instrumental in bringing in the Steel Code as one of the first major codes to be completed, and the first to be reported upon. Mr. Grace's position in industry has enabled him to see the various ramifications of the Recovery Act as they work out in practice. It is significant that he, one of America's leading industrialists, after six months' experience with the Recovery Act, believes that certain of its principles will be adopted permanently in our national economy. In "Industry and the Recovery Act" in this issue he outlines the current direction of America's industrial progress as he sees it.

Out of the last ten years **Thomas Wolfe** says that he has lived four in Manhattan, four more in various other countries of the world, and about two and one-half in Brooklyn—and that the largest and most unknown continent of all is Brooklyn. He is still living there but he would rather see the New York Yankees win than any other team, though he always goes to see the Brooklyn Dodgers at least twice a year. During the last four years he has written over a million words in manuscript, which he tells us makes a box five feet long by two and one-half feet high, piled to the top. "Four Lost Men" is the fourth of his stories to appear in SCRIBNER's in the past year. The others were "No Door," "Death the Proud Brother," and "The Train and the City." His book, *Look Homeward, Angel,* has been translated into Norwegian, Swedish, and German and has been very popular in those countries as well as in England.

Helen Ludlam, co-author with Victor Berge of "Pearl Divers Must Eat," in this number, started her writing when as his secretary she was detailed to write articles for Mr. William Farnum for magazines. This took her gradually into publicity work and brought her to Hollywood, where she worked hard to promote a motion picture of *Pearl Diver,* the life story of Victor Berge. When the producers wanted to use a rubber shark and mechanical octopus and fake the big undersea scene in a tank on the back lot, she and Mr. Berge and the director quit, and the picture was never done. She hates Hollywood, perhaps because she has played on the legitimate stage herself with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Walter Hampden, and Edith Wynne Matthison.

Victor Berge, a Scandinavian by

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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

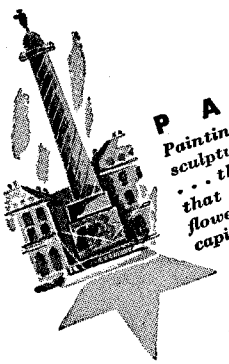
birth, tells much of his own story in the present article.

Dudley C. Lunt was born in Maine, went to school at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and graduated from Yale in 1918. After service with the U. S. Naval Aviation during the War, he entered Harvard Law School and graduated in 1924. Shortly after being admitted to the Bar he went to live in Wilmington, Delaware, where he has lived ever since. His book, *The Road to the Law* (McGraw Hill), is an interesting and successful attempt to interpret the spirit behind the law, and makes good reading for the lay as well as the legal mind. He is, moreover, well known as a contributor to many magazines. His present article is a survey of the law covering transactions on the stock exchange. In his own eyes, his most recent outstanding achievement was the bagging of six wild geese out of a flock of ten on the eastern shore of Maryland, and bringing home four ducks to boot.

Mary Morison Wisner says that the first thing she ever wrote and sold was an advertisement for O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels, and that she has cherished an affection for rubber heels ever since. After that she worked for the McClure Newspaper Syndicate for three years, then went free-lancing and learned that life is hard. She had seventy-five dollars left in the bank when she sold a movie, "The Heart Specialist," to the Famous Players. "Then," she says, "I met a man and got married. . . . We like people and dachshunds and curried chickens—and our place in Connecticut."

Suzanne La Follette was born on a farm in the State of Washington. At an impressionable age she went to live in Washington, D. C., when her father, William L. La Follette, was elected to Congress. She was there for eight years, and had a long time to watch the wheels of government revolve, and to decide what she thought about it. Her reactions were far from being altogether favorable. In the spring of 1919 she drifted to New York, got a job on *The Nation,* which she kept till she left to become one of the editors of *The Freeman* and was with that publication from its first issue through its

A Sentimental Journey



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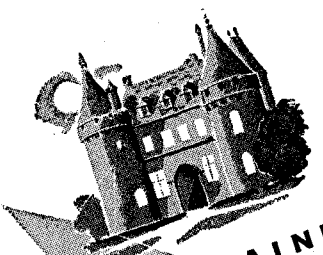

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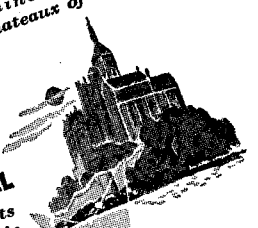
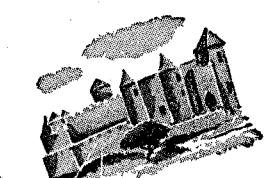


MONT ST. MICHEL
Here, lonely upon its rock, a vision in Gothic stone broods timelessly. . . . Here dwells inviolate the dark spirit of the Middle Ages.



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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

last. She is the author of two books, one of them a history of the arts in this country, and "The Government Supports Art" comes naturally from a pen which is equally fluent whether discussing art or government and now combines the two.

John Strachey, author of *The Coming Struggle for Power* and *The Menace of Fascism;* is the son of St. Loe Strachey and the nephew of Lytton Strachey. Politically, Mr. Strachey started out as a member of the British Labor Party. In 1930, when he was a Labor Member of Parliament, he resigned with other important members because he felt that he could no longer continue as a member of the Labor Party and still be true to labor itself. Since that time he has become definitely associated with the Communist Party, and in his article, "The Education of a Communist," he explains the progress of his beliefs from the time of his first awakening to the fact that there was a world beyond his secure home and exciting life as an English public school boy, to the present. Mr. Strachey has just returned to England after a short visit to this country.

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, who wrote "Are Servants People?" in the December issue, has written articles in the past, mostly on social, legal, and medical subjects. In the current article on Alfred E. Smith she turns her attention to the political scene.

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Supervisors	20,439
Storekeepers and proprietors	18,675
Salesmen and agents	9,999
*Trust institutions	9,229
*Women, unclassified	106,000

***From records of Associated Gas & Electric System. Most of the women are housewives, although the classifications above include women to a limited extent.**

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NO LONGER BABES

With all the articles flying about concerning the Younger Generation—and we have published our share—it is almost startling to find that the Younger Generation, far from being guinea pigs in the laboratory, are highly conscious individuals. As evidence we present the statement of Miss Farley, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Wirt Farley, of Winnetka, Ill.:

Sirs: We are all problem children in our parents' eyes and, oh, how they suffer. Every thread we snap from their apronstrings brings a heartache or a new topic to talk to Mrs. Smith about in the Piggly Wiggly.

Undoubtedly we annoy our elders with our line which they term as sophisticated talk; the way we apply lipstick (and the boys going without garters). Their chief topic is necking. Oh, no, they didn't neck (because they called it spooning). They seem to think the younger generation is going to the dogs. Can't they give us any credit at all? Were they all spooners? Are we all neckers?

Do they ever stop to think that they too are a problem? How many times has this happened to us all at a family dinner: You are sitting at the table; the time has past when mother has to scrub your neck. Peace flows over you. At last you are one of them.

The sharp voice of Aunt Agnes from across the table rasps, "Betty, sit up. You're such a handsome girl when you don't slouch. My, you get to look more like your Uncle Jasper every day."

"Why Agnes, she doesn't look any more like Jasper than I do. She's a Reynolds through and through," says my adored grandmother.

This keeps up for the remainder of the dinner. My features are discussed through the soup, my make-up with the main course, the length of my dresses with the salad, the height of my heels with the dessert, and when they come to the scantness of my unmentionables with the cheese and crackers, I blush and leave the table.

How little they realize that most of our sophistication is a sham to hide our self-consciousness, and what we crave and what would solve the problem child is a little understanding.

MARY JANE FARLEY.

Winnetka, Ill.

SHALL WE HAVE POGROMS?

Sirs: Ernest Boyd's article in your October issue ["As a Gentile Sees It"] is a clear notification of pogroms ahead. It is a muddle-brained and mean-hearted piece of Jew-baiting; and what makes it more significant is that it comfortably rationalizes the residuum of Judophobia which almost inevitably lingers in the mind of the average Gentile, and which has been stirred up by the recent hot lather of

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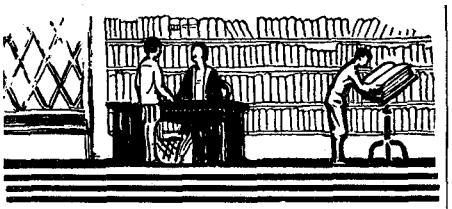

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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

magazine articles on who the Jew is, and whither and whence, and why you should like him because he is really nice.

Most of Boyd's points are groundless; the rest are trivial or irrelevant. I could easily beat him in making up a catalogue of Jewish faults; other men, with more familiarity with their own brethren, could do the same for the Swedes, the Scotch, and the Cabots. Aside from his main thesis, Boyd says only two things that are both relevant and important:

1. That the Jewish doctrine of the Chosen People practically justifies everything Hitler has done. Maybe it would, if the Jews believed it; but they don't. We are talking now of the Jews in this country, the people Boyd is writing about. What American Jews believe they are the Chosen People? Only a few like Lewisohn—a sensitive man of peculiar personal experience, who lived half his life as an assimilationist, married a Gentile, found himself persecuted, uprooted, and deserted, and then in his late thirties plunged hungrily into a spiritual Ghetto, becoming religious and learning Hebrew, whose very alphabet had been unknown to him. The experience of the average American Jew is a lot more like my own: I began learning Hebrew at six, I was kept at it for seven years, under circumstances that made me hate it, and I never did learn it; I can pronounce the words, but I don't know the meaning of one out of a hundred. The methods of instruction were cruel, infinitely boresome—and futile. If your Sunday school had been a daily affair, lasting from 4 to 7 P.M. every weekday, and taking up all of Sunday morning, you would appreciate what I mean. The ordinary American Jew has either been indifferent all his life to religion, or has undergone some such regimen as mine and has revolted from it. He is not a Lewisohn, and the myth of The Chosen People simply doesn't mean a thing to him.

2. That the Chosen People, being pathologically in love with persecution, and cherishing the conditions that produce it, have opposed the offer of the Russian government to accept Jewish settlers on terms which did not specifically encourage the maintenance of their religion. This is not merely untrue; it is wilfully false. To begin with, the rabbis who decried the Russian offer have merely behaved like the Catholic Church and other churches that have accused Russia of denying religious freedom. To churchmen it is axiomatic that every government should sustain their religion; but the Russian government regards religion as nonsense, worthy of contemptuous toleration, perhaps, but certainly nothing more. Hence the opposition of rabbis. And of the Catholic and other Christian churches. Why does Boyd single out the Jewish opposition? In the second place, "the Chosen People"—by which Boyd means the Jews—have not opposed the Russian offer. Devoutly religious Jews have done so; the rest have either approved it or remained indifferent. Or—more than indifferent—ignorant. They don't know to this day what Russia said; they never paid any attention. They were interested in business, the ball game, the races, the movies. Now, what does this indifference signify if it isn't a lack of Jew-consciousness and an absorption in American affairs? Boyd knew full well that the Jews as a group hadn't rejected the Russian offer. He wanted to make the same point he had made some months ago in *The American Spectator*—that the Jews are crazy for martyrdom.

Here we come to Boyd's main thesis—that the traditional Jewish policy is not only foolish but noxious. He paints a picture which a few years ago would have seemed perfectly harmless. Here are the Jews, he says—worshipping

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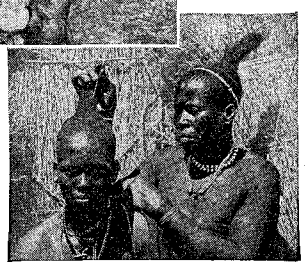

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HENRY HART
ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

All The Books Worth Reviewing

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

in a synagogue, instead of a Christian church; obeying the Biblical dietary rules, which declare unclean many foods that Christians eat; and refusing to marry any one who does not accept their religion.

A few short years ago, wasn't it known that the Jewish worship was different from the Christian; that they were required to marry only their coreligionists; and that their dietary rules were the ones prescribed in the Bible? And wasn't it believed, by every one with a spark of what was considered the modern spirit, that the Jews had a perfect right to continue on these paths? But suddenly what used to be harmless has become hateful; and Boyd tells the readers of SCRIBNER'S that a continuance of these traditional Jewish practices will excuse if not justify Hitler's most drastic oppression of the Jews. Of course when a man says that something is excusable if not justifiable, he means it is justifiable. The veil he has thrown over his words is too thin to disguise anything. Boyd means that Hitler is right in depriving the Jews of any part in the government of their country, in denying them the opportunity of making a living, in rendering them subject to insult, robbery, murder, and torture. Boyd tells the American Jews they deserve the same thing.

There has been a gradual change, lately, in the temper of Gentiles. Practically every Gentile is brought up to dislike Jews, at least mildly. When he gets to know them he usually alters a little, if he has any intelligence and breadth of imagination. But that core of Jew-hatred is still in him. He can't help it, any more than white men, including Jews, can altogether eradicate their prejudice against Negroes. A spark of that early dislike of Jews, that uncomfortable sense of their differentness, still persists. And it is fanned higher, strengthened into a mild flame, by all the recent hullabaloo about the Jews. The flame will grow larger; and unless the New Deal succeeds, we are likely to see some Huey Long carrying the flame through the country. This is what the article in SCRIBNER'S signifies.

SAMSON HORN.

Chicago, Ill.

LIMITS OF RELIGION

Sirs: As long as your magazine wastes columns of valuable space to broadcast such stagnant-minded thinking as that of Abbé Dimnet's [December SCRIBNER'S], you cannot expect advanced thinkers to buy your magazine, nor approve of your editorial policy.

The time has arrived for progressive people to call morals, morals, and secular activities and secular idealisms by their secular names, and not to associate them with the word, religion. It's high time for you to debunk that word, religion.

Moral law is 100 per cent social law, and since every bright child knows that neither moral law, nor social law, is connected with PURE RELIGION, one wonders why all editors don't know it, and why Abbé Dimnet don't want to know what every bright child knows.

Pure religion means only this: the belief in, and the worshipping of, God, if it's monotheism; or a whole trainload of gods, if it's polytheism. That is where the word, religion, starts and also *where it stops.*

All other things are exactly 100 per cent secular territory, secular activities, or secular idealisms. Anything that does not envisage the God (theism) idea—fair and square—can never, never, be religion. So wake up!

DR. F. W. HAMILTON.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Books for your Library

HOLLYWOOD BOUND

Work of Art. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

As a novelist Sinclair Lewis certainly knows an awful lot about the hotel business. For the burgeoning genius whose dream is some day to Ritz the Waldorf and out-Copley Plaza I can think of no better guide book than *Work of Art.* What mine good host Lewis doesn't know about a bath towel and a Filet Mingapour aux Truffles et aux Champignons, about the esoterics of napkin folding and centralized purchasing, simply ain't worth knowing, that's all.

Aside from details of the hotel business, however, aside, that is, from five-sixths of the book, Mr. Lewis has a great idea in his new novel. The idea is that all is not gold that glitters, and that a hardworking honest young man who wants to build the hotel of his dreams and be the pluperfect hotel keeper may be just as much an artist, if any, as his drunken bum, nincompoop and scrounger of a brother who scribbles pornographic trash and is therefore esteemed, so we are told, as an author. "Is a man who runs a great grocery store like Park & Tilford, Acker, Charles, or the gr. dept. of Macy's just a business man, while anybody who makes smart pictures of girls is artist, and doc or lawyer who thinks about nothing but making money a professional and cranky old prof who goes on handing out same lectures yr after yr a scholar and not just a white collar job?" No, we say, a thousand times no!

It is also possible, in view of what happens to Myron Weagle when he climbs to the top of the Mt. Sinai of hostelry, that Mr. Lewis means to show it is impossible for a man to express himself creatively even in business without degrading himself, our present economic order being what it is. To arrive at this conclusion, however, it is necessary to read between the lines *and* in the margins.

Work of Art may be published simultaneously in twenty-six languages excluding the Aryan but it is a pretty shoddy sort of novel for all that and we can recommend it to the tender mercies of Hollywood without a pang.

EDWIN SEAVER.

WORLD CHAMPION

Lenin: a Biography. By Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

The story of the short, thick-set and exiled revolutionary with the domed forehead and shabby clothes, who, when events catapulted him into power, made the dream come true, has an exciting and inspiring quality which the defects of this zealous and serious work cannot obscure.

Mr. Fox's book, though called biography, is a literary necklace whose thread is Lenin and whose beads are the ideas, facts, and theories of revolutionary internationalism. The thread is scarcely visible. The author's preoccupation with ideas to the exclusion of personalisms is not without point and value. He supplies a comprehensive, prejudiced, and informed picture of European revolutionary thought since 1870.

The author's bias is especially visible in his sweeping contempt for Plekhanov and Trotsky and in his persistent idolization of Lenin. Lenin, as flesh and blood, does not appear in these pages. But the ideas Lenin successively espoused or aspersed have considerable life. Animating the dry bones of old controversies is no slight accomplishment. Mr. Fox's book makes vivid and important the wrangling delusions and over-emphases through which Marxism has ascended to its present position of world acceptance. The last third of this

. . . is it your heart?

Do you find you can't spring after things the way you used to do? Do you notice that your heart pounds, and you get out of breath?

Ask your doctor about your coffee. Very possibly, he will advise you to drop caffeine . . . the drug in ordinary coffee that pushes the heart.

Here's a coffee that you can take safely. A coffee, smooth and mellow because the bitter caffeine is out . . . Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee, 97% caffeine-free, made from top-grade Brazilian and Colombian coffee beans.

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You will want to continue with Kaffee-Hag . . . for both health and pleasure reasons.

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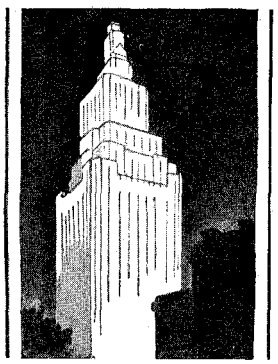

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Books for your Library

book, devoted to the war years, the Revolution and the creation of the Soviet Union, is easier reading for those primarily interested in narrative and biography.

Ralph Fox was for over three years a member of the Russian Communist Party and, in the Lenin Institute and elsewhere, worked with those who made the Revolution and were Lenin's comrades. It has taken him several years to absorb the 30 volumes of Lenin's work, the 20 volumes in the Lenin miscellany, the letters, his wife's memoirs, the 4 volumes of reminiscences of various comrades, and the several histories of the Communist Party and of the Revolution. This intellectual and factual background has been illumined by Mr. Fox's intense partisanship and his personal knowledge of and sympathy with many of the actors in the drama in which Lenin has been assigned the premier rôle. Mr. Fox's sincerity is so intense that his biography of Lenin is likely to be the official one as long as the present régime controls the Communist Party. For this very reason it should be read by every one interested in the only dynamic and historically significant movement of our day.

HENRY HART.

RESCUED AT LAST

Ulysses. By James Joyce. Random House. $3.50.

We can, perhaps, most clearly realize the literary significance of James Joyce by juxtaposing him with another modern writer of indisputable greatness—Proust. Considering their work together one is struck by the narrowness of range in Proust's characterization, and by his repetitive succession of agonies of heart. In contrast, one is doubly impressed by Joyce's rigorousness, restraint, and stern dignity. Proust gave to literature the picture of a dying class; Joyce recreated a world.

And Joyce's world is a melancholy and dying one. In fact, *Ulysses* is one of the most melancholy of books. The funeral scene, and the chapter describing eighteen simultaneous incidents fill one with a profoundly apprehensive sense of the limitation of possibilities for any human being, and with a reali-

(*Continued on page 19*)

It pays to read advertisements—

It will pay you to read this one

THE other day a friend gave my wife a recipe for a new Frozen Orange Pudding. We had it last night for dessert.

"This is something new," I said. "Where did you get it?"

"Mae gave me the recipe yesterday. She clipped it from an advertisement."

My wife didn't read that advertisement. If her friend hadn't read it what a treat we would have missed.

Do *you* read the advertisements? It will pay you many times over to do so. From them you may learn about all sorts of new things. New foods, new ways to use them, new recipes which will add variety to the daily menu.

Right in the advertisements in this magazine there are countless things to interest you, to save you money, to bring you the most value for what you spend. And now, as a reward for reading this advertisement, here is the recipe that inspired it.

Recipe for
Frozen Orange Pudding

Ingredients. 2 egg yolks (beaten); 1 cup orange juice; 1 cup cream (light cream or top milk will do); 4 teaspoonfuls flour; ⅛ teaspoonful salt; ⅓ cup sugar; 1 teaspoonful grated orange rind.

Blend thoroughly egg yolks, sugar, flour, salt and add orange juice and cream. Put in double boiler until thick. Add orange rind, cool and pour into freezing tray of refrigerator—or three or four hours on ice. When ready to serve, top each dish with meringue made by beating two egg whites stiff and adding ¼ cup sugar. Garnish with orange segments.

It pays to read all the advertisements

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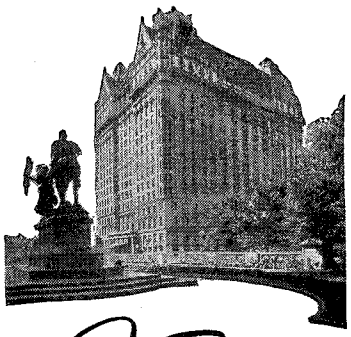


Its Fame is World Wide

Even in the most remote corners of the globe, the name Plaza is a symbol of hotel excellence. It is more than a great hotel . . . it is the New York home of important personages from all parts of Europe and America. The Terraced Restaurant shares the traditional splendor of the Plaza, the Grill for dancing at the Cocktail Hour, while the Palm Room is ever popular for Tea. Single rooms from $5.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
John D. Owen, Manager

The PLAZA New York

FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

Hotel Dennis, ATLANTIC CITY

SPRING COMES EARLY TO THE BOARDWALK

Though the calendar says it's February, the thermometer says it's May . . . at Hotel Dennis you will find it one of the finest of Atlantic City's outdoor seasons.

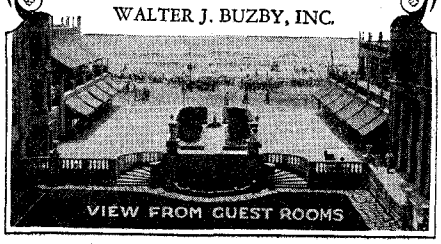
With spacious lounges, sun decks and solaria overlooking a Garden Terrace, the Boardwalk and the sea; with capacious private rooms, bountiful meals and endless entertainment, Hotel Dennis gives the utmost in comfort.

American and European Plans.

Special rates to families, with liberal concessions for children.

Celebrate February's two great holiday periods—(Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays).

WALTER J. BUZBY, INC.



WE GIVE YOU— THE HOTELS!

NOW that famous recipes calling for brandy and sherry and other late-forbidden ingredients can be pulled out of dusty files, and wine-lists are again something to be proud of, hotels have assumed a new dignity, a new self-respect, and a new distinction. Each has an individuality of its own. So that while we are learning that a good red Burgundy is the thing to order with our roast duck, it would also be well to learn that there is a definite hotel in town that is just the place to take the visiting aunt to dinner, but that the best girl needs an entirely different hostelry to set off her new tiara the next time we go dancing. People are seeing this, and hotels are crowded.

We have had fun mulling over this recent stampede. What are people looking for? What do they find? There are those members of the older generation who are celebrating Repeal in the hotels because in the back of their minds somewhere they have an unspoken hope that legal wines, served as they should be served, will bring back to them all the other things of two decades ago—graciousness and glamour and their own youth. If the hotels supply this illusion even for a night, that is something.

Then there is that other generation which grew up believing that the only way to pour a drink in public is *under* the table. It is going to be hard for them to learn that there is any kind of fine art about drinking. They are coming to hotels now, eager to see if there is anything in this proper-wine-with-the-proper-food racket and are slowly abandoning the protective, hovering air which that generation was forced to adopt toward its one hard drink. That, too, is something.

The **Ambassador Hotel** has created a new circular Louis XIV lounge with a discreet, circular service bar built into the background. Mr. John Quigley presides over the bar and has created a new one known as the "Ambassador Special." We had one and can recommend it. Try it any time between noon and 2 A. M. Pancho leads the orchestra for supper dancing in the Grill.

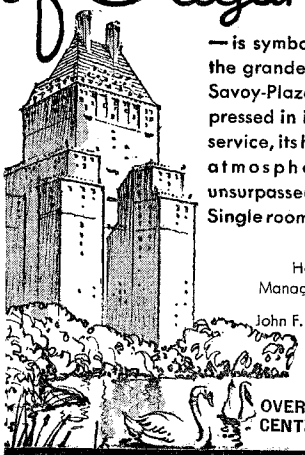
We hear that on the day Repeal went into effect, Thomas H. Pearson, Wine Steward at the **Hotel Plaza** from the day that that fine hostelry opened its doors in 1908, uncorked for a chosen few one of the two remaining bottles of Queen Victoria Coronation *Grande Fine,* a brandy distilled at the time of

A Tower of Graciousness

Unvarying in its service to guests, Hotel Pierre adheres to the high social standards established by its president—Charles Pierre. The Neptune Room for dinner and supper and the Georgian Room for luncheon with their cuisine par excellence, are New York's popular restaurants . . Dinner and Supper Dancing with Music by Famous Hotel Pierre Orchestras.

Hotel Pierre
Fifth Ave., at 61st St.
NEW YORK

The Era of Elegance



—is symbolized by the grandeur of The Savoy-Plaza, and expressed in its superb service, its home-like atmosphere, its unsurpassed cuisine. Single rooms from $5

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
John F. Sanderson, Manager

OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th Streets, NEW YORK

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Deputy Comptroller Prial

is NOT quite correct!

"What you mean," he said, "is that a small group of aristocrats who live up in Sutton Place want a 10-cent transportation system so that they won't have to ride with the common people."

There is no doubt but that Fifth Avenue bus passengers select the buses and are willing to pay a ten cent fare because they secure a clean, comfortable, seated ride. The Fifth Avenue buses are the only public means of transportation in the City where a seat is guaranteed. Our passengers are willing to pay double the usual fare and can afford to indulge themselves to this extent. Ten cents extra a day means an expenditure of about $30 extra a year, for those who ride every day. This is the cost of a suit of clothes.

To any advertiser this should mean that a larger average purchasing power is available and therefore he should attempt to obtain business from this unusual group.

In the past year the Fifth Avenue buses carried 48,500,000 passengers—32,330,000 in the lower deck and 16,170,000 upstairs.

In seeking to increase your sales for 1934, let us suggest the proper campaign. I would be glad to send you circulars or have a representative call.

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.,
Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Coaches,
425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
TELEPHONE CALEDONIA 5-2151

Queen Victoria's Coronation in 1838. The management can't promise any such treat, unfortunately, for the casual visitor, but the excellent cuisine of the **Plaza** is better than ever now that wines and liqueurs are permissible. Tea-dancing has begun again in the **Plaza** Grill, which is joyful news, and in the Palm Garden Room Nicholas Orlando directs his concert orchestra during the cocktail hour everyday.

The **Pierre,** which as likely as not launched their mothers, has been buzzing with the launching of a new crop of débutantes. Nearly every night during the season, in the Georgian Room, in the Grand Ball Room and sometimes on the roof, a young lady makes her bow. The roof, we must explain, is converted now into the snuggest kind of ballroom, if a ballroom can be snug. And the Persian tiles, that make it seem so cool in summer, only add warm color under the winter lights. The Neptune Room, where Harry King's orchestra plays grand music every night, has just been redecorated in striking green and gold, and oh, most important, boasts a floor where real dancing is possible and the art of dodging the next fellow's elbow can be forgotten.

The **Savoy Plaza** has already opened a Café Lounge with service bar which is open from four to seven for cocktails. If you care about European celebrities and Hawaiian music, you can mix them there any afternoon. Somehow Europeans gather at the **Savoy Plaza,** as well as such people as Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and George M. Cohan. Dining and dancing, both for dinner and after the theatre, are pleasant under the Tiffany Glass Dome of the French Renaissance Dining Room.

To most people the new **Waldorf-Astoria** means the Sert Room, the new Peacock Alley and the same old, and one and only Oscar. That's enough to recommend any hotel, but there is also inspiring music by two orchestras—Enric Madriguera and Xavier Cugat—for dancing in the Empire Room and splendid exhibition stuff by Rosita and Ramon. This for dinner and after the theatre. From four to six thirty Zito-Poema's orchestra plays for the cocktail hour every day. On Sunday evenings there are special dances in the Empire Room with Jarrell's orchestra.

You may have heard too much about the dignity and formality and *gentility* of Old New York, but we haven't. And we always find it waiting for us down there on lower Fifth Avenue, just inside the **Brevoort.**

KAY JACKSON.

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Books for your Library

zation of the inevitable passage of time that carries every one to an inescapable death. In the midst of this world the protagonist stands, betrayed by a whole system, crying, with a feeling of the oppression of the past, that "All history is a nightmare to me," and finding no values or sources of faith in the present other than one of personal integrity. Three elements in the world which betrayed Stephen Daedalus might be noted: religion, Irish nationalism and a feeling of race, and romantic love and sex. They are represented concretely by Joyce's struggle with the Holy Trinity, his parodying of romantic love and his drastically realistic picture of sex, and an expressed bitterness toward the Ireland that permitted the Parnell fiasco.

Ulysses is also a glittering representation of the surface of a city's life, with its sights, sounds, odors, and casual characters. And it is studded with powerful and moving passages that are the hand of a master. Of such a character is the scene of Stephen by the seashore, remembering his dead mother, with "a faint odor of wetted ashes." Finally, it might be stated that parts of *Ulysses* seem like stunt performances to permit the author the luxury of showing off. I feel that the question and answer chapter is of such a nature. But such performances remain the privilege of genius. Thanks to the action of Judge Woolsley the book is now available in this country.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

THE MOUNTAIN TAVERN, BY ANDRÉ CHAMSON. *Henry Holt.* $2.—A brief, stark, thrilling and superbly written story of an episode in the downfall of Napoleon's empire, laid in the Cevennes mountains and concerning a young soldier fleeing from an angry peasantry.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE 10TH OLYMPIAD. *Wolfer Printing Co., Los Angeles.* $6.—A most remarkable book, giving the history of the last Olympics in its entirety. Hundreds of photographs.

THE ARMADA, BY LORNA REA. *Putnams.* $1.50.—A compact, complete and dramatic story of the Spanish Armada, the events leading up to its sailing, the several battles and the final truth about that famous wind that *didn't* scatter the Spanish galleons.

STAND CLEAR OF THUNDER, BY HAGAR WILDE. *Little, Brown.* $2.—You can't tell this sour old reviewer that people like these ever lived, but the way they act and love and talk, talk, talk, is demnition interesting.

"This SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA *vacation is just what you needed, Bob*"

HELEN: Isn't the Pacific *blue?* And such beaches. You'll go back looking like a life-guard.

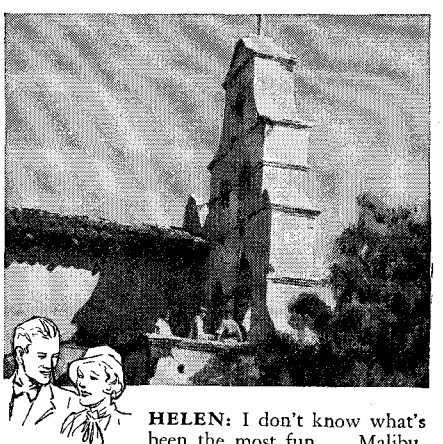
BOB: Wait till you try the surfboard. There's a thrill for you—that and the deep-sea fishing.

BOB: This night life is certainly a liberal education—I never saw so many celebrities anywhere.

HELEN: And everybody's been so nice to us . . . I'm positively surfeited with entertainment.

HELEN: How could anybody be satisfied with an ordinary, hum-drum vacation when you can do all this in 2 weeks—

BOB: For no more money. Boy, this mountain air has me on top of the world all right!



HELEN: I don't know what's been the most fun . . . Malibu, Santa Monica, Long Beach, Pasadena, Glendale, Beverly Hills, Pomona, Hollywood, Los Angeles . . . they're all marvelous.

BOB: And we'll be back for more next year!

You can do it in 2 weeks

YOU need more than an ordinary vacation this year. Use your precious vacation hours to get *clear away*—see new horizons—regain your perspective. Southern California's cool nights and rainless days can send you back a brand new person!

By train (fares cut again) even from New York, a 2-weeks vacation gives you 10 days actually here. And costs are amazingly low.

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Send now for 72-page Southern California vacation fact-book, most complete ever published. Nearly 150 photos, details of everything to see and do here, itemized costs, time required, maps and detailed routing from your home city — *all free.* Just mark and mail the coupon.

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, attractions are unlimited.

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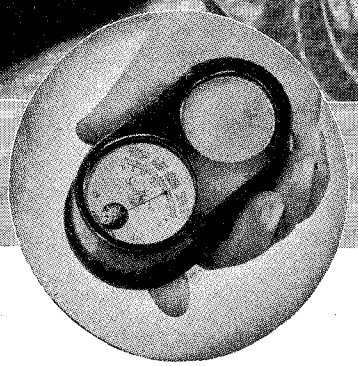
AGAIN STATLER HOTELS PIONEER A NEW COMFORT FEATURE

Certified Guest Room Lighting



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The illumination of every guest room in every Statler is certified by the *Sight-meter* to be ample (certificate is displayed in the room) as follows:

Illumination at center of room—ample for reading normal print.

Illumination at bed-head—ample for reading fine print.

Illumination at bathroom mirror—ample for close visual work.

Illumination at writing table—ample for reading fine print.

Illumination over easy chair—ample for reading normal print.

Every guest room in every Statler is regularly checked with the *Sight-meter*... to *keep* its lighting ample.

● Statler Hotels now offer an entirely new standard of guest room illumination. The proper degree of light is exactly achieved at every lighting point; in the center of the room... over the easy chair ...at the writing desk... above the bed-head... over the bathroom mirror. We *guarantee* this lighting to be of the necessary intensity... *and we display the certification in the room.*

Certified lighting is the latest in a long list of innovations which these hotels have pioneered. The private bath with every room, circulating ice water, bed-head reading lamp, full-length mirror, free morning newspaper under the door, free radio reception... these are *comfort features* the Statlers have pioneered. And too, these houses have introduced many *service features* . . . such as the elimination of unsolicited tip-seeking attentions in public washrooms; the removal of surcharges from articles sold at lobby cigar stands and newsstands; the banishment of the hat-check tip at the entrance of our public restaurants.

It has remained for us (we think quite logically) to do something about the lighting of hotel guest rooms... and we have *done* it. We think you'll like CERTIFIED LIGHTING! We know *your* eyes will like it.

HOTELS STATLER

"WHERE THE GUEST IS ALWAYS RIGHT"

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